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METRICAL ROMANCES.

Metrical Romances

OF THE

THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES:

PUBLISHED FROM

Ancient Manuscripts.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.

BY

HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

VOLUME III.

Of all maner of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales
Both of weeping and of game
And of all that longeth unto fame.
CHAUCER.

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THE

PROCES

OF

THE SEUYN SAGES.

THE

PROCES

OF

THE SEUYN SAGES.

LORDYNGES, that here likes to dwell,
Leues yowr speche and heres this spell :
I sal yow tel, if I haue tome,
Of the seuen sages of Rome.
Whilom lifed a nobil man,
His name was Dyoclician ;
Of Rome and of al the honowre
Was he lord and emperowre.
An emperès he had to wyfe,
The fayrest lady that bare life ;
Of al gude maners ful auenaunt,
And hir name was dame Milisant.

A childe thai had bytwix tham two,
The fayrest that on fote myght go,
A knaue child that was tham dere;
Of him sone sal ye selkuths here.
Sone efterward byfel this case,
The lady died and grauen was,
And went whare God hyr dight to dwell;
Tharfore of hir namore I tell,
Whether sho past to pyne or play,
Bot of the son I sal yow say.
When he was seuyn winter alde,
Of speche and bourding was he balde.
Florentine his name cald was.
Herkens now a ferly case!
His fader was emperoure of Rome,
A nobil man and whise of dome,
And Florentine, that was so fayre,
Was his son and als his ayre.
It was nothing that he lufed mare,
Tharfore he wold him set to lare;
And sone he gert byforn hym come
Seuyn maysters that war in Rome.
The tale vs telles, who to it tentes,
That thai kowth al the seuyn sienz.
And sone, when thai war efter sent,
Hastly to the court thai went;
Thai come byfor the emperoure,
And hailsed him with grete honoure.

He said, " Lordinges, takes entent,
And sese whi I efter yow sent,
For ye er wisest men of lare,
That in this werld yit euer ware.
My son I wil ye haue forthi,
To make him cunnand in clergy ;
And I wil that ye teche him euyn
The suteltè of sience seuyn ;
And al yowr wisdom and yowr wit,
Mi wil es, that ye teche him it.
Whilk of yow now will him haue,
And fullfil this that I craue ?"
Maister Bancillas spak than,
For of that was he oldest man,
Lene he was, and also lang,
And most gentil man tham omang ;
Ful perfiteli he kouth in partes,
And sadly of al the seuyn artes.
" Sir, he said, tak mi thi son !
Ful mekil thank I wil thè kun ;
And trewly I sal teche him than
Of clergy more than ani man ;
That dar I vndertak ye here,
Within the terme of seuyn yere."
When this was said he held his pese ;
And than said maister Anxilles ;
He was a man meteliest,
And, of eld als him semed best

Of sexty winter and na mare ;
And als he was ful wise of lare :
" Sir, tak me thi son, he said,
And you sal hald ye ful wele payd :
I sal him lere ful right and rath,
That I can and mi felous bath :
I vndertak he sal it lere
Within the space of sex yere."
The thrid maister was litel man,
Faire of chere and white as swan ;
His hare was white and nathing brown,
And he hight maister Lentilioune.
He spak vnto the emperoure :
Tak me thi sun, sir, *paramowre*,
And I sal teche him, ful trewly,
Al maner of clergy
That ani man leres in this liue,
Within the time of yeres fiue."
The ferth maister a rede man was
And his name was Malquidras ;
Of fifty winter was he alde,
Quaint of hande and of speche balde ;
Him thoght scorn and grete hething,
That thai made so grete josyng.
" Syr, he sayd, I sal tel thè,
Mi felows wit fals noght to me ;
Ne of thaire wisdom, o nane wise,
Wil I mak no marchandise ;

Bot, sir, this son vnto me take,
And I sal teche him, for thi sake,
The sienz of astronomy,
That falles to sternes of the sky,
And other sex syenz alswa,
In foure yere, withowten ma."
The fift maister was wise of dome,
And he was cald Caton of Rome;
He made the boke of Catoun clere,
That es biginyng of gramère.
He karped loud unto the kyng:
" Sir, tak this son to mi techeing,
I wald noght he decayued ware,
Bot I ne knaw noght mi felous lare;
Bot for to lere him I warand,
Als mekil als he mai vnderstand,
And als his wittes wele bere may,
Forthermare dar I noght say,
So that in time of seuen yere
He sal be wise withowten were."
The sext maister rase vp onane,
The fairest man of tham ilkane.
Jesse was his name, God ote,
Withouten faute fra heid to fote.
His haire was blayke and nothing broun;
With eghen faire als a faukoun.
" Sir, he said, if thi will were,
Tak thi son to me at lere:

I sal him teche, with hert fre,
So that inwith yeres thre,
Sal he be so wise of lare,
That ye sal thank me euermare."
  The seuind maister Maxencius,
A right wis man and vertiuus,
(Al his life with grete honowre
Had he serued the emperoure)
" Sir, he said, if thi will be,
For al that I haue serued thè,
Tac mi thi sone to loke and lore ;
Of mi seruise kep I nammore :
And I thè will thonke konne,
And al the clergie vnder sonne
I ich will into his bodi dight,
Bathe bi daie and bi night."
  Dioclician the maistres herde,
He strok his berd, and schok his yerde,
And on hem made milde chere,
And spak that hi alle mighte i-here.
" Thonke I you kan, gode lordingges,
Of youre gentil answeringges,
I kan you thonke of youre speche,
That ye desire mi sone to teche,
Your compaignie is fair and gent,
N'el ich hit departe verraiment."
He tok his sone by the honde anon,
An bitaughte him to hem everichon.

Thai underfengen him with cher blithe,
And thonged him a thousand sithe.
The seuen wise, with gret glorie,
That child ladde to consistorie,
That is a stede withinne Rome,
Ther men makes wise dome.
This seuen wise men, in boke,
Here conseil there togider toke,
That he scholde nowt in Rome bilaue;
For burgeis, maiden, other knaue,
Mighte him in some riot sette,
That al his lore he scholde lette
Ther thai toke togideres alle,
Thai wolde make a riche halle,
Withouten Rome, in on verger,
A mile thennes, bi o riuer,
(Tiber it hatte withouten dout)
A mile long al aboute.
Alle tres therinne were,
That ani frut an erthe bere.
Amideward thai founden a space,
An evene and a grene place;
Therinne thai set an halle anon,
Bothe of lim and of ston.
Quaire hit was, with chaumbres sevene;
Was non fairer into hevene.
The halle was amidewerd,
The fairest of this midelerd.

Therinne was paint, of Donet thre pars,
And eke alle the seven ars.
The first so was grammarie,
Musike, and astronomie,
Geometrie, and arsmetrike,
Rettorike, and ek fisike.
The segh was in the halle
The ars to bihelden alle.
Whan o maister him let, another him tok ;
He was ever upon his bok,
And to his lore tok gret kepe,
But whan he ete, other he slepe.
The ferth yer, hit was no dout,
With his maister he gan to despout ;
The fifte ye[r], he gan argument
Of the sterre, and of the firmament.
Thei wolde prove in the sexte yer,
Yif he ware wis and wer.
Leues thai tok, sextene,
Of iuy, that were grene ;
Under ech stapel of his bed,
(That he n'iste) four thai hid.
The child yede to bedde anight,
And ros arliche amorewen, aplight.
Hise maistres him bifore stode,
Open hefd, withouten hode.
The child lokede here and tar,
Up and doun, and everiwhar.

Hise maistres askede what him was?
" *Parfai!* he seide, a ferli cas!
Other ich am of wine dronke,
Other the firmament is i-sonke,
Other wexen is the grounde
The thickness of four leues rounde.
So muche, to-night, heyer I lai,
Certes, thanne yisterdai."
The maistres, tho, wel understode,
He coude inow of alle gode.
The seuende yer so tok he on,
He passede his maistres euerichon.
Togider thai made gret solas;
Ac sone hem fil a ferli cas.
Dioclician that was in Rome,
A riche man and wis of dome,
His barons comen to him on a dai,
And [said,] " Sire, *par nostre fai*,
Ye libbeth an a lenge lif:
Ye scholde take a gentil wife,
That you mit some solas do,
And biyeten children mo.
Inow he habben of werldes won,
To make hem riche euerichon."
Th' emprour was well i-paied,
With that the [seven wise] had seid.
Sone he let him puruai
An emperice, of gret noblai.

He went himself, and sent his sond,
Wide-whar, into fele lond,
Fort that thai ani founde;
A dammeisele of gret mounde,
Thai brouwte here tofore themperour.
He segh sche was of feir colòur,
He wot sche was of hegth paràge,
Anon thai asked the mariàge.
Thai weren wedded bi commun dome,
Anon in the gise of Rome;
And lovede hem thourg alle thing.
Herkneth nou a selli tiding!
Thing i-hid, ne thing i-stole,
Ne mai nowt longe be for-hole;
No thing mai for-hole be
But Godes owen privetè.
Som squier or som seriant nice,
Had i-told th' emperice
Al of th' emperoures sone,
Hou he with the maistres wone;
And hire schildre scholde be bastards,
And he schal have al the wardes,
Under heft, and under hond,
Of th' empire, and al the lond.
Than couthe sche bothe qued an god;
And sone sche gan to pekke mod;
And thoughte, so stepmoder doth,
Into falsnesse torne soth;

And brew swich a beuerage,
That scholde Florentin bicache.
Ac, manie weneth other to hirte,
And on hemselue falleth at the smerte!
Th' emperour and his wif,
That he louede als his lif,
In chaumbre togidere thai sete;
Gladliche thai dronke and ete.
" Sire, sche saide, gentil emperour,
I thè love with fin amòur,
And thou nowt me sikeli.
Sire, ich wil telle thè whi:
Seue yer hit is that thou me nome,
And made me emperice of Rome,
Thi make at bord and at bedde;
And o thing thou hast fram [me] hedde.
Thou hast a sone, to scole i-taught;
Lat me him se, warn me him naught!
Hit is thi sone, and thin air;
A wis child, and a fair.
Thi most time thou hast ben kyng;
Thou drawest fast to thin e[n]ding:
Fond we, Sire, in ioie libbe,
And have ioie of oure sibbe;
For thi sone I tel mine,
Alse wel als tou dost thine.
Paraventure, hit mai falle so,
That never eft ne tit vs mo.

Yif thou me lovest ani wight,
Let me of him han a sight!"—
" Certes, dame, seide th' emperour,
Hit ne schal nowt be long sojour;
To-morewe, ar underade of dai,
Thou schalt him sen, *par ma fai.*"
And sche seide, with chere blithe,
" Graunt merci, sire, a thouse[n]d sithe."
Amorewe th' emperour gan rise,
And clothed him in riche gise.
Messagers he clepede to,
And quik thai com toforn him bo,
He scharged hem with his messàge,
And bad hem grete the seven sage:
" And seieth hem, with wordes bonair,
Mi sone that thai atire fair,
And brenge him hom in faire manère,
For ich wil quik of him here,
Hou he had sped this seue yer.
Me thinketh longe that n'er er."
The messagers anon forht sprong,—
I n'ot bi waie yif thai song,—
Til thai come to that inne,
Ther the maistres woned inne.
And, as we finden writen in boke,
Aither other be the hond toke;
And in thai wente right euene,
And founde the maistres alle seuene,

Disputend, in hire Latyn,
With that child Florentyn.
The messagers on knes hem sette,
And the seven wise thai grette,
In th' emperours bihelue,
And the child be himselue:
And seide that emperour het,
His sone that thai brinngge him sket,
To Rome toun, to his presens.
" Your trauail, and youre despens,
He wil aquite for ech a yer,
After that yhe worthi wer."
The messagers were welcome,
And bi the hond quik y-nome,
And at the mete tales hem telde,
What the sonne gan to helde.
Hout wente the maistres sevene,
And bihelden up toward hevene:
Thai seghe the constillacioun.
The wisest in that so was Katoun;
He gan to loke in the mone,
And seide that him thought sone:
" Lordinges, he saide, for Godes sond,
To mi telling understond!
The emperour to ous had sent,
To brenge him his sone gent.
Yif we him bring biforn our lord,
He sterueth ate ferste word

That he schal in court speke!
Thanne he wil of ous be wreke,
To-draue ous, other to-hongi sone.
This I se wel in the mone."
The other said, withouten oth,
That Catoun hem saide soht.
Schild Florentin was lered in boke,
And, in a ster he gan to loke,
Whiche that sat next the mone;
And saide that him thoughte sone,
That he wist thourgh alle thing,
Of that sterre the toknyng.
Thanne saide the maistres to Florentin,
" What sextou, leue child, tharin?"
He seide, " Maistre, I schal wel liuen,
Yif I mai, this daies seuen,
Kepe me fram answering,
I mai live to god ending,
And sauve me to warisoun,
And you fram destruccioun."
The maistres han wel devise
The childes tale was god and wise.
Than seide master Bancillas,
" Here is now a ferli cas!
Counseil we al herupon;
Hou that we mai best don."
Than seide the schild, " Saunz fail,
Ich you right wil counseil.

This seven daies I n'el nowt speke;
Nowt a word of mi mowht breke;
And ye beth maistres gode and wise,
In al this werld of mest prise;
Litel ye conne, *par ma fai,*
But echon of yo mai saue me a dai!
The aighteden dai, ich meselue,
So the ax pelt in the helue,
That schal hewe the wai atwo
That had wrout me this wo."
Than saide master Bancillas,
" So God me helpe, and Seint Nicholas,
I schal thè waranti o dai!"
" And I," quath Catoun, " *par ma fai,*
Schal thè warrant another also."
Alle the maistres speken tho,
Thai wald, [by] wit and resoun,
Saue the child fram destruccioun,
Fram schame, and fram vilani.
" Maistres, he saide, graunt merci!
Certes, hi[t] bihoveth so,
For I sschal tholi mochel wo,
Gret despit, and strong tourment,
But ye be queinte of argument!"
With this word, thai ben alle
Departed, and comen to halle,
And maked at ese the messagers,
With god semblant, and glade chers.

And whan hit com to time of night,
To riche bed thai were i-dight;
And Florentin the schild, also,
To his bed he gan to go;
And thought al night, her and ter,
Hou that he might be wis and wer
To overcome the emperice,
That he n'ere nowt i-holden nice.
The night passeth, the dai comen is;
The seuen maistres arisen, I wis.
The maistres, and the messagers,
Habbeth greithed here destrèrs,
And that schild, wel fair i-dight:
And went hem forht anon right.
Thai dede hem out of that gardin,
That is i-cleped " the bois of Seint Martin,"
And here way toke to Rome.
The maistres here wai ayèn nome.
Tiding had th' emperour,
His sone com with gret honòur.
Anon he let a stede dight,
And rod him ayèn with mani a knight.
Whan he him seghth than was he blithe,
And kest him wel mani a sithe.
Knight, and erl, and mani baroun,
Kiste the emperour's sonn,
And ladde him, with gret noblais,
To th' emperour palais.

The emperice him wil honour,
Do him sonde into hire bour.
Scho ladde fram bour to bour,
And dede here mené make retour.
She schette the dore, and set him on benche.
Wil ye nou i-here of wommannes wrenche?
The emperice was queinte in dede,
And [in] hire wrenche, and in hire falshede.
Sche and the schild alone wer than;
Was with hem non other man.
Be his side sche set hire fast,
On him sche gan her egghen kast,
And saide, " Mi leve suete grom,
Swithe welcome be thou hom!
I have i-cast to thè mi loue,
Of al worhtlich thing aboue.
Thi louerd, the emperour, is old;
Of kinde, of bodi he is cold.
I swere, bi sonne and bi mone,
With me ne hadde he neuer to done;
But, for ich herde telle of thi pris,
That thou were honde, gentil, and wis,
For to haue with thè acord,
Ich am i-wedded to thi lord.
Kes me, leman, and loue me,
And I thi soget wil i-be.
So God me helpe, for he hit wot,
To thè ich have i-kept mi maidenhod!"

Sche kest here armes aboute his swere ;
Ac he made lourand chere,
And drowgh awai with al his might ;
He wold his lord don non unright.
Whan the emperice that understod,
Al achaunged was hire blod,
And saide to him, " Sweting fre,
Whi n'el tou nowt speke with me ?"
For no thing that sche mightte do,
O word n'olde he speken her to.
Than the emperice wex wroth ;
Sche tar hire her and ek here cloth.
Here kirtel, here pilche of ermine,
Here keuerchefs of silk, here smok o line,
Al togidere, with both fest,
Sche to-rent binethen here brest.
With both honden here yaulew here
Out of the tresses sche hit tere ;
And sche to-cragged hire visàge,
And gradde, " Harow !" with gret rage.
In halle was th' emperour.
" Who had thè don this desonòur ?"
" Bot this deuel, that her is,
Hadde me ner i-rauisscht, I wis !
Hadde ich ben a while stille,
With me he hadde don his wille ;
And but ye hadde the rather i-come,
Par force he hadde me forht i nome.

Lo hou he ad me to rent,
Mi bodi and mi face i schent.
He ne was neuere of thi blod!
Lat him binde, for he his wod;
A fend he is in kinde of man.
Binde him, sire, and lede han,
For wod of wit I schal be,
Yif ich lengere on him see."
" He schal abigge!" saide th' emperour,
And cleped forht a turmentour.
Quik he het his sone take,
And spoili him of clothes nake,
And beten him with scourges stronge,
And afterward him hegghe an-honge.
" Blethliche!" the boies quathe;
And tok the schild, swithe rathe,
And ladde him forht thourgh the halle,
Among th' erles and barons alle.
Euele thai gonnen him bisèn;
Gentil ronnen him bitwen,
And asked anon of this cas.
Thai saide, " Here lordes heste hit was."
Anon thai ronnen into the bour,
Biforn here lord the emperour,
And blamed him he dede that dede,
Withouten counseil and rede;
And bad him, that thilke sorewe
Most be respit til amorewe,

" And thanne saue him other slen,
Bi conseil of thi gentil men."
The emperour than spared his sone,
And het him caste in his prisòne.
The emperice was fol wroth
That the child was spared, forsoht,
And wel mochel hit here traid.
Sche thought wel more thanne sche said.
An even late, the emperour
Was browt to bedde with honòur.
The emperice, his worhtli fere,
To him cam with lourand chere,
And the emperour asked why
Sche made semblant so sorì.
" O sire, sche saide, no wonder n'is;
For now to londe i-comen is,
He that schal, in thin eld age,
Benime thè thin heritage."
" Pais, dame! who schal that be?"—
" Thin howen sone, I segge thè."—
" Min owen sone? dame, nay!
Ne schalt tou neuere se that dai,
That he schal haue ani might
Me for to don unright."
" Pais, sire, what halt hit heled
To-dai tho hast him fram deth i-speled.
Ase wel mot hit like thè,
Als dede the pinnote tre

Of his ympe that he forht browte."
The emperour lai and more thoughte;
And bad hire, with semblannt fre,
Tellen him of that ilche tre,
And of the ympe, al the cas.

THE I. TALE.

THE PINNOTE-TREE AND ITS YMPE.

" Whilom a riche burgeis was,
And woned her in Rome toun;
A riche man of gret renoun.
He hadde, bihinden his palèys,
A fair gardin of noblàys,
Ful of appel tres, and als of pirie;
Foules songe therinne murie.
Amideward that gardyn fre,
So wax a pinnote-tre,
That hadde fair bowes and frut;
Ther-under was al his dedwt.
He made ther-under a grene bench,
And drank ther-under mani a sscench.

Certes, therinne was al his playing
In time of solas, and his resting.
" So bifel upon a dai,
The burgeis fram home tok his wai;
He boughte marchaundise, and his chaffàre,
And bileued oute al a yare.
Al so sone so he mighte,
Homward he gan him dighte.
Whan he was lith at his in,
Quik he wente to his gardin,
His fair tre for to sen;
Thanne seggh he wexe a litel stren,
A yong ympe vt of his rote;
Fair hit him thoughte, and swote.
Ac that ympe that so sprong,
Hit was sschort and nothing long.
The burgeis cleped his gardiner.
" Lo, he saide, lo me her!
Seste thou this ympe, of gret mounde,
Kanst thou me telle gode bounde,
Whi hit is so short wering?"
" Ya, sire, he saide, be heuene king!
The grete bough that over him is,
So him bisschadeweth, I wis,
That hit mai haue no thedom."
" Neghe up, he saide, mi gode grom,
And hak awai the grete bough,
That hit ne do min ympe no wough."

The gardiner, as his louerd het,
Hew awai the bough al swet,
And asked yif hit was wel i-do.
Another he bad him kit therto ;—
" Than mai, withouten letting,
Min himpe jolifliche spring."
Nou ben hise bowes awai i-sschore,
And mochel of his beauté forlore.
The ympe had roum, and wexeth fast.
The olde tre his vertu gan acast :
For no wonder hit n'is,
Of the maister-rote hit is
Out i-sprong, and out i-sschet,
And his bowes awai i-kett ;
Tharfore that olde tre les his pride,
And asered bi that o side.
The gode burgeis, on a dai,
His ympe thriuende he sai,
Fair i-woxe and fair i-sprad,
But the olde tre was abrad.
He clepid his gardener tho,
And asked whi the olde tre verd so.
He answerede, als he wel couthe,
" Sikerliche, ich telle thè nouthe,
The yonge impe that wide springes,
Had large roum in alle thingges,
And, for the elde tre is so i-hewed,
Hit [is] so wikked and so sschrewed."

The burgeis seide, " Seththe the elde
Biginneth so to unbelde,
Hewe him to the grounde dounright ;
Lat the yonge tre atire, aplight.
Thous was the olde tre doun i-thrawe,
And the yonge tre forht i-drawe.

" Gode sire, gent and fre,
That olde tre bitokneth thè.
The yonge bitokneth thi sone wode,
That is i-spronge out of thi blode.
He sschal be sone forht i-drawe,
And maister ; and thou his knaue.
Hit wil wel sone ben i-do,
And thou take kep therto :
And but thou do, thou ne hast no might.
That I biseke to oure dright,
That als hit mote fare bi thè,
As dede bi the pinnote-tre."
" Certes, dame, thou seist for nowt ;
I ne schal neuere so bin bicaught.
Ich thè bihote, sikerliche,
He schal, tomorewe erliche,
To deth be don ; and that is right."
And thous passede the ferste night.
Amorewe aros the emperour,
And mani baroun of gret honoùr.

Men vndede the gates of the palèis,
In com goende mani burgèis.
Sone was fild paleys and tour,
In com goind th' emperour.
" Goht, he seigh, to the prisòne,
And fechcheth forht mine sone,
And quik that he war an-honge,
On heghe galewes and on stronge."
The boies gede anon doun,
And fesched the child out of prisoùn,
And ladde him forht thour the halle,
Among the erles and barouns alle.
For that schild, that naked was,
Mani bade th' emperice evel gras!
Than com ridend Bancillas,
(The childes firste maister he was)
And segghe his deciple harde bistad;
Tharfore he was in herte vnglad.
He rod to th' emperour's halle,
And lighte, and passede the knightes alle,
And fint sone th' emperour,
And, " Sire," saide, " *Deu vous doint bonjour!*"
Th' emperour saide, " God thè defende
Fram god dai and fram god ende!"
Than seide maister Bancillas,
" Whi artou wroht, and for what cas?
Wil tou sle thin owen child?
Ne were thou wone be god and mild."

" Hit n'is no wonder, saide th' emperour;
Thou schalt ben an-honged, thou losenjour!
For, to thè and thine fere,
I bitok mi sone to lere,
For to haue i-taught him god,
And ye have i-mad him wod.
Mi wif he wolde have forleyn:
Hit n'is no wonder though I have trayn!
He schal therfore ben i-slawe,
And afterward al to-drawe."
Than seide maister Bancillas,
" Sire, that were now a sori cas.
Thei he had i-wraththed your wif,
Yit had he nowt agelt his lif.
Sauue youre grace, wene ich hit nowt,
Hit euere com in his thout."
Th' emperour saide, " I fond hire to-rent:
Hire her, and hire face i-schent;
And who is founde hond-habbing,
Hit n'is non nede of witnessing!"
Saide Bancillas, " Hit n'is non hale
To leue stepmoderes tale.
Yif thou him slest, bi hire purchas,
On thè falle swich a cas,
As fel upon a gentil knight,
And of his graihond that was to wight."
" O maister, for Godes mounde,
Hou bifel the knight of his grehonde?"

" Therwhile, sire, that I tolde this tale,
Thi sone mighte tholie dethes bale ;
Thanne were mi tale forlore !
Ac, of-sende thi sone therfore,
And yif him respit of his bale,
And thou schalt here a foul fair tale."
Th' emperour saide, " Respit I graunt ;
Fech him hider a serjaunt."
Quik ran the messager.
With god semblant and glade cher,
He louted his maister that com him bi,
As he was lad to prisonn sti ;
" Maister, seide th' emperour, tel this cas."
" Blethliche," saide sire Bancillas.

THE II. TALE.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS GREHONDE.

" SIRE, whilom was in this cité,
In a dai of the trenetè,
A swithe noble strong burdis,
Of men that were of noble pris.

In a mede was this tournèy,
Of men that were of gret noblài.
The knyght in the mede hadde o maner,
Al biclosed with o riuer,
Of chaumbers, and of hegghe halle,
Of old werk, for-crased alle.
The knight hadde a fair leuedi;
A wel fair child sche hadde him bi.
Hit hadde of thre norices keping;
The ferste gaf hit soukying;
That other norice him scholde bathe,
Whan hit was time, late an rathe;
The thridde norice him scholde wassche.
The child was keped tendre, an nessche.
The knight hadde a graihond,
Y-n'as no better in lond i-found.
Alle the bestes that [he] ran to
He tok, bothe hert and ro.
He was so hende, and wel i-taught;
He n'olde yiue him for non aught.
The knight was lopen on his stede,
And armed wel in iron wede,
The scheld aboute his nekk, the spere on his hond
And burdised with the knightes of the lond.
The leuedi stod, in pount tournis,
For to bihelde the burdis.
The norice went out of the halle,
And set the cradel under the walle.

Mani stede ther ran and lep ;
To hem men toke gode kep.
An addre was norissched in the wal,
And herde the riding, and the noise al,
And pelt out here heued to se that wonder,
And segh that schild ligge therunder.
He crep to grounde quik anon,
In the cradel the child to slon.
The graihond seghth the adder red,
Grislich, rough, strong and qued ;
Anon he gan hire to asail,
And hente here in his mouth, saun fail.
The adder so the grehound stang,
And he feled the bite so strang,
Anon he let the adder gon :
Upon the cradel sche fleigh anon,
And was aboute the child to sting.
And the greihond com yerne flingging,
And hente the adder in strong ger,
And flapped here al aboute his er ;
Bitwene the adder and the grehound,
The cradel turnd up so doun on ground,
Up so doun, in hire feghting,
That the child lai dweling.
The stapeles hit upheld al quert,
That the child n'as nowt i-hert.
The addre so the greihoun bot,
Bi the side, God hit wot,

He cried, and on the cradel lep,
And bledde theron a wel gret hep !
And whan the smert was al i-gon,
To that addre he sterte anon,
And bi the bodi he him hent,
And al to peces here to-rent.
The grehound wolde nowt sessed be,
Til that adder ware toren of thre,
And al the place ther aboute,
Was wel blodi withouten doute.
The burdis to-yede, the folk gan hom tee,
And the norices alle thre.
The cradel and the child thai found
Up so doun upon the ground ;
The greihoun criede for his smert ;
The norice was sori in hert ;
And eche of hem understode,
That the greihond was wod,
And hadde that faire child i-slawe.
Awai thai gonne fle and drawe,
Als hit were wode wimmèn.
The leuedi com hom ayèn,
And asked hem what hem was ?
Anon thai telde here al the cas.
Thai lowen on that greihound hende;
Hit was pitè so God ma mende !
" The leuedi, when sche herde this,
Aswone sche fil adoun, I wis.

The knight com fram the justing fare;
Anon asked hem what hem ware?
" Sire, quadth sche, ich wille bi ded!
I n'elle never ete bred;
For thi greihond, that is so wilde,
Hath i-slawe oure faire childe:
And but ye willen him slen anon,
Right now ich wille mi lif forgon.
The knight, for rage, into halle set;
His hende graihond ther he met,
That him welcomed with fot and tail.
The knight drowgh his swerd, saunz fail;
The graihond on the rigge he hit,
Into the grounde he him slit.
The greihound is ded; the knight goth forth,
Into his halle grim and wroth.
Of the adder he fond mani tronsoun,
And the cradel up so doun.
He turneth the cradel and fint the child quik,
Hol and sond, and hath ferlich.
He seghth the adder the graihound slowgh;
He hadde slawen his greihond with wough!
He cride and made mochel sorewe:
" Ne be that man neuere i-borewe,
But in euel water adreint,
That ever leue wimmannes pleint!"
Eft he maketh a gret cri;
And he clepeth the leuedi,

And on the knightes and sweines also,
And pleined him of his mochel wo ;
And sschewede his child hol and sound,
And slawen was his gode graihond,
For his prouesse and his gode dede,
Al for his fole wiues rede !
" O grehound ! he seide, wight and strong,
I sçhal miselue abigge that wrong,
And tache other knightes, saun fail,
To leue here leuedis conseil !"
He set him doun in that thrawe ;
Als quik he dede his schon of-drawe,
And karf his vaumpes, fot-hot,
And wente him forht al barfot,
Withouten leue of wif and child,
And wente into a forest wild,
Into desert fram alle men ;
Wolde he never come agen.
He tholede mani a biter stounde,
For the wrong of his greihonde.

" So falle on thè, sire emperour,
Swich arm, and schame, and desonòur,
Yif thou do thi sone unright,
Als to the greihound dede the knight.
Thourgth the counseil of hiis wif,
He sloughth his greihond nowt geltif."

" O maister, bi Peter that ich have sought,
So schal hit bifalle nowt!
Nou, bi God that I schal serue,
To-dai more ne schal he sterue.
The court wente; the maister tok leue;
Hit gan sone to wexen eue.
Th' emperour com to chaumbre anon;
Th' emperice him loured upon.
Th' emperour saide, " Dame, artou wroth?"
" Ye, sire, sche saide, forsoht."
" Tell me now, sweting fre!"
" Thou wost wel, so mot ich se,
For I thè warn of thine fon,
And thou ne kanst me thank non.
Thou clepest thi sone: he is the deuel!
He schal thè do wel mochel iuel.
But thou me of him wil awreke,
Al folk mot hit wite and speke.
He mot thè bringge to swich ending,
Als hadde the bor for his cracheing."
" The bor? dame, tel that me;
Whi for cracheing deied he?"
" Sire, nou thou wilt wite that cas,
Ich wille thè telle hou hit was.

THE III. TALE.

THE BORE AND THE HERD.

" SIRE, quath the leuedi, here bi west,
Ther was a fair riche forèst;
A bor was norischt tharinne,
Fram a pig to a swine.
Of the bor was swich los,
To gon therinne ech man agros:
Ne dorst ther come knight ne swein.
In the forest was a plein,
And in the pleyn a tre of hawes,
That ripe were be tho dawes.
The bor hem gan ful sone asmelle.
Ech he het therof his felle.
In that forest woned an herd,
That of bestes loked an sterd.
O best him was araught;
Wide war he hit hadde i-sought;
Be the hawe-tre he gan come,
And thoughte to haue therof some.
Ful he gaderede his barm,
Yet ne thought he of non harm;
In his other lappe he gaderede some.
The felle bor bicam to come.

The herde him seghth, and was of-drad:
He dorst nowt fle he was so mad.
Up to the hawe-tre he steghth;
The bor him com swithe neghth,
And he ne findeth hawe non,
As he was i-wont to don.
He loked up and segth the herd;
He criede, and makede rewli rerd;
He wette his tossches and his fet,
The erthe with his snowte he bet.
Thourgh the mouht the fom was wight,
The tusches in the tre he smit;
The tre aresede as hit wold falle,
The herd was sori adrad withalle,
And gan sone on knes to falle.
This segth the herd-man
That the bor falle bigan.
He kest the bor doun hawes anowe,
And com himself doun bi a bowe.
With the left hond he heng,
And with the right hond on the bor he feng.
He clew the bor on the rigge,
And he bigan doun to ligge,
He clewe him eft upon the wombe;
He fil adoun als a lombe;
He lek his eghen, and gan to slape.
The knif drouth the herde knape,

Out he drough scharp an long;
The bor to the herte he stong.
The herd thous, with his long knif,
Biraft the bor of his lif.
He went him forth, and let him ligge.

" Lo, sire emperour, I thè sigge,
Thou art the bor; thi maister thè clawes,
With fals resoun, and wikkede sawes;
And on thè he wetteth his teth,
Til thai thè bringge to thi deth.
With clawing thai sculle thè desceiue,
Til thai thè sle with dethes glaiue."
" Certes, dame, I sigge no:
Hit schal nevere bifalle so.
Forsothe he sschal tomorewe dai,
Withouten ani more derai!"
And sche saide, ones other twiis,
" Gentil sire, graunt-mercys!
God yif thè therto strengthe and might:
To dethe him do er hit be night."
The night passede, the dai com.
The highe emperour of Rom
Went adoun of his tour,
With herte wroth, and gret irour.
Men unkek gate and halle-dore.
Barouns entrede in astore;

Sone was filt paleys and tour.
In com gon th' emperour
Biforen hem, in grete traye ;
He het mani a wikke boié
His sone lede toward the hangging :
Hit was i-do withouten letting.
And right amideward the pres
Come ride maister Ancilles,
That the childes other maister was,
And i-segh that ferli cas.
Toward the halle he gan driue,
And highede thider fast and bliue,
And fond sone that emperour,
And gret him sone with honour.
Th' emperour, sikerliche,
On him loked litherliche ;
And to the maister he saide thore,
" Maugre have thou for thi lore !
Thou hast i-serued wikked mede ;
Thou schalt hit haue, so Crist me spede !"
Than saide maister Ancilles,
" For Godes loue, sire, hold thi pes !
Wiltou sle thin owen sone ?
To ben milde hit was thi wone !"
" Hit n'is no wonder, saide th' emperour,
Thou schalt be an-honged, thou vile loseniour.
Ich tok thè mi sone to lore,
For to teche him wisdom more,

And ye han him bitreid :
His speche is loren, ich am desmaid.
Mi wif he wolde haue forht i-take !
To deth (he seide) he schal ben don with wrake."
Than seide the maister, " Hit is non hale
To leve stepmoderes tale,
For here bolt is sone i-schote,
More to harm than to note.
Yif thou him [slai] bi hire purchas,
On thè falle swich a cas,
Als fil on Ypocras the gode clerk,
That slow his neveu with fals werk."
" Maister, he seide, tel me that cas
Of the scoler and of Ypocras."
Ancilles said als so tit,
" Thi sone to-dai mak thou quit,
Til to-morewe hit be dai light,
And I thè scha[l] telle, anon right,
With gret felonie and with wouhgh,
Hou Ypocras his neveu slowgh."
" I schal him respite," saide th' emperour ;
And het anon, withouten soiour,
Men scholde ayèn fechche his sone,
And caste him into prisòne.
The child was brout into the toun,
With a fair processioun,
And into prisoun pilt he was.
Nou ginneth the tale of Ypocras.

TALE IV.

THE TALE OF YPOCRAS AND HIS NEVÈU.

" Sire, Ypocras was maister here ;
Of leche-craft was non his pere.
He hadde with him his nevèu ;
That schild lere of his vertu.
He segh the child so queinte of lore,
He wolde techen him nammore.
He thoughte wel, at a score,
He sscholde passi him before.
The child aparceiued wel this,
And held hit in his herte, I wis.
His emes werk he gan aspie,
Til he couthe al his maistrie.
Tho Ypocras wel he fond,
Bi craft of the childes hond,
That he couthe al his mastrìe,
And brast negh forth onde and vie.
So bifel vpon a time ying,
Of Hongrie the riche king,
Hadde swich a sone gent ;
To Ypocras anon he sent,
That he scholde come his sone to hale,
And habbe gold ful a male.

Ypocras wende ne might,
But cleped his neveu, anon right,
And bad him wenden to that lond,
And that schild take an hond;
And, whan he hadde so i-do,
He scholde ayèn comen him to.
The schild was set on a palefrai,
And forht he tok the righte way.
And whan he com to that lond,
The king him tok bi the hond,
And ladde him to his sike childe.
Now Crist of hevene be ous milde!
The yonge man segh the childes peyne,
And tasted his senewe, and his veyne,
He taketh an vrinal for to sen;
He ne segh nowt of the kyng, but of the quen:
And of the child, God hit wite,
He segh hit was a mis-beyete.
He gan the leuedi aside drawe.
"Dame, he saide, be aknawe
What man had biyete this child?"
"What? sche saide, artou wild?
Who sschulde him biyete but the king?"
"Dame, he saide, that is soht no thing!
Hit n'as neuere of kinges stren."
"Let, sche saide, swich wordes ben,
Other I schal do bete thè so,
That tho schalt neuere ride ne go."

" Dame, he saide, bi swiche tale,
Thi sone schal neuere more ben hale ;
Ac tal me, dame, al the cas,
Hou the child biyeten was."
" Belami, sche saide, so."
" *Par fai*, dame, he saide, no !"
And schok his heved vpon the quen.
" Dame, he saide, thai yhe wille me slen,
I ne mai do thi sone no bot,
But yif I wite the sothe rot,
Of what man hit was biyete."
" Maister, sche saide, that mai no man wite.
Yif mi conseil were vnhele,
Ich were i-slawe bi righte skele."
" Dame, he seide, so mot ich thê,
I n'elle nevere biwraie thè."
" O meister, sche seide, so hit bifel ;
This enderdai, in on Aueril,
The Erl of Naverne com to this thede,
Wel atired, in riche wede,
With mi louerd for to plai ;
And so he dede, mani a dai.
That ich erl I gan to loue,
Al erthliche thing aboue :
And so, *par* gret druri,
I let that erl ligge me bi,
And thous hit was on me biyete.
A ! leue maister, let no man wite !"

" Nai, dame, for sothe, I wis ;
But, for he was biyeten amis,
Hit mot bothe drink and ete
Contrarius drink, contrarius mete,
Beues flesch, and drink the brotht."
He gaf the child anon therof.
The child warisscht fair and wel ;
The kyng yaf him mani a juèl,
To the leche, of silver and goold,
Als mochel als he nime wold.
" He wente hom with that eighte ;
And Ypocras, anon right,
He asked yif that the schild was sound ?
" Ye, sire, he saide, bi Seint Simond."
He asked, " What was his medicine ?"
" Beff and broth gode afine."
" What than was he an auetrol ?"
" Thou seist soht, sire, be mi pol."
Quath Ypocras, " Bi the gode dome,
Thou art bicome al to wis a grome !"
Ther he thoughte, ayèn resoun,
To don him strong tresoun.
" So bifel, upon a dai,
He and his neveu yede to plai,
In a fair grene gardin,
Therin wex mani an herbe fin.
On thei seghen in the grounde,
That was an herbe of gret mounde ;

He tok and schewed hit Ypocras ;
And he saide a better ther was,
For he walde his neveu bikeche ;
The child stoupede swich on to reche.
Ther-while, Ypocras with a knif,
Binom that schild his swete lif ;
And let him birie sikerliche,
Als he were storven sodainliche.
And sone ther after, swithe yerne,
He let alle his bokes berne.
Ac God Almighti, hevene kyng,
He oversegh alle thing.
He sent Ypocras, for his tresoun,
Sone therafter, the menesoun.
Wel wist Ypocras, for his qued,
That he scholde sone be ded.
For al that heuer he mighte do,
His menesoun might nowt staunche tho.
He let of-sende moche and lite,
Hise neyebours him to visite,
And tolde al right anon,
Hou his deth wa[s] comen him on,
With gret right and nowt with wough,
For his neveu that he slowgh.
An empti tonne he let set,
And, of water of a pet
He let hit fille to the mouthe,
For he walde his werkes were couthe.

The tresoun he gan hem alle reherse,
In a thousand stede he let the tonne perce,
And tho he hadde mad holes so fele,
In ech he pelt a dosele,
And smerede the holes al aboute.
And everiche doseil he braid oute,
No drope of water vt com than ;
Mervaile hadde mani a man.
" Lo, he saide, water hi can stop,
That hit ne mai nowt bi bores drop,
Ac I ne mai nowt stop mi menesoun ;
And that is al for mi tresoun,
With gret right and nowt with wough,
For mi neveu that I slow.
Ich him slow sikerliche,
For he was wiser man than iche.
Ich, ne no man under sonne,
Me gif help nou ne conne,
But mi neveu aliue ware.
Right is that ich hennes fare !"

" Lo, saide the maister, hou Ypocras
Destrued his lif and solas !
Sire emprour, tak hede, and loke,
He slow his neveu, and brent his boke ;
Might hit him ani thing profite ?"
" Nai, saide th' emperour, moche ne lite."

" No, saide the maister, verrannent;
I biseke God omnipotent,
That yif thou do thi sone to ded,
And hise maistres, be thi wiues red,
That on thè falle swich a cas,
As dede our maister Ypocras."
The maister had so i-sped,
Th' emperour sone was his frend.
The maister was owai i-nome,
The emprour was to chaumbre i-come.
Ther he fond his emperice,
With lourand chere, and with nice.
Hond wringging, and loud roupe,
And here visage al biwope.
" Dame, he saide, pluk up thi cher,
Other tel me whi thou makest swich cher."
" Sire, sche saide, hit is wonder non,
Hi se thi honour all i-gon.
I se the wede waxe over the corn;
Allas! allas, that I was boren,
And that I schal this dai i-se,
That we sschulle departed be!"
" What, dame, is hit comen therto,
We sscholle be departed so?"
" Ye, sire, bi Adam and bi Eue,
For thou n'elt nowt me i-leue
Of him that thou clepest thi sone.
Certes, he had the deueles wone!

He thè procureth, night and dai,
Al the sschame that he mai.
Thine barouns and thine gentilmen,
Alle thai holden thè ayèn.
Thai sschal wel sone, for inche an hete,
Put thè out of thi kinges sete,
And sette him stede inne thine;
That ware mi deth and mi pine.
Ich hadde leuere to ben an-honge,
Than that I scholde liue so longe."—
(A! hou wimmen conne hit make,
Whan thai wil ani man lake!)—
" Ac, sire, yif hit falle so,
That th' empire is dight him to,
On thè falle swich a cas,
As dede on him, that his heued was
Of his sone i-cast in a gong,
With felonie, and with wrong!"
" O dame, who might that be
Wolde do his fader swich vilté?
Tel hit me, for God aboue!"
" Lat be, sire, for mi loue,
Thou ne louest nowt of mi telling;
Hit schal thè rewe bi heuene kyng!"
" Yis, dame, he saide, lat here thé speke,
And ich wil sone thè awreke.
Sei on dame!" and sche bigan
To tellen als a fals wimman.

THE V. TALE.

THE FATHER MURDERED BY HIS SON.

A EMPEROUR was in thes town,
A riche man, of gret renoun,
Octouien was his name :
Wide sprong his riche fame.
Gold and siluer to wille he wan ;
And more he hadde than ani man.
He made Cressent, that riche tour,
Therinne he pult his tresòr.
Seue wise men ther were in Rome,
The fiue out of londe he nome,
And the twaie left at home,
To kepe Rome with rightful dome.
That on was bothe curteis an hende,
Lef to give, and lef to spende ;
And that other lef to pinche,
Bothe he was scars, and chinche.
And, als we finden writen in bòke,
Th' emperour him taught his tresor to loke,
And he hit kept bi al his might,
Bothe bi daies an bi night.
For the wretche man, saun-fail,
Wende the erthe scholde him fail !

The large wise wiste wel,
Of this tresor eche a del.
He saide to his sone, " Tak a pike,
To-night thou schalt with me strike."
" Whider?" seide his sone ;
" Therof haue thou no thing to done!
Arise vp quik, and with me go,
And do als tou sest me do."
For[th] thai went, withoute sojour,
To Cressent that riche tour.
An hole thai bregen, al with ginne,
And bothe thai wenten therinne,
And token tresor, I you swere,
Als the moche als thai might bere,
And beren hit hom wel on hast,
And maden hem large whiles hit last.
Amorewe aros that sinatour,
And sichen to-bregen his louerdes tour,
And beren was awai that tresòur ;
Therfore he made gret dolòur.
He ne made no pleint to no man,
But stopped the hole anon ayèn,
For he thouwte wel that hit left,
Wolde come ayèn eft :
For thef of steling wil nowt blinne
Til he honge bi the chinne.
Nigh euene bi the hole,
Ther the catel was i-stole,

The wise man dede make a dich,
Ful of lim and of pich,
That yif he agèn wald come,
That the traitour sscholde bi nome.
The stolen catel i-spended is ;
The wise bicometh a fol, I wis.
" He tok his sone ; ayèn he went
To that tour that hight Cressent.
An hole thay broken al biscore ;
The fader lep in bifore,
Into the limed diche :
Loude he gan to crie and skriche,
And saide, " Sone, com her thou nowt,
For ich ham nomen and bicaught !"
" Hou so, fader ? ich wil fechche help !"
" Nai, sone, mak therof no yelp.
Her ne geth help ne red ;
For sikerliche ich am ded."
" A ! leve fader, what schal I do ?"
" Sone, with thin hond thi swerd tak to,
And hastiliche gird of min heued."
" Nai ! arst mi lif scholde me bi bireved,
Ar ich mi fader scholde sle !"
" Sikerliche, sone, hit mot so be ;
Other ich, and tou, and alle mine,
Beth i-schent withouten fine.
Bettere hit is that ich on passe,
Than al mi ken, more and lasse !

Smit of min heved with thi sword;
Schalt tou neuer here therof no word.
Hit ginneth to dawe; highe thè henne!
Foryiue I thè al that sinne."
His fader heued he smot of thare,
And awai with him hit bare.
Ac he ne wiste, for non nede,
Whar he mighte hit best i-hede.
But als he com bi a gong,
Amidde the pit he hit slong,
And wente hom, and made wo;
His brethren and his sustren also.
Amorewe aros that sinatour,
And segh to-broken his louerdes tour,
And segh ther stonde an heuedles man;
Knowe him nowt he ne can.
He loked bifore and bihinde,
Knowleching ne couthe he finde.
He let him drawe out of the pit,
And his fet set faste i-knit,
With trais an two stronge hors,
And hete to Rome drawen his cors;
And yif ani weped, other cride,
He het him nime that ilche tide.
" Quicliche breng him me bifore,
For of that kyn he was i-bore."
The heuedles bodi, also skete,
Was i-drawe thourgh eueri strete.

Fort he come ayèn the paleis,
That aughte the ded burgeis,
There was cri, and wail-a-wo,
Of brother and of suster also.
" The sone, that wiste of al that dede,
Stirt him in, in gret drede ;
He braid out his knif on heghth,
And smot himselve thourghhout the thegth.
The kinges seriaunt faste hide,
To nime that folk that faste cride ;
Thai schewed i-wonded here brother,
Thai seide thai wepte for non other.
Thai seghen all the wonded man,
And leued hem wel, and went oyàn."

" Lo, sire, swich a foul wille,
Ayèn resoun and right skille !
Was nowt the boi of wit bereued,
Whan he tok his fader heued,
In a vil gonge slong hit inne ?
He migh[t] han don a better ginne ;
I-biried hit ower priueliche."
" Thou saist soth, dame, sikerliche ;
An unkynde boi hit was !"
" Ya ! on thi heved falle that cas !
Thi sone, the deuel him mote an-honge,
But he cast thin heved in a gonge."

" Dame, I schal yeme me fram care ;
Certes, to-morewe he schal forht fare."
" Sire, I leue thè nowt, sikerliche."
" Yis, dame, hardiliche !"
" Graunt merci, sche saide, sire gent ;"
An kist him to acordement ;
And let here word swiche sone,
And yede to bedde mididone.
Dioclician, th' emperour,
Amorewe wente out of his tour,
And let of-sende his gentil knaue ;
No man ne most him saue ;
And het him led forht sikerklik,
And bidelue him also quik,
That he neuer, for no thing,
Herde of him more tiding.
He was forht lad with boies felle.
The burgeis, and the dammeisele,
Thai gunne arere swich a cri,
That hit schillede into the ski ;
And saide, " Wail-awai ! whi, with wronge,
Schal th' emperour's sone ben an-honge ?"
Than com ridende Lentilioun,
A wis maister and of fair fazoun ;
The childes thridde maister hadde i-ben ;
For reuthe he ne might him nowt i-sen.
And th' emperour wel sone he fond :
He gret him faire, ich understond.

Th' emperour saide, " So God me spede,
Traitour, thè schal be quit thi mede!
For mi sones mislering,
Ye schulle habbe evil ending!"
" O sire emperour of pris,
In dedes thou sscholdest be war and wis.
Yif thou wilt thi sone sschende,
Withouten assent of barouns hende,
And dost vs qued for oure godnesse,
On thè falle swich a destrèsse,
So dede on the riche gome,
That with his wif was ouercome!"
" O tel me, maister, hou ani wimman
Mighte bigile ani man?"
" Bletheliche, sire, so God me amende,
Yif thou wilt thi sone of-sende:
For, yif he were therwiles i-slawe,
For nowt I telde thè mi tale."
The riche emperour, also sket,
His sone ayèn fechche he het.
The child was don the prisoun in:
The maister his tale he gan agin.

THE VI. TALE.

THE HUSBANDE SHUT OUT.

" THER was a burgeis in this toun,
A riche man of gret renoun,
That wolde spouse no nethebours schild,
But wente fram hom as a moppe wild.
He let his negheboures child for a vice,
And wente fram hem als moppe and nice,
And browghte hom a dammaisele,
Was ful of vices swich fele.
He seghth hir fair and auenaunt,
And with here fader made couenant,
For to habben hire to wiue,
And euere more to righte liue.
He spoused hire, and ladde hire hom.
Hire forme lemman hire after com,
That hire serued mani a stounde,
Whan on slepe was the [hus]bounde.
Than was the lawe in Rome toun,
That, whether lord or garsoun,
That after corfu bi founde rominde,
Faste men scholden hem nimen and binde,
And kepen him til the sonne vprising,
And than before the fokk him bring,

And thourgh the toun him villiche driue.
The burgeis aparseiued of his wiue,
Fele nightes was gon him fram,
And in the dawiying ayèn sche cam.
He saide nowt, wel longe while,
But euer he souchede him of gile.
O night, he him ase dronke made,
And yede to bedde blithe and glade,
And lai stille als he slepe sone.
Sche stal awai, mididone,
And wente to here lotebi;
And he hit aparseiued sikerli,
And went him out, and segh an herd,
Al togider hou sche misferd,
And wente him in out of the strete,
And schet the dore swithe skete,
And spak out ate windowe,
And saide, " Dame, God yive thè howe!
This thou ne might forsake for non nede,
Ich have i-nome thè in this dede.
With thi lechour, with him thou go!
Of thè ne kep I neuere mo."
" A! lat me in, sire, paramour!
Men sschal sone ringe corfour."
" Nai, dame, ich thè forsake;
In thi foli thou worst i-take.
Al thi ken schal witen and sen,
What mester woman thou hauest i-ben."

" Nai, God Almighti that i-sschilde,
Ich wille bicome wod and wilde.
But thou me in lete, ich wille telle,
Ich wille me drenchen in the welle."
" Drenche thiselue other an-honge,
For here thou havest liued to longe!"
She tok up a gret ston,
And wente to the welle anon,
And saide, after a wommannes wrenche,
" Her now, sire, I schal me adrenche."
Sche let the ston falle in the welle,
And sterte under the dore wel snelle.
The seli man bigan to grede,
" Allas, wat schal me to-rede!"
Anon rightes he wente him owt,
And soughte his wif in the welle about,
And swithe loude he bigan to crie;
And sche stert in, wel an highe,
And sschitte the dore swiche fast;
And he gan up his heued cast.
" What, he saide, who is thare?"
" Ich, sche saide, God yiue [thè] kare!
Is hit nou time, bi thi snoute,
For to ben thous longe ther oute?"
" A! dame, he saide, ich was asschreint,
Ich wende thou haddest ben adreint.
Lat me in, dame, *par amour*,
Men schal sone ringe corfour."

" The deuel hong me thanne bi the toth !
The waites scholle wel sè the soth,
That thou art an hold lechòur,
And comest hom after corfòur.
Thou schalt suffre kare and howe,
And drinke that thou hast i-browe."
With that the waites come ride,
And hi herden hou thai gon schide,
And corfour belle ringge gan.
I-nomen was that seli man,
And neuer of him no qued ne herde;
Thai wist ful wel hou hit ferde.
Thai beden his wif, as sche was hende,
Leten him [in] ar corfu ende.
Sche answered, as malicious,
" He cometh nou fram the hore-hous !
Thous he is wonet me to serue :
On euele dethe mot he sterue !
Ich haue i-hid his schame er this,
I n'el nammore nou, I wis."
Corfour belle no lenger rong ;
The burgeis was lad forht with wrong.
What helpeth hit lenger tale ?
That night he sat wel sore akale,
And his wif lai warme abedde,
And solas of hire lemman fredde.
Amorewe the burgeis was forth i-fet,
And his honden biforen him knet,

And thourgh the toun he was i-lad,
Lohtliche driuen and bigrad,
Ase a thef. This meschaunce,
Gelteles he suffred this pennaunce.

" Sire, couthe this woman of gile ?"
" Ya ! sche was a traitour vile,
And wel werse than an hound !"
" Sire, mo swich ther beth i-found ;
And thiself had on swich !
Sche wil thè traie sikerlich,
Yif thou dost after her red,
That thou dost thi sone to ded.
That chaunce falle thè i-liche,
That bifel the burgeis riche."
" *Par fai*, maister, that ware god right ;
I n'el nowt do bi here to-night."
The child bileft stille in prisoun,
The maister went out of the toun,
And hadde mani a blessing,
For his disciple deliuering.
Whan men leke windowe and gate,
Th' emperour com to chaumbre late.
The emperice bigan to loure
Lohtliche on th' emperoure.
" Dame, he saide, what haileth thè,
Swich semblaunt for to make me ?"

" Yit schal hit falle ous so bitwene
That mani a man hit sschal hit sene,
As bitwene the leuedi and the stiward,
And the king in o foreward."
" What forward was that? Telle hit me,
As thou wilt to me lef be."
" Nai, sire, sche saide, hit n'is nowt worth;
Mi tale ne mot nowt forth.
Telle ich thè ensaumple neuer so god,
Thou me haldest of wit wod.
Therfore ich wille holde me stille,
And suffri wel that man thè spille."
" Nai, dame, lat here thè speke,
And ich thè wille ful wel awreke,
So ich hit finde profitable,
And soth I seie, withouten fable."

THE VII. TALE.

THE KINGE AND HIS STIWARD.

" Now ben sene, sire, and i-here!
A king was whilom of gret powère;

Al Poile and Calabre lond,
Al he held hit in his hond.
Wimmen he louede swithe lite,
And usede sinne sodomighte.
So long he pleiede with yong man,
A swele in his membres cam than.
The skin might hit nowt helde,
Ne he ne mighte himselue welde.
He fil sik in Godes wreche;
He let of-senden him a leche.
In vrine he segh he mighte libbe;
He laide a plastre under his ribbe.
Barli-bred he et for gode,
And barli-water, that was i-sode,
Til he hadde of his membres bote.
Than saide the leche, ar ye mote
Haue womman to pleie aright,
Yif ye wil be hol aplight."
" I schal wel;" and cleped his stiward,
And he com als a leopard.
" Lo me her, sire, what will ye?"
" But a lemman fech thou me,
That I might to-night with plai!"
" I ne wot non, sire, in this contrài,
That be thi bodi ligge dar,
For thi los is boren so far,
That thine membres ben to-swolle."
" Bihote hem pans an handfolle.

Bihot twenti mark som leuedi
O night for to ligge me bi."
Thanne thout that stiward coueitous,
That siluer schal bileue with ous.
To his wif he went anon,
And saide sche most on his arnede gon.
" Blethliche, sire, ac whideward ?"
" To the king, saide the stiward ;
Thou schalt plaie with him in derk,
And winne ous gode twenti mark."
" A ! sire, sche saide, fi ! fi !
Hit is a foul man to liggen bi ;
And that wot euerich womman wel."
" Thou schalt, bi Seint Michèl !
Who that seluer winne n'elle,
Lese he mot with right skille.
Thou schalt ous the penies winne,
Other I thè sschal driue out of min inne."
" O nedes he sschal, that nedes mot ;
Hit n'is nowt mi wille, God hit wot,
But hit is skil, right and lawe,
To do bi me as bi thin awe."
To the kinges chaumbre he went ayàin,
And drof out bothe knight and swayn,
Blewe out the torches, and let in his wif.
To the king sche wente bilif.
The fals stiward to bedde wente.
The king the leuedi in armes hent.

What helpeth hit ani more seid ?
That night he was ful wel apaid.
The wretche stiward ne might nowt slape ;
Ac in the moreweing he gan u[p]rape.
To the kingges chaumbre he went saun fail ;
The king, that night, hadde ben in trauàil,
In trewe loue witouten arm,
And slep in the leuedis arm.
The stiward made moche sorewe,
Til hit were half wai midmorewe ;
He held himself mochel wrechche.
Thous [he] the king bigan to wechche,
And saide, " Sire, vp ! vp ! hit is dai !
Lat that leuedi wende awai !"
The king saide, " I ne have no rape,
For me lest yit ful wel slape,
And pleie twies and ones,
For to hele mine bones."
" Nai, sire, hit is mi leuedi,
That al night laien thè bi."
" Belamy, he saide, is hit thi wif ?"
" Yea, sire, he saide, be mi lif !"
" O traitour ! figh, a puteyn !
Whi had thi wif bi me lain ?"
" Sire, for the winning of thi moné."
" Therfore, he saide, yvel mote thou thè !
Thou hast bitraid thi wif and me.
Dwelle thou, wil ich arisen be,

I schal thi vile fals cors
Do to-drawe with wilde hors.
Out of mi lond I rede thou flee,
That I thè never eft i-see ;
For, abide thou min uprist,
Thou be honged bi Jesu Crist !"
Sire, thous the stiward les his wif,
And fley awai with mochel strif.
I wis he was al forlore,
He com ayein neuere more.
" The king aros whan him list,
And kep the leuedi with the best ;
And held hire, two yer, other thre,
And sithen yaf hire, with riche fe,
To a riche erl of that lond.
Sche was nowt bicaught, ich understond :

" Sire, and so wil hit fare bi you,
Whan ye han loren youre vertu.
Out of londe thou best i-driue,
Schal ich thè neuere i-se til I liue.
No forse on me after an emperour
Mai me wedde a vauasour.
I mai liue a wel god lif,
Thai I be nowt an emperour's wif.
Ac [thè] falle chaunce ase hard,
As dede the couaitous stiward,

That solde his wif for moné ;
But thou do als I rede thè."
" Par fai, dame, that is skil,
I wil do bi thè, yif God wil."
" Sire, sche saide, withouten faile,
Thou dost bi a god counseil."
Morewe cam, as ye mowe here ;
The emperour aros, with foule chere,
Into his palais he went yare,
And his baroums he fond thare.
Biforen hem alle, in gret traye,
He het mani a wikke boyè
His sone toward the dethe bringge :
Hit was i-do withouten letting.
Toward deth he was i-brout ;
Mani a man hit of-thout,
Thourgh Rome stretes, wide and side.
The ferthe maister ther com ride ;
Malquidras was his name ;
In his herte was no game.
His disciple louted him to ;
The maistres hert brast negh for wo !
He went into the halle flet ;
The emperour wel faire he gret.
Th' emperour him missaide than.
" Merci, sire, saide the wise man.
Sire, what haue we thè misgelt ?
Oure gode dede schal ben iuel i-yelt !"

" Sire, quath th' emperour, be min hed,
Worthi art to suffri ded,
For to thè, and thine fere,
I bitok mi sone to lere,
For to han i-taught him god,
And ye han i-made him wod!
Mi wif he wolde haue forlai,
Therfore ye sschulle al dai."
" O, sire emperour of pris,
In dedes thou sscholdest ben war and wis!
Yif thou wilt thi sone slo,
Withouten assent of barons mo,
And for oure godnesse do us qued,
Swich a cas fal on thin heued,
As hadde the olde wise of his wiue,
Er thou parte out of this liue."
" O maister, that was wel i-said;
Hou was that olde man i-traid?"
" He was nowt bitraid, for he wis was."
" A! leue maister, tel me the cas."
" Blethliche, withouten strif,
So thou respite thi sones lif,
Til to-morewe that hit be dai;
Than I thè schal the tale sai."
Th' emperour Dioclician
His sone ayèn hight fechche than,
And into prisoun he was i-cast;
The maister ginneth his tale in hast.

THE VIII. TALE.

THE OLD WISE MAN AND HIS WIFE.

" WHILOM was a man old [and] wis,
And hadde inow of worldes pris.
In his youthe, in middel of his liue,
He hadde i-wedded two jolif wives;
He liuede and bothe hem overbod,
And was longe in his wideuhod.
He liuede so longe that he hor was,
And hadde of womman no solas.
His seriaunts ofte to him come,
And of alangenes him undernome,
And [bade] him take a wif jolif,
To solace with his olde lif.
Bi her rede he tok a yong womman,
Ase wone is of old man
Yong womman for [to] spouse,
And thanne be wraw and gelouse.
Litel thai mai do, withouten gabbe,
That yong womman wolde habbe.
Al so ferde that olde wise;
He dede his wif wel smal seruise.
The yonge wif, upon a dai,
Com to chirche, *par ma fai*,

And fond hire moder thare,
And tolde hire al of here kare.
And saide, " Moder, I tholie a cas,
Mi louerd doth me no solas :
Ich moste have som other loue !"
" Nai, dowter, for God above !
Old men ben felle and queinte,
And wikkede wrenches conne ateinte.
Misdo nowt, doughter, but do bi rede !"
" Lat ben, moder, for hit is nede."
" Doughter, thi louerd had o gardin,
A wel fair ympe is tharin ;
A fair herbeth hit ouer-spredeth,
Al his solas therinne he ledeth.
Nou ne bereth hit lef non,
And whan thi louerd is out i-gon,
Doughter, tak thi gardiner,
And lat hit hewe to the fer ;
And, yif he say to thè ani resoun,
Answere hit with this enchesoun,
That thou dest hit is, for the nones,
To warme bi his colde bones."
" Dame, sche saide, hit schal ben dou."
Hom sche wente swithe anon,
And al maugre the gardiner,
The ympe was hewe to the fer.
The gode burgeis was hom i-come,
And goth to his gardin, as was his wone,

And fond his ympe up i-hewe.
" O, thoughte he, her was a sscherewe!"
Sche saide sche dede hit for non arm,
But for he sscholde his bones warm.
He hit tok on iuel strong,
But he ne monede hit nowt long.
He wentte to bedde, and tok solas
That night, neuer the better hir n'as.
" The yonge wif, another dai,
To chirche tok the righte wai,
And fond eft hire moder thare,
And of blisse sche was al bare;
For, neither be night no be dai,
Hire louerd n'olde with hire plai.
" Ich mot louie, sche saide, dame!"
" O doughter, hit were gret sschame,
Yif thou sscholdest thi gode kinde,
Thourgh dede of vilainie, schende.
For, yif thou dost a folie,
Thi louerd hit wil sone espie,
And he him wolde fellich awreke.
Herkne doughter what I schal speke:
A grai bichche thi louer gimeth louie,
Ouer alle other bestes aboue;
And whan ye sit bi the glede,
And the bichche lith in thi grede,
Mak thè wroth, and draw thi knif,
And binim the bichche here lif;

And loke thou be therafter queynt,
And were thè with a wiues pleint."
The yonge saide hit scholde be so;
Hom ssche gan hire wai to go.
Was hit nowt longe afterwar[d],
The yonge leuedi and hire lord
Sete, an even, bi the fer;
Biforen hem stod here squier.
Sche hadde on a pilche of pris,
And a chaisel theron, I wis;
The bichche lai in hire barm:
Sche plaide, and hit dede here harm.
Sche drow a knif, and here smot.
The bichche daide, God hit wot,
And pilche and cheisel al bi-bled;
The lord ros, and yede to bed.
For al hire wrenche, and al here ginne,
The more loue sche ne might awinne.
The thridde time to scherche sche went,
And hire moder ther sche fint,
And saide, " Dame, for al thi lore,
I finde loue neuere the more!
Moder, ich mot louie algat."
" Doughter, ich rede that thou lat!
Ac, tel me, doughter, for God aboue,
What man hastou ment to loue?"
" Dame, sche saide, the prest, bi skil."
" Nai, doughter, yif God wil,

While thou might have squier or knight!"
" Nai, moder, mi trewthe I plight,
I n'elle come in no knightes bedde;
He hit wile make wide i-kedde:
And I thè saie, sikerliche,
The prest I mai loue priueliche."
" Nai, doughter, her a queinte ginne;
Thi louerdes loue hou [thou] schalt winne.
Thi louerd schal sone make a fest
Of riche men, and honèst.
Thou schalt be bisaie, that ilke dai;
Honge at the gerdel mani a kai,
And sette thè haiest ate bord,
In a chaier ayèn thi lord.
Thi kai in the cloth make thou fast;
After, stirt up on hast,
Thai thou felle coppe other cloth;
Go forth and strif nowt therof:
And than thou schalt sone i-sé
What therof wil be."
The yonge wif to hire moder said,
" Hit sschal be don, bi Marie maid!
And wite I sschal, moder, bi than,
Yif he wil plaie, that old man."
Wel sone therafter, sikerli,
The olde knight and t[h]e leuedi,
A wel fair feste thai made thare,
O frendes that hem leue ware.

Sire, what helpeth hit longe tale ?
The wif seruede of bred and ale,
And after set hire adoun sone.
The kai made moche to done,
For sche feld both cloth and cop;
Natheles thai ware gadered vp.
Swithe sore sche him atraid;
Certes, he was wel iuel i-paid!
Whanne the gestes weren at ais,
Thai wenten hom fram his paleis.
Morewe com; ac now i-here!
The louerd let make a gret fere,
And let of-sende a neyghebour,
Ich understonde, a god barbour,
And set his wif forth, fot-hot,
And hire misdedes hire atwot;
And saide, he moste chasti hire ginne,
For iuel blod was hire withinne;
Hit moste be quik i-laten out,
That ssche ne helde hire nowt so stout.
Wer here lef, were hire loth,
Of hire he spoiled euerich cloth.
Tho hire kertel was of i-drawe,
Tho wende sche wel to ben i-slawe;
An saide sche sscholde die also swithe,
For sche never lat blod in hire live.
Therof ne stod him non owe;
He rent hir smok to the elbowe,

And sithen set hire on a stol,
For he ne wolde nowt ssche were a fol.
And gan to smiten hire on the veyn,
And sche bledde, with gret meyn,
Grete disch-folles two.
Als swithe here arm was staunched tho,
He dede that other arm forht drawe.
Than wende sscho wel to ben i-slawe,
And loude ssche gan to wepe and crie.—
" Hit helpeth thè nowt be Seinte Marie !"—
The barbour in the veyne hire smot ;
Sche bledde wel til sche was hot
The thridde disse-ful vpright ;
Anon sche les colour and might.
The louerd hit seghth, and dede hire staunche,
And in a bed he dede hire launche,
And saide, " Thries thou breddest wod,
Therfore thou bleddest thre dischful of blod ;
And, yif thou bredest wod ani more,
Yit I sschal dubble thi sore."
Sche wende to deghghe, sche was agast,
And sent after here moder on hast.
Hire moder com, and sche saide,
" A ! mercy, moder, for Mari maide !
I schal deghghe : nou red me red !"
" Doughter, what schal that i-sed ?
Thou most me telle what is this."
" Mi louerd me hath negh slawen, I wis ;

For mine thre unwrast dede,
Thre dissch-fol of blod he let me blede,
That I ne mai liue, bi Godes ore!"
" Doughter, lest thè loue more?"
" Nai, moder, bi God Almight!
I n'elle neither louie clerk ne knight."
" No, doughter; I seide ful wel,
That olde men beth queynte and fel;
Thai conne more qued bithenche,
Than thou kanst do with ani wrenche.
Hold thè to thine hosebounde,
And thou schalt haue al the mounde."

" Lo, sire, quad Malquidras,
Ne was this a wonder cas?
Thries misdede this womman bald,
And thre vengaunces he hire yald.
Therfore sche hadde elles i-don,
That had ben werst of euerichon.
The prest hi kaste hire loue to,
That no man might have vndo.
So fareth the quen with hire resoun,
With hire lesinges and fals tresoun,
Thi sone to deth for to bring;
Ac yif, thou leuest hire lesing,
Than thè falle a werse aprise,
As dede to that elde wise."

" Par fai, maister, that were lawe ;
To-dai ne schal he nowt be slawe."
The maister out of toun rit ;
The child bileft in prisoun-pit.
The dai is gon, and comen the night ;
Th' emperour wente to chaumbre aplight,
His emperice ther he fond,
Sore wepe and wrong hire hond.
" Madame, saide th' emperour,
Whi makest thou swich scher and foul lour ?"
" Sire, no wonder though ich am wroght,
Thou dost thing that me is loht ;
Thou leuest tales of losengrie,
Of falsnesse, and of trecherie :
So dede Cressus the riche man ;
Gold and siluer to wille he wan
Bi losengerie an bi engin,
Ac hit turned him to euel fin."
" Madame, he saide, tel that me
Of sire Cressus, hou ended he ?"
" Blethliche, sire, so mot ich thê,
So that ye wil the better be."

THE IX. TALE.

CRESSUS THE RICHE MAN.

VIRGIL was whilom a clerk,
That coude of nigramancie werk.
He made a fair conjuring,
Amideward Rome cheping,
That no man quenche ne might,
With no water, I thou plight.
Alle the poure men of the lond,
Warmed hem ther, bi fot and hond,
And made here mete bi that fir;
That was a thing of gret matèr.
And ther biside, on o donjoun,
He kest a man, of cler latoun,
And in his hond an arblast heldand,
And therinne a quarel taisand;
And in his foreheued was writen, with blac,
Lettres that this word spak:
" *Yif me smiteth ani man,*
I schete him anon ogàn."
So hit bifel, on a dai,
A Lumbard com, with gret noblai,
And segh the merueile, sannz dout,
And saide to the folk about,

" Wil ye that I smite this man,
To loke what he do can?"
And thai saide, " Ya;" and he him smette:
The ymage in the fir sschette;
The fir aqueinte for euere mo.
" Sire was this wel i-do?"—
" Nai, dame, he saide, bi heuene king,
That was no right wis doing!"
" No sire, sche saide, withouten fail;
Ac Virgil dede yit more meruail.—
" Upon the est-yate of the toun,
He made a man of fin latoun,
And in his hond of gold a bal.
Upon the yate on the west-wal,
Virgil kest an ymage other,
Right als hit were his owen brother,
That al the folk of Rome said,
With that bal togider thai plaid.
That on hit hente, that other hit threw;
Mani a man the sothe i-knew.
Amideward the citè, on a stage,
Virgil made another ymage,
That held a mirour in his hond,
And oversegth al that lond.
Who wolde pes, who wolde batàille,
Quik he warned the toun, saunz faile.
Aboute Rome seuen jurneys,
Thous he warned night and dais,

And tho that were rebel i-founde;
The Romains gadered hem in a stounde,
Thai wente thider quik anon,
And destrued here fon.
The king of Poile hadde gret enuie,
That the Romayns made swich maistrie,
For he ne mighte, for non nede,
Ayèn Rome in batail spede,
That he ne was euer more biwraid,
Ouercomen, venkud, and bitraid.
Upon a dai, he send his sond,
After alle the wise men of his lond,
And tolde hem alle his greuaunce;
And saide he wolde hegliche auaunce,
Who might that ymage fel adoun,
He wolde him yif his warisoun.
Twei clerkes, brothers, that were in Rome,
That maisteri on honde thai nome:
And the king hem made seur
Of warisoun and gret honòur.
Thai dede the king fille twei forcèrs
Of riche golde and of clers;
And dede hit lade, with priuetè,
Into Rome that riche citè.
That o forcer thai doluen, nowt late,
In Rome ate est-gate,
Under the ymage that the bal held;
This was a dede queinte and beld.

That other forcer ful of gold,
Thai bidoluen in the mold,
Under the west-gate, that no man wist;
This was a dede of queint list.
Amorewen, thai sschewed hem in Rome,
And biforn Sire Cressus come,
And said, " Al hail, sir emperour!
It falleth to thè tol of tresour.
We come to do thè understonde,
Of hid tresor in thi londe.
Yif thou wilt half parte with ous,
Thou sschalt hit have, Sire Cressus!"
Th' emperour saide, " That I n'ot;
Ich have forlorn that eueri grot,
And therfore frendes I graunt you,
That ye mai finde with youre vertù,
The halnendel in alle thingge;
Gowe aboute the findinge!"
" Nai, certes, saide the elderer brother,
Arst we mote don another,
Ich mot mete a sweuen to-night,
And to morewen, whan hit is light,
Sire, thou schalt have thine wille."
Thous thai were that night stille.
" Sone amorewe, with god entent,
Sire Cressus to the est-gate went.
The clerkes doluen in the mold,
And fond a forcer ful of gold.

And yaf hit up to th' emperour,
And he hit feng with gret honòur.
Amorewe, the yonger saide, wel euen,
" Sire, to-night me mette a sweuen,
A richcher forcer than that,
We schulle finde ate west-gate."
Quik wente thider th' emperour,
And his barouns of gret honòur,
And ther thai doluen in the gronde;
A riche forcer ther thai founde,
Ful of red gold i-graue,
And up to th' emperour thai hit haue.
Th' emperour held hem so wise,
In al the werld was hire pris.
Than swor the eldere, " Bi blod and bones,
Haue ich to-night i-met ones,
I schal thè finde tresor i-telle,
Is non richer fram hennes to helle."
" Thai yede to bedde and risen amorewe,
Th' emperour to mochel sorewe.
Than saide the elder to th' emperour,
" Under the ymage that halt the mirour,
In al Poile ne Romanye,
Ne is so mochel tresorie;
Moste we delue therunder,
Thou sscholdest habbe gold a wonder!"
" Nai, quath th' emperour, for eghte non,
That ymage wolde ich misdon!"

Than seide the yonger to th' emperour,
" Ther is al Virgiles tresour!
We schulle the ymage so undersette,
That we ne schal hit nothing lette,
And whan we han the gold in the grounde,
We sscholle hit make as we hit founde,
For we beth mazouns queinte of cast."
Than saide Cressus, " Goht an hast."
Thai bigonne hire werk, sannz dout,
And sette postes al about,
And bigan to mini under.
Herkneth now a selkouth wonder!
Thai to-rent ston fram ston,
The fondement to-brast anon.
Al dai thai mined doun right,
Til hit com to the night.
" On the morewe (thei saide to Cressus stille),
Of gold thou schalt haue thi wille."
The emperour wente to his palais;
Clerkes also and mani burgeis,
Ech man wente to his inne:
The clerkes thoughte another ginne.
Whanne ech man slepen, grete and smale,
The clerkes to the stage stale,
And bet a fir strong and sterk;
The fir fleghth up into the werk,
And falsed the siment, and the ston;
The ymage ouerthrew anon.

And tho the clerkes seghthen this,
Awai thai flowen, for sothe I wis.
Amorewe th' emperour aros;
Of this dede him sore agros.
In his herte was kare and howe;
Awai he wolde han i-flowe.
The smale, and the poeple of Rome,
To Sire Cressus thai nome sone,
And tolde him, for coueitise,
He hadde i-loren Romes prise.
Thai ladde [him] forth in that stounde,
And to a table fast him bounde;
And red gold quik thai melte,
And nose and mouht ful thai helte,
And eren, and eghen also,
Therwhiles a drope wolde in go;
And seide, " Sire, for Godes loue,
Thou hast mad thral that was aboue;
Nou artou ful; nou make thè heit,
Nou wiltou na more covèit."
Now is he ded with mochel schame."

" O thou seist soth, he saide, dame!"
" Ya, sire, for his lesingges,
That he leued twaie false gadelinges,
He turned to wel iuel fin.
Sire, swich schal be ending thin."

" Nai, dame, he saide, yif God wile."
" Yes, sire, sche saide, bi right skile;
For thou leuest wel flaterie,
That the maistres conne to thè lie,
And desire to make thin air,
He that sschall thè schende vair,
For he is the fendes chike;
Therwhiles he liueth thou mai sike."
" Dame, I sschal kepe me fram kare;
Right to-morewe he sschal forth-fare."
" Sire, sche saide, bi Seint Michèl,
Thanne dost thou wisliche and wel."
Morewe com, as ye mowe here;
Th' emperour aros with wroth chere,
And to his paleys he gan wende,
Righte biforen his barouns hende.
He let brenge forht his owen sone;
And whan he com out of prisòun,
Amideward Rome toun,
Than com riden maister Catoun.
The folk of Rome on him gan crie,
And saide, " Catoun! kithe thi maistrie!
Help thi disciple in this nede!"
Catoun light adoun of his stede,
And grette th' emperour on his kne,
And vnethe he wold him se.
He seide to him, " Maister Catòun,
Thou hast me don wel gret traisòun!

For to thè, and thine fere,
I bitok mi sone to lere,
Ye taughte him to nimen forth min emprice!"—
" Sire, quath Catoun, swich wordes beth nice."—
" And his speche is forlore."
" Nai sire, and he finde your grace bifore.
Thi wif wolde he forlain haue nowt;
Yif thou hit leuest, thou art bicought.
Ac yif thou do thi sone duresse,
On thè falle swich a destresse,
And swich a maner vileynie,
As hadde the burgeis for his pie."
" O, maister, he saide, what? what?
I thè praie, tel me that!"
" Sire, he saide, what helpeth hit mi sawe,
Gif thi sone therwhiles beth i-slawe?
Ac let him fechche quik ayain,
And I thè schal mi tale sain."
The emperour of Rome, Dioclician,
His sone he het fechche anon.

THE X. TALE.

THE MAGPIE.

Nou, everich man that loueth his hale.
Lestne wel Catones tale!
" A burgeis was in Rome toun,
A riche man of gret renoun;
Marchaunt he was of gret auoir,
And had a wif was queint and fair;
But sche was fikel, vnder hir lok,
And hadde a parti of Eue smok:
And manie ben yit of hire kinne,
That ben al bilapped therinne!
" The burgeis hadde a pie in his halle,
That couthe telle tales alle
Apertlich, in French langage,
And heng in a fair cage,
And seth lemmans comen and gon,
And teld hire louerd sone anon;
And, for that the pie hadde i-said,
The wif was ofte iuel i-paid.
And the burgeis louede his pie,
For he wiste he couthe nowt lie.
" So hit bifil, vpon a dai,
The burgeis fram home tok his wai,

And wente aboute his marchaundise:
The wif waited anon hire prise,
And sente here copiner fore;
And whanne he com to the halle dore,
He ne dorste nowt in hie,
For the wreiing of the pie.
The wif him bi the hond hent,
And into chaumbre anon thei went.
" The pie bigan to grede anon,
" Ya! now mi louerd is out i-gon,
Thou comest hider for no gode!
I schal you wraie bi the rode!"
The wif thought schent sche was.
A wrenche sche thoughte nathelas;
And clepede a maide to make here bed,
And after, bi hir bother red,
A laddre thai sette the halle to,
And vndede a tile or two;
Ouer the pie thai gan handel
A cler bacyn, and a candel;
A pot ful of water cler
Thai sschadde upon the pies swer.
With bacyn beting, and kandel light,
Tha bobbed the pie bi night,
And water on him gan schenche:
This was on of wommannes wrenche.
" Tho the dai dawen gan,
Awai stal the yonge man.

Men vnlek dore and windòwe;
The pie him schok with mochel howe,
For ssche was fain that hit was dai:
The copiner was went his wai.
The gode burgeis was hom i-come;
Into the halle the wai he nome.
The pie saide, " Bi God Almight!
The copiner was her to-night,
And hath i-don thè mochel sschame;
I-mad an hore of oure dame!
And yit hit had ben, to-night,
Gret rain, and thonder bright;
Sehthen ich was brid in mi nest,
I ne hadde neuere so iuel rest."
" The wif hath the tale i-herd,
And thoughte wel to ben amered;
And saide, " Sire, thou hast outrage
To leue a pie in a kage!
To-night was the weder fair and cler,
And the firmament wel fair;
And sche saith hit hath ben thonder:
Sche hath i-lowe mani a wonder;
But ich be awreke of here swithe,
Ne schal I neuer ben womman blithe!"
" The godeman askede his neghebours,
Of that night, and of the ours;
And thai saide, that al that night,
Was the weder cler and bright.

The burgeis saide, the pie,
Ne scholde him namore lie.
Nammo wordes he thar spak,
But, al so swithe, his nekke to-brak.
" And whanne he segh his pie ded,
For sorewe coude he no red :
He seghgh hir and his cage,
He thoughte of gile and of outrage.
He wente him out, the ladder he segth,
And up to the halle rof he stegth.
The pot with the water he fond ;
(That he brak with his hond ;)
And manie other trecherie,
That was i-don to his pie.
He went him doun, withouten oth,
In his herte grim and wroth ;
And with a god staf, ful sket,
His wif ate dore he bet ;
And bad hire go, that ilche dai,
On alder twenti deuel wai !

" Lo sire, he seide, for a foles red,
The pie, that seide soht, was ded ;
Hadde he taken god conseil,
His pie hadde ben hol and hale ;
And al so fareth thin emperice,
Thourgh here resoun, sscherewed and nice,

Sche goth aboute, dai and night,
Thi sone to dethe for to dight;
And he be ded, verraiment,
Ne worth ther non amendement.
Bi here rede ne do thou nout;
Yif thou do, thou art bicought.
Al the werld thè spise,
Yif thou do bi here, and lete the wise."
Anon th' emperour saide than,
" Catoun, bi him that made man,
Don ich wille after thi sawe;
To-dai ne sschal he nowt be slawe."
The schild bileft in prisoun;
Vpon his palfrai lep Catoun,
And hadde mani a blessing,
For his disciples deliuering.
The night is comen, the dai is gon,
Th' emperour wente to chaumbre anon;
His quen thanne ayen him nam,
With semblant ase a wroth wimman.
" Dame, he saide, pluk up thi cher,
Other tel me whi thou makest swich cher?"
" Hit n'is no wonder, sire, bi heuene!
Thè sschulle sschende thi maistres seuene;
That maketh thè to loue thi fo.
Forthi ich wille nou fram thè go;
Ac yif thou dost more bi hire leuing,
Falle on thè ase dede Herowde the king,

That les his sight in wonder wise ;
Therfore thou might sore agrise !"
" Dame, he saide, on ech manere,
That ilche tale ich most here !"
" Bletheliche, sire, so mot ich thê,
So that ye wolde the better be.

THE XI. TALE.

HEROWDES AND MERLIN.

" An emperour was in Rome,
The richest man of Cristendome,
Herowdes was his righte name ;
Wide i-sprongge his riche fame.
He hadde with him seuen wise,
Als ye han, of grete prise.
Al that th' emperour dede or thout,
Bi here conseil al he hit wrout.
So her was arered, in this toun,
Bi here rede, and bi here costom,
That who that mette a sweven anight,
He scholde come amorewe, aplight,

And brenge a besaund to offring,
And of his sweuen have undoing.
So longe thai vsed this errour,
Thai were richcher than th' emperour.
So hit bifel, vpon a dai,
Als he went vpon his plai,
And whan he com to Rome yate,
And wolde wenden out therate,
He bicam blind so ston.
His maistres he of-sente anon,
And asked whi he might nowt se,
Whan he scholde out of Rome te?
Thai asked respit a fourten night;
Bi than thai trowede that thai might
In hire bokes finde resoun,
And answeren him with right enchesoun.
Respit thai hadde of th' emperour;
He wente him hom to his tour,
And the maistres hom went,
And hire bokes went and trent,
Ac thai ne couthe nowt i-find,
Whi th' emperour was blinde.
Thai soughte conseil fer and negh,
Ase man that is queinté.
" So, on a dai after than,
Thai mette with an hold man,
And tolde him al hire conseil;
And he answered, saunz fail,

" In al the werld n'is man liuind,
That couthe you that sothe finde,
But gif hit ware child on,
That neuer hadde fader non.
For he can telle sothes alle,
That ben don in bour and halle.
Yif ye that schild finde mowe,
He schal you telle, ich wille auowe."
The maistres wolde no leng abide,
To seche the schild thai gonne ride.
On a dai thai com ther Merlin pleid,
And on of his felawes him traid,
And he was wroth, and maked a res,
And cleped him sschrewe faderles ;
And saide he was of the fendes kinde,
Hise felawes euer misdoinde.
" Datheit hane thou ! quath child Merlin,
Al to loude thou spak thi Latin !
Seue maistres is her come,
That han me sought, al fram Rome,
Thai han with me mochel to done ;
Ich wil hem helpe swithe sone."
With that com a man of that lond,
And brought a besaund in his hond,
To whom that Merlin saide thous.
" Man, thou art ful merueilous ;
Thou woldest haue undoing
Of thi to-nightes meting.

Forthi, thou woldest that o besaund offer;
Bere hit hom into thi coffer,
And I sschal telle, and nowt ne lie,
What thi meting signefie.
Thou mettest to-night, in thi donghel
Sprong a water out of a wel,
That was of swithe god sauour,
And seruede thè and thi nethghebour.
I wil thè saie the sothe word,
The welle bitokneth a gold hord:
To-delue anon in thi donghel,
Thou sschalt hit finde swithe snel."
Thanne he dalf therinne anon,
And fond of gold ful, God won.
He yaf the maistres of the gold,
As moche ase thai nime wold,
And also his neghhebour;
He made him riche of that tresoùr.
But Merlin saide, bi heuene king,
He wolde therof nothing.
" The maistres out of toune nome,
And ladden Merlyn toward Rome,
And asked him, with milde mouthe,
Yif he the sothe telle couthe,
Whi th' emperour might nowt se
Whanne he scholde out of Rome te?
" Ya, saide Merlin, sikerli,
Ich kan telle him ful wel whi!"

The maistres were glad of this,
And to Rome thai went, I wis.
The dai was comen that hem was set,
Anon with th' emperour thai met,
And saide, " The dai is comen of answering."
Quath Herowdes, " That is soth thing."
Tel me hastilich and sket
Thing that ye me bihet."
" Lo, sire, we han a schild i-browt,
That schal thè telle al thi thowt.
Lo her, sire, a litel page!
That schal sai thè thi coràge."
Quath th' emperour of lime and lond,
" Wil ye his tale take an hond?"
" Ya, on al that we haue or haue mowe,
The childes tale we wil auowe."
" Tel me, he saide, child Merlin!"
" Sir, lad me arst to chaumbre thin."
Th' emperour him ladde anon,
Into his chaumbre of lim and ston;
And whanne thai were therinne i-schet,
Merlin his tonge with wit whet,
And spak to th' emperour:
" Thou hast, he saith, her in thi bour,
Fer under thi bed adoun,
A gret boiland cauderoun,
With seuen walmes boiland;
The walmes han thé abland,

And therwhiles thai boilland be,
Sire, thou ne schalt neuer i-se :
And yif thai mai ben queint aright,
Thou might wel haue thi sight.
Th' emperour had wonder of this,
And let reume his bed, I wis,
And tok ten men other twelue,
And het hem in the grounde delue.
Thai deden ase here louerd hem het,
And doluen alle ther ful sket.
Thai ne hadde doluen but a stounde,
That the cauudronn was i-founde,
That hadde right walmes seuen :
Tho was i-leued the schildes steven.
" Quad th' emperour, " Forsothe I wis,
Bi thè I wil don after this ;
Ac, telle me, child, som resouns,
What bitokneth this boilouns ?"
" Sire, do out thi folk ichon,
And ich wil thè telle swithe anon."
Th' emperour, anon right,
Drof out both clerk and knight.
Thanne biginneth the child Merlin,
To telle th' emperour swich Latin :
" Sire, he said, bi God in heuen,
Thise boilouns that boilen seuen,
Bitoknen thine seuen wise,
That han i-wrowt ayèn the assise.

Thai han arrered custumes newe,
That thai mai wel sore rewe.
Be hit other clerk or knight,
And him mete a sweuene anight,
He cometh amorewe ich understonde,
An brengeth a besaund in his hond,
And to the maistres hire sweuene telle;
Thai hit vndo after her wille.
Thai respounde ase hem liketh;
Thous thai mani man biswiketh.
And, for that ilche senne, I finde
That thou art bicome blinde."
" Nou, tel me, child, thin entent,
What mai me to amendement?"
" Leue sire, for mi loue,
Bi on of hem mi tale proue.
Leue sire, taketh th' emprise,
And taketh the eldest of the wise,
Lat smite atwo his nekke bon;
The grettest walm shal quenche anon."
Th' emperour dede be the schildes lore,
The eldest maister was slein therfore.
His heued was into the cauudroun cast,
The greste walm queynte on hast.
Tho th' emperour wiste this,
He let sle allé seuene, I wis.
The water bicom faire and lithe;
Th' emperour therof was blithe.

Anon he wichss therof his hond,
And ouersegh al the lond.

" And, sire, so fare maistres thine,
Thai schul thè bringe to mochele pine.
Thai han so i-blent thè,
That thou might nowt that sothe i-se.
Ac yif thou dost more bi here rede,
To swiche blendnesse mote thai thè lede,
As hadde Herowdes the king,
That was negh browt to iuel ending."
" Nai, dame, he said, thou art wilde!
Fram swiche schame God me schilde!
For hem I schal me ful wel kepe,
Of hem ne yive I nowt an hepe."
" Sire, sche saide, thou hast god right;
Thai ben about, dai and night,
Thè to bigile an bitraie."—
Cokkes crewe, and hit was daie.
Th' emperour aros anon,
And wente to his halle of ston;
And ase th' emperour, verraiment,
Hadde yiuen his sone juggement,
The sexte maister com into the halle,
And hendeliche he grette hem alle,
And saide, " Sire, thou art wel nice,
To leue so mochel thin emperice.

Whanne thou leuest hire so
That thou wilt thi sone slo,
Thanne mot hit so fare bi thè,
As bi a sschereue of this countrè,
Tha[t] hirt his wif with a knif
In the wombe, he les his lif.
Quath th' emperour, " In alle manèr,
That ilche tale ich moste her."
" Leue sire, what helpeth mi tale,
Yif thi sone tholieth dethes bale ?
Yif him to-dai-longes rest ;
Ich schal thè telle a newe gest ;
Swich a tale I thè telle can,
Ne schaltou neuer leue wimman."
Th' emperour hete him let,
And his sone ayèn fet.
The child was pult in prisoun,
The maister ginneth his resoun.

THE XII. TALE.

THE SCHERIFF HIS WIDOWE, AND THE KNIGHT.

" Sire, he saide, thou might me leue,
Hit was a knight, a riche scherreue,
And [had a] yong jolif wif,
That he louede has his lif,
And ssche him, bi vnderstonding,
Louede him wel in alle thing.
So, on a dai, him and his wif
Was i-youen a newe knif; 2570
Fair hit was, and of egge scharp;
And thai on gamen gonne carp.
The knight his wif in the wombe carf;
For doel therof amorewe [he] starf:
He dede gret foli, cert,
Or to tendre was his hert.
Sone amorewe, erliche,
He was biwaked richeliche,
And wel faire browt on erthe,
After that he was werthe. 2580
The leuedi saide, for no wenne,
Sche ne wolde neuer wende thenne,

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But, as hir louerd for hir daide,
Sche wolde be ded, an bi him laide.
Here frendes segghen al that cas,
And comen to hire to make solas,
And saiden, " Dame, gent and fre,
Of thiselue have pitè ;
For thou art fair and yong, saunz fail,
And maist the werld mochel auail :
Some knight thè wedde of noblai,
And haue with him moche to plai ;
Gode children biyeten and faire.
Gentil dame, debonaire,
Lete awai thi mourning,
And tak thè to som conforting !"
" That wil I do for no wele ;
Ac die ich wille on his beriele !"
Sche saide " Allas ! and wailawo !
N'el ich hennes neuere go,
Ne confor take neuer mo."—
Here frendes were sori tho.
A logge thai made vpon his graue,
For sche wolde ther bilaue ;
And maked hir a ful fair fer,
And fond hire that night stouer,
And left here alone,
And sche made reuli mone.
" That ich dai thai were i-nome,
The thre theues bi commin dome.

The thre theues were knightes,
That were i-honged anon rightes,
For thai hadde the countrè anuwed,
And with robberie destrwed,
An-honged thai were alle thre.
A knight of the countrè held his fe,
For to loke the thre knightes
Vpon the galewes thre nightes.
He com to the galewes, armed wel,
Bothe in iren and in stel,
For to make the ferst night-ward.
The weder was cold and frowàrd;
He was for-cold, and lokede aboute,
And was war, withouten doute,
Of the fir in the chirche-hawe,
And thiderward he gan to drawe,
For to haue som warmyng;
And fond the leuedi doel makying,
And bad sche scholde late him in.
Sche saide, sche n'olde, bi Seint Johain.
" A yis! he seide, leve dame,
I n'elle thè do harm, ne sschame."
He swor, as he was gentil knight.—
Sche let him in anon right.
He sat and warmed him bi the fer,
He biheld the leuedis cher,
And segh swich semblant sche made;
And saide, " Dame, thou art a gade,

That thou mounest for the ded,
That mai thè do nother god ne qued!
Confort thiself, pluk up thin herte;
Swich mourning than wil thè smerte.
Of this mourning thou hast vnright;
Thou scholdest louye som gentil knight,
That thè might do sum solas."
And sche saide, " Allas! allas!
He was so smal and so gent,
I ne mai loue non other, verraiment!"
" Ne hadde he seten ther but a while,
He thoughte men mighte don him gile;
He priked to the galewes with his fole,
And fond that a thef was i-stole.
Tho was him wo, verraiment,
He scholde lese his auauncement,
But he mighte finde the thridde,
The thef that heng the twaie amidde.
He that wimmen couthe red,
To help men at her ned:
Sche ne was nowt fer, but somdel negh,
He telde hire the sorewe that he dregh;
And bisoughte hire of god conseiling,
For that he was in gret mourning.
Sche saide, " Sire, ich wille help thè,
So that thou wille spousi me."
" Yis, dame, he saide, preciouse,
Gif thou me helpe, ich wille thè spouse."

Sche let here sorewe awai gon,
And saide, " Help, lemman, anon,
Help delf vp mi lord that was,
He schal vs helpen in this cas;
And honge we him in his entaile!"
Here red was don, saunz faille.
Hit ne mai nowt ben forhole;
Thai baren him forth for him was stole!
Thanne saide the knight to the leuedi,
" Who mai this knight hongi?
I thè segge, bi heuene king,
I n'olde him honge for no thing.
For, yif ich hadde i-honged a knight,
I schol be coward i-cleped with right."
" Sire, sche saide, ich wil fol fawe
Heghe him honge and vpdrawe."
The leuedi dede, in wode gere,
Ane rop aboute hire lordes swere,
And drow him up, and heng him fast;
The knight of hire dedes was agast,
And saide, " Dame, be gode mounde,
The stolen knight hadde a wonde
In his heued that was biknawe,
Wharbi him knewe heghe and lowe;
And but thi louerd swich on haue,
I thè saye, so God me saue,
Sone, withinne litel while,
Worht i-parceiued oure gile."

" Sire, sche saide, tak thi swerd,
And in the heued smit mi louèrd;
Thanne schal hit ben non vnderstonding,
But hit was he that er thar hing."
" Nai, dame, for moche ne lite
The dede knight wolde I nowt smite."
" No, sire? sche saide, thi swerd me reche,
And ich him schal, with min hond, teche
Hou Godes grame com to toune,
Right amidelward his croun."
The leuedi tok and smot with mayn,
Al amidelward the brayn.
Thanne the knight wel understod,
That fals and fikel was hire blod,
And saide, " Yit vnliche he beth;
Broken were his fore-teth."
" Sire, sche saide, smit hem out."
" Nai, dame," he saide withouten dout.
" Than wil ich," she saide, and tok a ston,
And smot hem out euerichon.
Whan this dede was i-do,
The leuedi saide the knight to,
" Sire, now ich haue i-wonne thi loue!"
" Nai, dame, he saide, bi God aboue,
For gold no silver, lond ne house,
Thi false bodi ne wolde I spouse!
For al so woldestou serue me,
Hase thou hast don thi louerd so fre.

Thou hast i-tawt me a newe ran,
That I schal neuer leue wimmàn;
For there thai make semblant fairest,
Thai wil bigile ye altherformest!"

" Sire, and on thè falle swich a strif,
Als dede the sschereue of his wif,
Yif thou, for thin emperice wild,
Wolle sle thin owen child.
Ac, sire, abid til another morewe,
On hire schal falle alle the sorewe.
And whanne thou herest thi sone speke,
Rightfulliche thou him awreke."
Th' emperour saide, " So ich schal;"
And thanne departed the curt al,
Some to castel, and some to tour.
Th' emperour wente to his bour;
Th' emperice made semblant ille,
For sche ne hadde nowt hire wille.
His owen men nathelas,
Made wel god solas.
Th' emperour was browt abedde,
With riche baudekines i-spredde,
Th' emperice him com to,
Als sche was ar i-wont to do,
" Sire, hastou owt herde the geste,
Whi men made folen feste?"

" Nai, dame, he saide, gent and fre,
I thè praie thanne telle hit me."

THE XIII. TALE.

OF MAISTER GEMES.

" SIRE, sche saide, withouten dout,
Whilom was Rome bilayn about
With seuen Soudans biset,
Wal and gate and castelèt.
The honour of Rome for to abate,
And for to strwe Seinte Petres sate;
That is to seie, Cristendom to felle,
And Cristenmen to aquelle.
The folk hem ful wel held,
Wise of speche, of dede beld;
" To vii wise men toke we this toun,
To kep hit fram destructioun."
Bi his rede hit was i-take,
To vii wise men to biwake.
A moneth thai kept hit,
Als we findeth in the writ.

Whan hit com to the moneth ende,
Thai ne might hit no lenger defende,
But ase thai dede a fair queintise.
Herkneth now in what wise!
" A man ther was, so seigh the rime,
That hit Gemes, in that time;
He was on of the seuen wise:
Ther he dede a fair queintise.
He let him make a garnement,
Ase blak as ani arnement,
And heng theron squirel taile,
A thousand and mo, withouten fail.
A viser yit he made more,
Two faces bihinde and two before;
With lang noses and mowthes wide,
And vgly eres on ether syde;
With eghen that war ful bright and clere,
And brade, ilkone, als a sawsère;
With brade tonges, and bright-glowand,
Als it war a fire-brand.
" When he had on this wise done,
The folk of Rome he sembled sone;
And bad tham fast, withouten fayl,
Ordain tham vnto batayl.
Al thai answerd him vntill,
Thai sold be redy at his will,
On the morn with sheld and spere.
The maister than dyd on his gere,

And went vp in a towr on hight,
Whare the Sarzins se him myght.
His veser on his heued he kest;
A bright merure aboue he fest:
Twa swerdes out gan he brayd,
And grete strakes obowt him laid.
He made als mekil dyn and bost,
Als he had foghten ogayns an ost.
" When the Sarsins saw this meruàil,
Thai wald no lenger bede batàyl.
Sum wend, for the merure lyght,
That it war ane angel bright,
That God had sent theder perchance,
On tham for to tak vengànce.
So mekil light the merure kast,
That the Sarzins fled ful fast.
The maister made slike nois omell,
Sum hoped he war the fend of hell.
Thai war so temped in that tyde,
Thare thai durst no lenger bide.
Thai opind than the yates of Rome,
And Cristend men fast efter come.
The emperowre and his men ilkane
Of the Sarezins slogh gode wane;
Als mani als thai might ouertake
Fast thai gain thaire crownes crake.
Thare wan the Cristenmen honòwre,
And mekil gold and gude armòwre:

Thus-gat Gemis that was wise
Wan the maystri by quaintìse.
" The maysters of Rome and buriayse
Said he was worthi to prayse,
And none so worthy als he
Emperoure of Rome to be :
And right so, by thaire aller dome,
Thai made him emperoure of Rome.

" Sir, thus sall thi maisters wise
Decayue the with thaire quayntìse;
And thou mun be ful fayn may fall
On knese for to serue tham all.
I prai to God it might be so
If thou more traystes tham vnto,
For thai er nothing els obout,
Bot to make thè thaire vnderlout :
That sal men se ful sone, I trow,
And thiself sal noght wit how,
Vntil thou lose al thine honòwre,
And sum of tham be emperoure.
Yit war me leuer that thai so ware
Than thi son that greues me sare."
Thus, when the emperoure herd hir speke,
He said als swith he sold hir wreke;
And alsone sold his sone be slayn.
Sho thanked him and was ful fayn.

Than out of chamber gan thai pas.—
Thus hir tale endid sho has.
The emperoure than went to hall;
His turmentowres son gert he call:
He bad thai sold let for no thing,
His son with scowrges for to dyng;
And when that thai had so-gates done
He bad he sold be honged sone;
" So that I namore him se,
For mekil meneyng makes he me."
The childe than out of the toun thai led,
So for-beten that he bled;
And right als thai went with him thus,
So com maister Maxencius.
He sese his scolere him bisyde:
He prays the folk a while to byde.
A while thai hight to dwel thare still.
The toun ful fast he hies him till.
He come bifore the emperoure,
And hailsed him with grete honowre.
He sayd: " Sir, thou ert hy-iustise:
Thè aght wele to be war and wise.
Methink thou wirkis, to thi reproue,
Onence thi son that thou sold loue:
For a day wiltou be his frende,
Another day thou wilt him shende;
Al day mai men turn thi mode;
So fares foles that can no gode,

And namly thai that dose thaire dede,
Als wikked wemen wil tham rede.
Thou trowes ouerwele thi wiues tale
That es obout to brew thè bale.
If thi son til to morn may lif,
For nankins gode thou wald him gif;
And if thou, by thi wiues rede,
Ger do thi son to euil dede,
Swilk a chance mot fal to thè
Als did ane erl of this cuntrè;
He trowed mare of his wife a leghe,
Than that himself saw with his eghe."
The emperoure sayd: "Methink wele than,
That he was no witty man
That his whife wordes trowed sold he
Better than that himself might se."
"Sir, sayd the maister, so ertow;
For thi whif tales wil thou trow
Better than any other rede;
And sho wald ger thi son be ded.
And, if he haue this day respite,
Tomorn he sal himseluen quite:
Than sal thou thiseluen se
Wha haue the wrang, thi wife or he."
The emperoure said, "Sir, for sertayn,
That wald I here and that ful fayn:
Tharfore, maister, I thè pray,
That ilk tale to me thou say

Of that erl that thou of talde;
And, sir, he said, thou mai be balde
That this day sal my son noght dy.
The mayster sayd: " Sir, gramercy!"

THE XIV. TALE.

THE TWO DREAMS.

" Lord, said the maister, this es no ly:
In the kingdom of Hungery
Wond a nobil knight whylom;
A rightwis man and whise of dome.
He dremyd thus opon a nyght
That he lufed a lady bryght;
Bot he ne wist in what contrè
That the lady might funden be:
Him thoght he knew hir wele bi kinde,
And wele he hopid he sold hir finde.
That same time dremyd that ladi bright,
And thoght that sho sold luf a knight;
Bot sho wist noght of what land,
Ne in whate stede he was dweland.

Ne his name knew she na thing ;
Tharfore made sho grete murnyng.
Opon the morn, the stori sayse,
The knight toke horses and hernays,
And went to seke that lady bright,
That him dremyd of that nyght.
That iornay vnto him was hard,
For he wist noght whederward
That he sold tak the redy way ;
Tharfore he drowped night and day.
So he traueld monethes thre,
And no signe of hyr kowth he se,
Bot wele in hert he hoped ay
That he sold hir se sum day.
" So fer the knyght his way had nomen,
That into Hungeri he cumen ;
Thare he findes a faire castèle,
Bi the se-syde, wroght ful wele :
Tharin stode a towre ful hee ;
Fairer saw he neuer with ee
An erl wond in that castèle
That aght the lordship ilkadele.
With him he had a worthly wife,
The fairest lady that had lyfe.
The erl was ieluse of that lady.
He sperid hir in the toure forthi.
Sho might noght out bi day ne night,
To speke with swier ne with knight.

In that land was were ful strang
Of kinges and lordes, that lasted lang.
Thare come ridand that nobil knight,
That so had soght the lady bright;
He luked vp vnto the toure,
And saw the lady, white so flowre,
Ligge in a window barred with stele;
Than in his hert he wist ful wele
That this lady was the same
That he had so dremyd of at hame:
He luked vp vnto the toure,
And merily sang he of amòwre.
" And when sho herd him so bigyn,
Vnnethes might that lady blyn,
That sho ne had cald him hir vnto;
Bot for hir lord sho durst noght do.
He gat biside, vnder a tre,
At the ches, a knyght and he.
This knyght percayued the erl thare;
Vnto the lady he mened namare:
Bot til the erl he rides ful right,
And of his palfray down he lyght;
On his kne sone he him set,
And the erl ful faire he gret.
" Sir erl, he said, I am a knight,
Out of my cuntrè cumen for fight:
Theder ogayn dar I noght gane,
For a knight thare haue I slane:

Tharfore, sir, if thi willes be,
Thus am I cumen to dwel with thè.
My famen er ful steren and stout,
Thai haue destroyed my landes obout."
" The erl said: " So mot I thè
Right so fares my famen with me,
So that I haue no socoure
Bot this castel and this toure:
Tharfore, sir, thou ert welkum here,
Of swilk a man haue I mystère;
And if thou wil me help trewly,
I sal thè gif grete mede forthy."
" Yis, sir, he sayd, at my powèr,
Ay, whils I my armes bere!"
With the erl thus dwels the knight,
Al for luf of the lady bryght
Thar was na knight that bare shelde,
That might so wele his wapen welde:
Thorgh strenkith of hand and Godes grace,
He ouercome al the erles fase.
The erl him lufed and honourd than
Mare than any other man;
He made him steward of al his land,
And bad the men bow til hys hand.
" Sone efter that, opon a day,
The knyght allane went him to play,
Vnder the toure whare the lady was:
There he made him grete solace.

The lady in a wyndow lay,
And saw the knyght allane him play.
A letter sone sho kest him tyll,
Wherby he might wit al hir will.
The knight toke vp the parchemyne,
And red the Franche, ful fayre and fyne;
And alsone als he red it had,
Was he neuer in hert so glad.
By that letter the knyght wele kend,
That his trauayl was cumen till end.
Ful sare him langed to hyr at ga
Priuely, withowten ma;
And wele he saw, that by na gyn
Allane to hir myght he noght wyn.
Thar was bot a dur and a way,
And tharof bare the erl the kay.
" So on a day, with mylde worde,
The knyght spekes vnto hys lord,
And said, " Sir, of thi gude grace,
I pray thè to gif me a place
Bifor this towre that I may big
A litel place, in forto lig;
And that I may my wonyng haue,
At myne ese, if ye vowchesaue."
The erl answerd him ful sone:
" Sir, thi wil sal al be done:
Big thè a hows, at thi lykyng."
The knight him thanked of that thing.

The knyght gat masons many ane,
And grat tham hew ful faire fre-stane:
A nobil hows thare gert he make,
Ful sone, for the lady sake.
When it was wroght als it sold be,
Bath of stane and als of tre,
Than thoght he euer by what kyn gin,
That he moght to the lady win.
" Biside thare, in another town,
Was thare cumen a new masown,
That soght had fra fer cuntre;
Sotiler man might none be.
The knyght vnto that mason sent;
His messangers wightly war went,
That broght him to the knyght in hy.
He hailsed him ful curtaysly.
The knight said: " May I traist in thè
For to tel my preuetè
That I haue aghteld for to do?"
The mason sware grete athes him to,
That he sold [do] whatsom he wolde,
And neuer tel man on this molde.
" He said: " In this tour, I tel thè,
Wons a lady that lufes me,
And I luf hir wele at my might;
Bot I may, nowther day ne night,
Til hir win ne with hir speke:
Tharfore a hole bihoues thè breke

In this towre, ful preuely,
That no man wit bot thou and I;
That I may cum, in priuetè,
Vnto the lady and sho to me."
" Sertes, sir, said the mason sone,
Als thou has said it sal be done."
Hastily he takes hys tole,
And in the tour he made a hole,
That the knight might cum the lady vntill,
Night and day, at thair owyn will.
When the lady wist of this
Hir thoght hir hert was ful of blis.
The knyght quit wele the seruise
Of the mason for his quayntìse;
He slogh him sone that ilk day,
Forfered that he sold oght say.
" And afterward, ful sone onane,
Into the toure the knight gan gane,
Thurgh the hole gan he pas,
Til he come whare the lady was.
Bitwene tham was grete ioy and blis;
In armes, ful curtaysly, thai kys:
Wele sho wist it was that knyght
That sho had dremyd of anyght.
Sho said, " Sir, thou ert welkum here."
He said, " Gramercy, lady dere!"
To hir he talde of his dremeing,
And sho him talde of the same thing;

And when thai wist it was sertayn
Ayther of other was ful fayn.
Sho lete him wirk thar al his will,
And sethen he said the lady vntyll,
" Dame, I dar no lenger byde,
For herein may thou me noght hide ;
And tharfore, dame, haue now goday :
I sal cum ogayn when I may."
" The lady, at thaire departyng,
Gaf the knight a gude gold ring,
And said, " Sir, I pray to thè,
When thou sese this thinke on me."
At the lady the ryng he hase,
And graythly til the hole he gase.
The ring he put his fynger on,
And doun ogayn he hied him sone,
Thurgh the hole was made of stane :
A meri man the knight was ane.
The knyght went into the hall
Vnto the erl, and his menyè all.
The erl gert him sit ful nere,
And to hym made he meri chere.
Als thai spak of diuers thing
The erl saw his whiues ring
Opon the knyghtes fynger bare.
He had wonder how it was thare ;
He wist wele thar was none slike,
Ne that none might be made so like,

And euer he thinkes, in hert styll,
How ani man might come her till,
Styl he held al in his thoght;
Vnto the knyght he sayd right noght,
Bot vp he rase bilyue onane;
Vnto his whyfe he thoght to gane,
For to wit whare hir ring was.
The knight perzayued al the case:
He hies, als fast als he may,
Tite vntil hys priuè way.
" The erl hies to the lady fre,
Bot the knyght come lang or he;
Vnto the lady the ring he cast,
And doun ogayn he hies him fast.
The lady has the ring uphent;
Sho wist ful wele than how it went.
Sho did it in hir purs in horde,
And sone tharefter come hir lorde;
And with gude chere he gan hir glade,
And asked hyr what chere sho made.
Sho said, sho myght haue no solàce,
So was sho prisond in that place,
Fra the sight of alkins men;—
" How may I any kumforth ken?"
" Dame, said the erl ful sone,
For grete derenes es yt done,
And, for I wil nane change thi thoght."
The lady said, " Sir, thinkes it noght;

Thare es no knight in no cuntrè
That might change my luf for thè;
And sen ye wil that it be thus,
At yowre lyking habide me bus;
For other cumforth kepe I nane
Bot of God and of yow allane."
" The erl thoght yit on other thing;
" Dame, he said, whare es thi ring
That I thè gaue of gold ful fyne:
Lat me se it, leman myne."
The lady answerd hym vntò:
" Sir, what sal ye tharwith do?
Wene ye that it be oway
For I were it noght ilk day?
Nai, sir, dredes yow neuer a dele,
For I sal yeme it wonder wele."
" Dame, he sayd, for luf of me,
A sight tharof that I might se;
And, sertes, I ask it for none ill."
Sho said, " Sir, gladly, at yowre will."
Out of hir purs the ring sho toke.
The lord gan graythly on hir loke.
" Lo! sir, sho said, here is my ring."
The erl had meruail of this thing,
That it was like, by sight,
The ring that he saw of this knight.
Bot wele he hopid and weterly,
That nane might win to the lady;

Ne that hir ring was noght hir fra,
Bot that thai had bene like thai twa.
" He was wele solast of that sight,
And thare he dwelled al that night.
The lady bi hirself oft smyled,
And thoght that he was wele bigild.
Opon the morn the knyght vprase,
And to the kirk graythly he gase,
Goddes werkes thare for to wirk.
Sethen com the erl vnto the kyrk,
A mes ful sone than gert he sing,
In honowre of oure heuyn kyng.
The erl sent than, hastily,
Efter the knyght of Hungery.
The knyght com sone the erl vntill.
The erl said, " Sire, if thou will,
Thou sal wend to wod with me
At hunt and solace for to be."
" The knyght answerd wordes hende,
" Sir, to wod may I noght wende ;
For me es cumen new tithànd
That makes me ful wele lykànd,
Fra my cuntrè, withowten lese,
That my frendes haues made mi pese
For that knight that I haue slayn ;
And of thir tythandes am I fayn :
And, sir, this tythandes es me broght
Bi my leman, that has me soght,

Heder, owt of myne awin cuntrè.
Tharfore, sir, if yowre wil be,
This day I pray yow with me ete,
And se my leman at the mete,
And for to make cumforth hir till."
The erl said, " Gladly, I will
Do al the cumforth that I can,
Bath to thè and thi leman;
When so thou will send efter me,
And smertly sal I cum to thè."
" Than went the erl to his solàce,
Vnto the wod to mak his chace;
And the knight went sone onane,
And ordand mete and drink gud wane.
His hows he dight on gude aray;
And smertly than he toke the way
Vnto the lady faire and bright,
And gert that sho war gayly dyght,
In gold garmentes, richely wroght,
And talde hir al how he has thoght
That ilk day sho and hir lord
Sold bath togeder et of a bord;
And how hir lord sold vnderstand
That sho war cumen out of fer land.
Down he broght hir til his hows,
Hamely als sho war his spows:
Bot hir garmentes war al new,
That no man in that cuntrè knew.

Opon hir fingers gert he done
Gold ringes ful many one ;
Hir hed was gayly dubed and dyght
With gerlandes al of gold ful bright.
So out of kenyng he hir broght,
That hir lord than knew hir noght.
" Fra hunting come the erl in hi ;
The knyght him keped ful curtaysly,
And til his hows he led him than,
For to ett with his lemàn.
Redy was ordaynd and dyght
Mete and drink for mani a knight ;
Vnto the bord the erl es set,
And his whif with him to et.
The knight said, " This es my leman :
Makes hir comforth if ye can."
The erl bad sho sold be blith ;
And he biheld hir mony a syth,
And wonder in his hert had he
How that it so myght be,
That any lady, in this life,
Might be so like his owin wyfe.
The lady prayed him blith to be,
And eit gladly, *par charitè*.
The erl bad hir also be glad,
And loked on hir als he war mad.
Bot he thoght the towre was so strang,
That thare myght no man do him wrang,

Ne that his whif might noght cum doun ;
Tharfore trowed he no tresowne.
He thoght, " Oftsythes bifalles slike
That mani wemen er other like,
Als was the ring of gold fyne
That I wend wele had bene myne."
" Thus the erl left al his care ;
Of this mater he thinkes nomare.
Than said the knight on this manère
Vnto the erl ; " Sir, mase gude chere."
The erl said, " Sire, I thè pray
The sertan soth that thou me say :
Wheym es this faire lady
That thou hes set at met me by ?"
The knight said, " Sir, bi my lewtè,
Sho es cumen from myne awyn cuntrè !
Sho es my leman that has me soght,
And new tythandes sho haues me broght.
Mi pese es made for euer mare
For the knight that I slogh thare :
So that I may wend, hardily,
Hame ogayn my pese to cri ;
And tharfore wil I with hir wende
For to speke with ilka frende."
" Sir, sekerly, said the erl than,
Methink thou has a fayre leman."
" Whan thai had eten and dronken inoughe,
Thai toke vp mete and clathes drogh.

When the erl liked to gane,
He toke leue at the knyghtes lemàn ;
And hastily when he was went,
The knight and the lady gent
Sone did of the riche aràỳ,
That thai had done on that day.
Hir awyn robe sone did thai on,
And dighted hir als sho was won ;
And than sho toke the priuè sty.
Into the toure, ful hastily.
The knight gan playnly with hir pas
Vntil sho in hir chamber was.
And vnnethes was the knyght went out
When the erl was gane obowt ;
Vnto the toure he takes the way,
Als hastily als euer he may.
Thare he findes his lady
Keped him ful curtaysely.
" Than was the erl in hert ful glad,
Whan he wist that he hir had.
Him thoght yit sho was like fully
To the lady that sat him by,
Thare the erl dwelled al nyght,
And laiked him with his lady bright.
That night thai wroght what thaire wils ware,
And on that wise thai met namare.
Herkens now how it bifell !
On this maner stode that castèll

That the se ran fast byside :
Many gode shippes gan thare bide.
Whils the erl of grete honowre
Lay with the lady in the towre,
The knight ordand a ship of sail,
And gert bere theder gude vetaille.
Al his gode theder gert he bere,
Gold and siluer and other gere.
" On the morn the erl forth gase,
And left his lady in that plase ;
Vntil the kirk than went he sone,
And herd his mes als he was wone.
And when he to the kirk was gane,
The knyght went to the towre onane,
And down he broght the fayre lady,
Into his hows ful priuely,
And of thai toke the clathes sone
That the lady had hir on.
Thai dight hir in the garmentes gay
That sho had on that other day ;
With gerlandes and with gleterand thing
Was sho made out of knawyng.
" When al was done als it sold be
Vnto the erl his lord went he.
" Sir, he sayd, I wald thè pray
Of a ded this ilk day,
That thou wil gif me, with thi hand,
My leman or I pas thi lond,

That I mai wed hir to my whife ;
For with hir wil I lede my lyfe."
He sayd he thoght to wed hir than
That had byfore bene his leman,
For lufe of God, and als for drede,
And for he sold the better spede.
The erl said that es gude scill,
And als thou sais, syr, do I will.
" Sone the erl cals knyghtes twa,
And bad tham sone that thai sold ga,
And feche the lady vnto the kirk.
Thai war redy his wil to wirk.
To kirk thai led that faire lady ;
A prieste was reuist hastily.
The erl come with meri chere,
Omang al that folk in fere ;
His owin lady he toke byliue,
And gaf the knyght vntil his wiue.
The prest tham weddes swith sone,
And als tite als the mes was done,
Than was thare made grete menestrelsy,
And the knight and his lady
Went tham forth, with grete solàs,
To the ship whare his godes in was.
The erl went with tham thartill :
The knight went yn with ful gude will
The lady stode still on the sand ;
The erl toke hir by the hand,

And bad the knyght he sold hir take,
Euermare to be his make.
Thare the knyght toke the lady,
And said to the erl : " Sir, gramercy
Of this and al other grace !"
Thus of the erl hys leue he tase.
The wind blew, thai went thair way :
Thus lost the erl his whife for ay ;
He gaf hir thus the knyght to wed :
Tharfore ful sari life he led.

When the knight was went with the lady,
The erl wendes hame hastily ;
Vntil the toure the way he tase,
To tel his lady how it was,
And how he had his knyght conuayd :
He trowed noght how he was bitraid.
Vntil his toure thus wendes he right
For to speke with his lady bright,
Into the chameber gan he ga,
And loked obout, bath to and fra ;
He saw no syght of his lady ;
Tharfore sone he wex sary.
Of hir cowth he nothing here ;
Than he wepid with sari chere.
Vnto himself he gan him mene
That al was soth als he had sene ;
Than wist he it was his lady
That at the mete was set him by :

To wax wise than he began ;
Tharfore blamed him moni a man."

Than the maister Maxencius
Vnto the emperoure said thus :
" On this wise dose thou, sir, said he,
When thi whif spekes to thè
Thou trowes hir tales, day and nyght,
Better than that thou sese in sight.
And, sir, he said, that this soth be,
To morn thou sal wele here and se
Who has the wrang in al this strife,
Whether thi son or thi wife.
For to-morn thi son sal speke ;
Than hope I wele thou will him wreke."
The emperowre sais, " Bi my swire,
Sir, that war my moste desire :
If I may whit who has the right,
It sal be venged at mi might."
Than the maister wendes his way ;
Thus was the childe saued that day.
The emperice than was ful wa,
That the childe was saued swa ;
For wel sho wist hir was na bote
Of that mater more to mote.
The emperoure than, al that night,
In his hert he was ful lyght ;

Bot the emperice had mekil sorow,
For the childe sold speke at morow.
The emperoure lay in gude pese;
Him for to preche wald sho noght prese.
On the morn the emperoure
Went to kirk with grete honowre,
With many knytes of his menye,
And al the burias of that cetè.
Burias wiues and maidens bright,
Wele araid and richely dyght,
To court thai come with ful gude chere,
The child speche for thai wald here.
The seuyn maisters euerilkane
Come vnto the court onane.
Smertly when the mes was done,
The emperoure him hasted sone,
Til a faire place he made him boun,
And bad the folk thai sold syt down.
Sone he cald the maisters seuyn,
And twa he gan bi names neuyn,
And bad tham fech his sone forth sone.
His cumandment bilyue was done;
Thai went to presowne with gude will,
And broght the childe his fader vntill:
Ful klenly was he cled and dyght,
Bot he was lene and febil of myght.
The childe was set in middes the place,
Right before his fader face.

The folk made mikil noys and shrill;
Tharfore the childe yit held him still.
He thanked God of his gude grace,
Whils thai made pese in that place.
Than stode the child vp sone onane,
Bifore his fader and the folk ilkane;
He bowed him ful bowsumly,
And of his fader asked mercy.
He said, " Sir, ye er wrethed wrang;
That sal ye wit wele or I gang.
The wiked wil, sir, of yowre wife
Has made me al this mekil strif;
For sho had made, thurgh sorceri,
Thing that I sold haue bene ded by.
I saw in the mone and sternes all,
How that sold of me bifall,
That, had I spoken with any man,
To seuyn days war cumen and gane,
My hert sold sone haue broken asonder;
Than had my maysters bene al under.
And, for my maisters, that me yemed,
For my sake sold noght be flemed,
Tharfore, sir, I held me still,
And sofferd what men did me till.
" Bot, fader, he said, it fars of thè,
And right so haues thou done with me,
Als did a gude man, here bi west,
That his son in the se kest,

For he said he sold be, by grace,
Richer man than euer he was."
The emperoure said, " So haue I sele,
Son, thi wordes payes me wel ;
Tharfore, son, for my benzown,
Tel vs al now that resòwn,
Thi maisters has al tald, for thè,
Tales that ful wele liked me :
Bot, sone, a tale of thè allane
Wil like me mare than thai ilkane :
Tharfore thi tale thou tell vs till."
He said, " Sir, gladly, at yowre will.

THE XV. TALE.

THE RAVENS.

" Syr, he said, in this cuntrè
Wond a man, curtays and fre ;
He had a son was wise and balde,
Of fully fiften winters alde.
Opon a day, in somers tyde,
The gudeman went by the se-syde ;

He had a ship that new was wroght;
He bad the mayster it sold be broght
A mile or twa opon the se,
And himself tharin wald be.
He toke his son, als ye may here,
And went to ship, thai bath in fere;
Thai war in will tham to solàs,
In an yle that in the se was.
" Als thai thederward gan wende,
Twa ravenes, on thaire shippes ende,
Cried on tham, loude and shill,
And ouer thaire ship thai houed still:
Than said the fader, with hert fre,
" Son, what may al this noys be,
That thise rauens thusgat cri?
Whateuer sal it sygnyfy?"
" The child was of wit ful klene:
He said, " I wot wele what thai me[ne]:
Thir twa rauens says, in thaire steuyn,
That, thurgh the help of God of heuyn,
I sal be of so grete powstè,
Fader, that thou sal noght knaw me;
And if I wil it soffer, sertayn,
Fader, thou sal be ful fayne
For to hald my kapes sleue,
Whils I washs: this may ye leue.
And more yit says the rauens twa,
That my moder sal alswa

Be ful fayn to hald the clathe
Whills my handes be wyped bathe."
When the fader herd how he sayd,
Of his wordes he was noght payd ;
And til his son than gan he say :
" Thè crakes sal ly if I may !
What, son, he said, couaites thou
To be richer than I am now ?
Nay, sertes, it sal noght be swa,
Whils that I may ride and ga !"
His semly son than hentes he,
And kest him sone into the se.
He turned the ship, with eger mode ;
The child flet forth in the flode.
" The fader bade the rauens him take,
And with his bodi meri make ;
And hastly went he hame ogayne :
Ful wele he wend his son war slaine.
The child swam forth in the se ;
On God in heuyn ay thinkes he,
And specially he praied him till
To help him, if it war his will :
And God of heuyn, of his grete grace,
Made him to riue vp in a place,
Opon an ile thare in the se ;
Ful ioyful than in hert was he.
The childe yede vpon the land,
And thanked Jesu of his sand.

In that land he lifed allane;
Four daies mete ete he nane.
" He herd the fowles speke him till
And said, " Childe, gif thè noght ill!
Jesu wil thè help in haste;
Thi mischefe es now althermaste."
The childe knew wele the fowles sang;
He thanked God graithly omang;
He vnderstode al fowles languàge,
Bathe yn wod and als in cage.
Thai sang him cumfort wonder wele,
For he wist thaire mening ilk dele.
" The fift day than come saylànd
A fissher-bote biside the land.
Of that sight ful fayn was he,
And fast he hies him to the se.
" Help me, sir, thus gan he cri,
For Jesu luf and milde Mari!"
The fisscher saw the childe allane,
And vnto him he rowed onane;
And sone when he come to the childe,
He spak to him with wordes mildè:
" Frely, childe, what dose thou here?"
Than said the childe with simpil chere,
" Sir, help that I war in thi bate,
And I sal tel thè al my state."
Intil his bate he gan him bring,
And than he talde him his asking,

How his fader kest him in the se
For he said that he sold be
Gretter of myght, by Goddes grace,
And richer than his fader was,
And how he swam into that yle,
Al he talde him in that whyle.
" The fissher thoght of hym petè :
" Childe, he said, I sal bring thè
Vntil a kastel here nere hand,
Vnto the kinges steward of this land.
Thare sal thou play and meri make."
The childe said, " For Jesu sake,
Bring me, if it be thi will,
Thare I may ette and drink my fill."
Sone thai come to the castèle,
Where the fissher was knawen wele.
He sald the childe I vnderstand
Vntil the steward of that land.
The steward was of hym ful fayn ;
He saw neuer fayrer, for sertàyne ;
He was ful cumly on to call,
Fayre and curtays euer with all.
The childe wex and wele gan thryue ;
The steward lufed hym als his lyue.
" In that land than was a king,
That had grete thoght and made mornyng,
For thre rauens that cried on him ay,
In kirk, in hall, in ilka way,

Whare so he sold ryde or gane,
Tha rauens cried euer onane:
Opon the king ay gan thai cry.
His folk tharof had grete ferly;
And al the men of ilk cuntrè,
Had grete selkuth that sight to sé.
The king in no place [might] haue pese,
For of thair noyse wald thai neuer sese,
Nowther for bow ne for sling:
No man might tham oway bring.
"The king wald fayn oway tham wyn,
Bot he wist noght how to bygyn.
Efter his barnage has he sent,
And gert ordayn a grete parlement,
For to wit encheson why
That the rauens made slike cri;
For wele he trowed tham al omell,
That som wise man sold him tell.
When his barons wist his will
Hastily thai come him till;
Al the lordes, on ilka syde,
Com vnto the courte that tide.
The steward that had the childe in keping,
Said he wald wend vnto the king,
If he myght here of any man
That the king wele tell can,
Why thre rauens opon him cry,
And what that it might signyfy.

" Sir, said the child, *par charitè*,
Wiltou lat me wend with thè?"
The steward said, " Sen thou wil swa,
Gladly saltou with me ga:
The kinges wil, son, saltow here,
And sum gude thare may thou lere."
" The steward wendes, the childe alswa,
And with tham other many ma.
Vnto the kourt than cumen ware
Erles, barons, both les and mare.
The sertayn day bifore was set;
Tharfor the lordes, withowten let,
Come vnto that sertayn day,
And than the king gert sone puruay
All the lordes into a hall,
And set himself omang tham all.
" Sirs, he sayd, ye sal sit downe,
And takes entent to my resòwne."
" Than stode he vp omanges tham all,
On the highest place in the hall:
" Lordinges, he said, lokes omang yow
If any man can tel me now
Of the rauens that cryes on me,
In what stede so that I be?
Wha can me tel, so mot I thriue,
My doghter sal he haue to wiue,
And half my kingdom ilkadele,
That he sal hald him paid ful wele."

When the king had said his will
Al the lordes sat stane-still;
Of al the wise men that thar ware
Nane kowth gif him graith answàre.
The steward childe than was wele paid,
When he herd how the kyng had said;
In his hert he thinkes wele
That he kowth tel him ilkadele.
Til his lord spekes he priuely,
And said this tale wele tel can I
Of the rauens that on the king cries,
And also what it signyfies:
If the king will hald that he has hight
Vnto tham that kowth tel him right,
To tel him wil I wele warand,
If he wil hald me lele couenand."
" The steward said, " Lat swilk wordes be,
For, son, thou may sone shend me,
If thou tald a wrang resòwn,
In euyl tyme come we to toun."
" Sir, sayd the childe, drede thè nathing:
I knaw ful wele the fowles criyng;
Whare any singes, in wode or cage,
I vnderstand wele thaire langwage."
The steward stode vp in the hall,
And to the king than gan he call.
" I haue a childe, he said, sir kyng,
That can tel thè thine asking,

Why the thre rauen opon thè cry,
And als what it may signyfy,
If thou will hald that thou has hyght
Vnto tham that tel thè right."
" Yis," said the king, and tharto sware.
" Al that I hight, and mekyl mare,
Sal I gif him that me tels
Why the thre rauens on me yelles."
The steward the childe vnto the king led,
And bad he sold noght be adrèd.
When the child come to the king
He bad he sold mak no lesyng.
The child said, " Sir, by God mighty,
I sal say noght bot sothfastly."
" Than stode the childe vp sone onane,
Bifore the barons euerilkane.
On him thai loked, bath les and mare ;
So faire a childe saw thai neuer are.
" Sirs, he said, ye se ilkane,
How a rauen sittes and cries allane.
Sir king, he said, I tel it thè,
It es the femal of the thre :
And, sirs, he said, ye se alswa
How thare sittes other rauens twa ;
Also ye se thaire ferly fare,
How the les cries on the mare.
The mare of them the elder ys :
That other female first was his ;

He held hir wele al threty yere,
Than so bifell that corn was dere;
Tharfore the alder hir forsoke,
And no thing wald he til hir loke.
He fled fra hir in that dere tyme,
And on sere sides soght sho hym.
Thus when the alder hir gan forsake,
The yonger toke hir to his make;
The yonger rauen hir toke that tyme
For his felow forth with hym.
He yemed hir ful wele always,
Both by nightes and bi dayes.
Fro hir neuer fleghe he walde,
Nowther for hunger ne for calde
Now es the ald rauen cumen ogayn,
And wald haue his fere ful fain.
The ald rauen sais that sho es his,
The yonger sais, " that myne sho ys:
For I haue wond with hir alway,
And left hir nowther night ne day."
He sais sho sal noght part him fra,
Nowther for wele ne for wa,
Til the dome, sir king, be gifen of thè,
Whether make that sho sal be."
" The child said, " Sertainly, sir king,
This es the cause of thaire cryìng.
When thou haues said to tham thi will,
And gifen the dome, by right and scill,

Whether of tham that hir sal haue,
Namare on thè than wil thai craue,
Ne namare mak noyse ne cri;
Hame thai wil wend hastyly."
" The king toke kownsail of this thing
At his barons alde and ying,
How he sold deme the rauens twa,
Whilk sold hir haue and whilk forga.
Than al his barons talde him to,
How that tham thoght best to do.
Bi kownsail of barown and knyght
The king gaf dome, by reson right;
He went byfor tha rauens thre,
And stode that thai myght him se.
The rauens cried als thai war won:
The king spak vnto tham son,
And said, " That the female sold ay
Dwel with hym, both night and day,
That kepid hir fra noyes sere,
In that tyme that corn was dere:
And he that put hir than him fra
By reson he sal hyr forga;
He lufed hir noght, this es sertayn,
That wald with hunger sho had bene slayne."
" When the alder rauen of the twa
Herd the king gif the dome swa,
He made a cri and rewful mane;
Thareof had meruayl many ane:

On his maner he morned fast,
And with swilk playnt oway he past.
The king herd and saw al this;
In hert he had ful mekil blys.
Tha other gan thaire fethers shake,
And mekil myrth than gan thai make:
Thai toke a flight [and] flow oway.
This thoght the king a nobil play.
The child he gert bifore hym call,
Right thare omang his barons all;
He held him quaynt and wonder wise,
And ful wele quit his seruìse.

" The king gaf him, thare in that place,
Hys doghter als the couenant was,
And half his kingdom, grete and small,
And efter hym for to haue all.
Now has that childe so mekil thing,
He may be felow with erl and king.

" Opon a day he hym bythoght
On his fader that him forth broght,
And on his moder that hym bare.
Than in grete pouert fallen thai ware:
Thai went, for shame, fra thaire cuntrè,
And come and wond in that cetè,
Whare thaire son was lord and king;
Bot thai ne wist noght of that thing;
Ne he wist noght that thai war thare,
Ne noght he knew of thaire mysfare.

Bot als he lay opon a nyght
In a dreme, than thoght him right
That he was warned in visiowne,
His fader and moder was in the town;
It bad he sold tak tham hym till,
And also wirk what war thare will.
" At morn the childe cáld seriantes twa,
And bad thai sold his erand ga
Preuely into the towne,
And spir in stretes, vp and downe,
Efter a man of strange cuntrè,
Newly cumen, hys whife and he :—
" His name es Gerard Nories son.
Wayt priuely whare thai mai won."
When thai him fand he bad tham say,
That thai war welkum alway
To soiorn in that same cetè ;
And at the king himself wald se
Of their fare and of thaire life,
Bath of him and of his wife ;
And bad tham ordain alkins thing
On the morn to kepe the king ;
Mete and drink, bathe gude and fine,—
" For my wil es with tham to dine."
" The seriantes went with hert glad,
And spird obowt als he tham bad;
Vp and down thai spirred ful fast,
So that thai fand tham at the last.

When thai had funden that man vnkowth,
Thai hailsed him mildely with mowth.
" Sir, thai said, withouten leseing,
Wele thè gretes the yong kyng;
And, sir, he sendes thè word with me,
That he wil cum and dyne with thè,
Tomorn at primè, withowten delay:
Tharfore his mete luke ye puruày."
" Sertanly, sirs, than said he,
The king es ful welkùm to me,
And swilk gode, sirs, als we haue,
Vnto the king w[e] vowche it saue."
Vntill his whif he sayd in hy:
" Dame, in hert I am sary,
That we haue noght al ful plentè,
To welkum swilk a lord als he."
" The gude wife said, " Sir, greues yow noght:
What so vs wantes sal sone be boght,
So that he sal be wele at ayse."
Vnto the seriantes than sho sais:
" Al that we haue, sirs, in al thing,
Es redy vnto my lord the king."
The seriantes went than hame ogayn,
And sayd the king thir sawes sertayn,
How that thai had funden the man,
And how that he thaim answerd than:
Than was the king ful glad in hert,
That thai ware hale and in quert.

" On the morn he toke a litel menyè,
And to his fader than wendes he.
He rides right til his fader dore;
Seriantes of mace went him bifore.
Right at the dore than down he lyght,
And went into the hows ful right.
The godeman welkumed fayre the kyng;
Bot of him had he na knawing:
The whife him welkumed als ful rath.
The kyng thanked blithly tham bath.
The kinges dener wele was grayd;
Thai set trestes and bordes on layd,
Thai spred clathes and salt on set,
And made redy vnto the mete;
Thai set forth water and towell.
Herkens now, how it bifell!
In a gude kape the king gan stand,
Als custume was than in that land.
" When thai gaf water vnto the king,
The fader saw the sleue down hing;
He stirt tharto and held it vp,
For water sold noght tharon drop.
The godewife gan bifore him stand,
With a towayl to wipe his hand;
She honorde him at al hir myght:
And when the king saw this in sight,
A squier he gert the towayl take,
And to his moder than he spake,

And to his fader in that place :
" Fader, he said, thurgh Goddes grace,
Fulfild es now the crakes crying,
That tald bifore of al this thing,
How that I sold be recher man,
And haue more welth than ye had than ;
And for I sayd it sold so be,
Sir, ye kest me in the se."
" When the fader herd this tale
In his hert he had grete bale :
Al tha wordes ful wele he knew.
He was so ferd him changed hew ;
He wend his son than sold him sla
For that he had him serued swa :
Bot the kyng kissed tham both in fere,
And said, " Bese meri, and mase gude chere,
For ye sal be in ioy and blis,
And nonekins myrthes sal ye mys."
The king gaf sone into thaire handes
New tenementes and riche landes,
And gold and syluer grete plentè :
His fader and moder thus helpid he."

Thus, this tale was broght til end ;
And Florentine, with wordes hende,
And with reuerence and grete honòwre,
Sayd to his fader the emperowre :

" Fader, on this wise wald ye,
Ogayns the right, haue gert sla me;
And fully haue ye bene my fa.
Dere fader, why do ye swa?
I trispast namare than did he,
The childe that was kast in the se,
And, if I myght come to honowre,
For to be king or emperowre,
Wene ye that I wald greue yow?
Nay, sir, that sal ye neuer trow:
Drawen and bren are wald I be,
Or I wald greue my fader fre.
And, fader, yowre wife weterly,
Wald haue gert me lig hir by,
Bot I had leuer haue died als sone,
Than that dede to yow haue done."
When the emperoure herd how he sayd,
Of that poynt he was noght payde;
And sone he sent efter his whife,
That him had made so mekil strife.
" Dame, he sayd, es this sothe thing?"
" Ya, sir, sho sayd, by heuyn kyng!
He says soth in this sesowne;
And I sal say by what resowne:
For he sold do na harm thè till,
And also, for this sertayne skill,
That mi sons sold be na bastàrdes
Bot haue thi landes and be grete lardes.

And, sir, I drede me yit alswa,
That he sold haue the empire thè fra,
Hereefter, when thou cums on elde,
And may noght wele thiseluen welde :
Tharfore I wald haue had him dede,
That my barnes might be in thi stede ;
And on this wise, sir, haue I soght
To ger him vnto ded be broght."
" A ! dame, said the emperowre,
Thou haues ben a fals gilowre,
And with thi treson done me tene,
That sal now on thiself be sene ;
For thi gandes and thi gilry
I gif this dome that thou sal dy.
Sakles thou wald my son haue slayne ;
Thiself sal haue the same payne.
Thi witchcraft and thi sorceri
Sal thou now ful dere aby.
Thou grantes thiself here al the gilt,
Tharfore es reson thou be spilt.
If thou lifed lenger it war wath,
For ful sone wald thou shend vs bath ;
And sen thou grantes thi werkes wrang,
It nedes no quest on thè to gang.
Thou ert worthy the ded to take,
By rightwis dome, for my son sake."

" The emperoure gert bifor him call
His knightes and his menye all,
And sayd, " Sir, smertly, for my sake,
A grete fire that ye ger make,
Hastily, at the townes end,
For tharyn sal this whif be brend,
With mekyl dole, this day or none,
For the tresown that sho has done ;
And loke ye spare hyr neuer a dele,
For sho has serued it ful wele."
The barons war al of ane asent,
That sho sold haue that same iugement ;
And al the knyghtes fast gan cri :
" Do to ded that fals lady,
That with hir wichecraft and hir rede,
Wald haue gert the childe be ded !"
Sone thai made, onane right,
A faire fire brinand ful bright ;
Than thai tok that fayr lady :—
Yt helpid hyr noght to ask mercy,—
Thai band hir fast bath fote and hand,
That sho myght nowther rise ne stand.
Hir fete thai fest vnto hir swyre,
And lete hir flye in myddes the fire ;
Thus was the ladies ending day,
And thus was sho quit hir jornày.

The childe lifed with grete honòwre,
And efter his fader was emperoure,
And led his life with werkes wise,
And ended seyn in Goddes seruyse.
Thus-gate endes al this thing.
Jesu grante vs his blessyng !

AMEN.

OCTOUIAN IMPERATOR.

OCTOUIAN IMPERATOR.

Jesu, that was with spere y-stoyuge,
And for vs hard and sore y swounge,
Glady both old and younge
With wytte honèst,
That wylled a whyle ster her tounge,
And herkeny gest!

But fele men be of swyche manère,
Goodnesse when hy scholden here,
Hy n'ylled naght lesste with her ere
To lerny wyt;
But, as a swyn, with lowryng chere
All gronne he syyte.

And fele of hem casted a cry
Of thyng that fallyd to rybasdy,
That noon of hem that sytte hym by
May haue no lest.
God schylde all this company
Fram swych a gest,

And yeue vs grace goodnesse to lere
Of ham that before vs were,
Crystendom how they gonne arere
Tho hyt began!
Of oon the best ye mowne a-here
That hyght Ottouyan.

Ottouyan was emperour
Of all Rome and the honòur;
Of chyualrye he hadde the flour
That any man wyste:
Here of a nobyll conquerour
Ye mowyth lyste.

Emperour he was yerys fyve,
Ayen hys foon, with fyght and stryfe;
In all that tyme he hádde noo wyfe
To getyn hym an eyr.
Hys barouns seyde, that swyche lyf
Was not fayr.

They seyde: " Syr, the Kyng of Fraunce
Myght abate all thys daunce:
He hath a dowghter hatte Floraunce
As whyte as flour:
To wedde her make purueaunce,
Syr emperour.

" Dagabers ys the kyngys name;
Wyde sprynged hys ryche fame:
Ther ys no kyng yn Cristindame
So war, ne so wys."
The emperour with barouns yn-same
Rood to Parys,

And preyde the kyng with mylde chere,
Yf that hyt hys wyll were,
To yeue hym hys dowghter dere
To emperesse:
The kyng hym grauntede hys prayere,
And gan hym kesse.

No man may telle yn talé
The peple that was at that bredale:
Of kyngys, dukes, and prynces fale,
Erlles and baroun,
In Parys was y-feld ech a sale
Into all the toun.

The holy pope Seynt Clement
Weddede hem with good entent,
And prayede God deuoutement,
Allmyghty kyng,
That clene lyyf togeder hem sent
And also good endynge.

Ther myghth men here menstralcye,
Trompys, taborus, and cornettys crye,
Roowte, gyterne, lute, and sawtrye,
Fydelys, and othyr mo :
In Parys gret melodye
They maden tho.

Fourty dayes hy helden feste,
Ryche, ryall, and oneste ;
Ther ne was noon so symple a gest
In all the toun,
That hy ne hadde, lest and mest,
Grete foyson.

And after mete the lordys wyse,
Eueryche yn dywers queyntyse,
To daunce went, by ryght asyse,
The Frensch thoght telle,
In euery strete of Parys
Tyll curfu-belle.

And at the forty dayes ende,
Hye token leue for to wende,
Ech lord, to hys owene kende,
Of Crystendome.
The emperour and Florence hende
Wenten to Rome,

And louede well, with hert trewe,
Nyght and day ylych newe ;
And that ryght sore began to rewe
The oolde emperesse :
Sche made hem sone chongen hewe,
Thorgh here wikkednesse.

The emperour, yn the ferst yere,
That hy togydere weren yn fere,
Vppon Florence, that lady dere,
He gette and wan
Two man-chylderyn, fayyr of chere,
As whytte as swan.

The holy pope Seynt Clement
Crystened hem yn on atent :
By de emperours commaundement
He cleped hem dan,
That oo chylde was named Florent,
And that other Octouyan.

Tho was all Rome gladde and blyde,
And thangede God many a syde.
The emperour, couthde no man kythe
His ioye and blysse ;
But of hys modyr ye mowe lythe
A greet falnesse.

Sche seyde : " Sone, syr emperoure,
Thow dost thyself greet dyshonoure,
That thou louyst so, *par amoure*,
Thy yonge wyyf :
Sche hathd a by-leman yn boure,
A full foule kaytyf.

" I wyll, sone, that thou hyt wyte
The kokes knaue, that turneth the spyte,
Vpon thy wyfe he hath begete
On of tho two :
I wyll myn heed be of y-smyte,
Bote hyt be soo.

" For thou ne seghe neuer no woman,
Seth de world ferst began,
But sche hadde a by-leman
That myghth conceyue
Two chylderen, that ony lyyf telle kan,
That ys alyue."—

Seyde the emperour, " Dame, that ys leesse,
And therfore, moder, hold your pees!
Many on swyche before vs was
In Crystendome:
Ye schall rewe a sory rees
Yf hyt out-come."—

" Do," spakke hys modyr wordys fell,—
And swar by hym that made heuen and helle,
That no man gan hyt hyr telle,
Lowe nor hye,—
" Myself hyt sawe ham togedere dwelle
Both with my nye;

" And, sone, thyself hyt schall y-se."
Than seyde the emperoure: " Yf hyt so be,
Ne hadde neuer woman schuch schame as sche,
In Rome ner in Fraunce."—
With that hys modyr agayn gan te
To fayr Floraunce;

And made her game and greet solas:
But sche was traytour as was Judas.
Sche seyth a boy lothly of face,
A quysteroun;
To hym sche toke the ryght pas,
With a full tresoun,

And seyde: " Hark, thou cokes knaue,
Of me thy warsoun thou schalt haue,
With that thou do that Y thè craue
In pryuytè."—
" Madame, he seyde, so God me saue,
What schall hyt be?"—

" Thow most, sche seyde, for alle chaunce,
Slepe by the quene Floraunce:
Hyt ys my sonys ordynaunce
Octouyan;
Well rychelych he wyll thè auaunce,
And make thè a man.

" But loke, boy, that thou her ne take,
Wharfore the lady myghth awake!
Good bourde therof we schull make,
Soone, al so sket."—
The boy hyt dorst not forsake,
And here beheet.

But when the lady was aslepe,
Into hyr bedde the boy gan crepe.
Thus browght sche her treson to hepe
Or that sche owt-come:
Therfor many on gan wepe
After yn Rome.

When that sche myght out-breke,
To her sone sche gan to reke,
And seyde : " Now myght thou be awreke
Of thy foon :
They lyyth yn chamber faste y-steke,
Stylle as ston."

The emperour tho, anoon ryght,
With lanternes and with torches lyght,
And with hym many a doughty knyght,
He gen vp-breke
The dore : tho was the boy aflyght,
And dorst not speke.

He prayed God, with softe steuene,
To saue hym for hys namys seuene.
The emperice mette yn sweuene
An ern com fly,
And bar her to chylderen euen
Vp to the sky ;

And wylde lyberdes, and many a lyoun
To-droghgh her body vp and doun.
Sche awakede and segh with a fachoun
Her lord stonde,
And with hym many a bold baroun
Of Rome londe.

Sche ne therst speke a word for fere.
The emperour hente by de here
The knaue, and smot atwo hys swere ;
And also warm
He drew that hedde, with lowryng chere,
Into the lady barm :

And seyde : " Pley thè with that ball !
I prey, God yeue thè euell fall :
Thou scholdyst be honged or hewe small,
Be iugement."—
Hys modyr seyde, " With ryght sche schall
Be all for-brent."

The emperour tho het yn haste
Me schold here ynto prison kaste,
Odyr wymmen by her to chaste
That were wyues.
Anoon hy was y-take well faste
And brought yn gyues.

Amorn the emperoure yn ire
Sente aboute in hys empyre
After many a ryche syre,
To deme her dome.
The folk tho com fram eche a schyre
Ryght ynto Rome.

For sche was founde with the dede
Me ne leuede noght that sche sede.
The justyce het men schold her lede
Out of the cytè,
And brenne anon to smale glede
Hem all thre.

Anoon a fyer ther was y-beet,
And a tonne amydde y-set,
And Floraunce was dyder y-feet,
And her two sonys :
For dool of hem many a tere leet
All the barouns.

Ther was many a wepyng eye,
And greet sorwe of ham that hyt sye,
And cryde both fer and nye :
" Alas, thys chaunce !
To day gyltles deth schall dye
Fayre Floraunce,

And her two sonys withoutyn gylt.
Abyyd, syr emperour, yf thou wylt !"—
With that anoon hys herte was mylt,
And cryde, " Pees !
Thys day schall sche noght be spylt,
Withowte lees.

" I am emperour, and sche ys my wyfe :
I may yeue her lyme and lyfe.
I n'old for kyngdomes fyyf
I se her y-brent."—
Tho seyde hys modyr : " Alas, cayteyf,
Now art thou schent.

" Thy mysbegeten chylderen two,
They schull thè werke mochell wo :
I pray God hyt befalle so,
Thorgh hys grace !"—
The emperour het the lady do
Lede owt of place ;

And commaundede barouns thre
Her to lede owt of countrè
To the wyldest forest that myght be
Of Crystendome :
That sche neuer ne schuld y-se
The bourgh of Rome.

Thys sorwe the lady, that ylke day,
Men her sette on a palfray ;
And yn her barm before her lay
Hyr yonge sonys,
That schuld wende yn her way
Forth with the barouns.

Ten pound of floryns clere
The emperour toke hys worldlyche fere.
The pope with wepyng cheer,
That men schuld whyte,
Heng the chylderen names aboute her swere,
In bylles y-wryte.

They ryden forth to a wylde forèst,—
There was many a wylde best,—
Fram Rome-londe, as seyd the gest,
An hundred myle.
Hy ne therst her brynge forder est
For grete peryle,

But turnede agayn to the emperour,
And lefte the lady yn dolour.
Many a man bad our Sauyour
Her help at nede,
The old emperice, the fyle traytour,
Euele to spede.

As the lady rood be an hylle,
Under a roche sche sey a welle;
A stounde sche thoghte her to dwelle;
Adoun sche lyghte.
Now harkened of an aunter that felle
Tho a noon ryght!

Her chylderen sche doughte ther to bathe ;
Sche sat adoun hem to vnswade.
For greet sorouwe, and for scathe,
  Handys gan wrynge,
And fyll aslepe, swyde rade,
  In her sorouwyng.

The chylderyn wer full fawe of reste,
And leye and swokyn of her brest.
With that com out of the west
  A female ape,
And chyld Florentyn, also prest,
  He toke yn rape ;

And thoghte hym bere, as fast as hy may,
To the stede ther hyr whelpys lay.
A knyght hadde honted all that day
  In that forèst,
And segh the ape com in the way
  A grysly best,

And bar that chylde yn pelle y-wounde.
Anon he lyght adoun to grounde,
The ape to yeue a grysly wounde
  Whyt hys swerd :
The ape of hym that ylke stounde
  Was noght aferd.

Sche layde adoun that chyld stylle,
And to the knyght sche gan to skylle.
The knyght smoot with good wylle
Strokes of thre,
And the ape hym boot full ylle
Thorgh the sparlyre.

The knyght, for anguyssche and for smert,
Tho faught as egre man of hert,
And to the ape anoon he gert
Well many rappys:
The ape thorgh clodys and also hys schert
Brayde of hys pappys.

Tho myght men se fyght with rape
Betwene the knyght and the ape:
Nother of hem myght fram other ascape,
For besy of fyght;
Bot, as the schrewe began to gape,
Hys swerd hath pyght

Into the mouth ryght euene tho,
And karf the hert ryght euene atwo;
And, whan to deth he hadde y-do
That best so wylde,
He tok vp, and gan to go,
That fayyr chylde;

And loop yn haste on hys palfray,
And thoghte to wende the ryght way
To Dannysco a grey abey,
  Ther leches wore,
For to hele, yf that he may,
  Hys woundes sore.

As he rood be a wodes schawe
He seghe ther many a wylde outlawe.
Awey fro hem he wold a-drawe,
  Yf that he myght :
Be hys harneys they hyt [sawe],
  That he was a knyght.

The maystyr anon aftyr hym sende ;
Yong men hym fette, with bowes bent,
And broght hym her maystyr hende.
  He heet yn haste,
Yf he hadde ony tresour to spende,
  Adoun hyt caste.

The knyght answerede wordes mylde :
" I haue no tresour but thys chylde ;
I wan hyt of a best full wylde,
  A female ape,
And thus, syr, my body sche fyylde,
  And foule hath schape."

The outlawe seyde, " Be my fay,
Both thys chylde and thy palfray,
Thou most here lete thys ylke day
To owre spendyng,
And wend thyself forth thy wey,
And sey no thyng."

The knyght was glad to skape so,
As euery man ys from hys foo.
The mayster lette x. men and mo
That ylke day,
To wende and selle that chylde hem fro,
And that palfray.

The yong man went to the see-stronde,
And segh ther many schypys stonde,
And marchauntes, of vncouth londe,
To bey ware ;
But ther ne chepede fre ne bonnde
All her chafare.

Sone was that palfray sold,
And the florins therfor y-told :
With that ther com a palmer old
In a sklaueyne,
And bad for that chyld so bold
Well many floreyne.

I-born he was yn Seyn Denys,
And was a bowchyer of Parys;
Of that craft he bare the prys,
  Forsode to seyn,
And was y-cleped be name, Y wys,
  Clement Vyleyne.

The bocher was a man of myght,
Of Parys fellest with to fyght:
Thawgh he were boystous of syght
  He hadde gret strength:
The Frensch seyd he was of heghth
  Ten foot of length.

And when he hadde that chylde y-boghth
Home to Parys he hyt broghth,
And tok hyt hys wyf, and hyr besowght
  That chylde to fede;
And seyd, he hadde agayn her wroght
  A synfull dede:

And told her how he hyt wan
In Marsyle, vpon a womàn,
And sche hym hyt betake gan
  Homward that chyld.
The good wyf answerede than
  Word full mylde:

" That chylde ys wellcome to me ;
Yyf me half part for charytè !"—
" Gladly, dame, than seyd he,
Be Seynt Denys !"—
Now chylde Florent leet we be
Dwelle yn Parys,

And forth yn our tale telle
Of the lady that slepe at the welle.
Ther were many bestys felle
In that forest ;
And on ther com doun of an hylle
A grysly best,

A greet y-whelpyd lyonesse,
And lyynge seygh the emperesse,
And her sone gan clep and kesse
Abowte her swere.
He that wyll harkene dystresse
Now he may here !

The tygre gan hyt awey take :
With that the lady gan awake :
Greet sorow therfor sche gan make,
And rufull cry :
" For thy swete sonys sake
Now help Mary !"

Anoon sche leep on her palfray;
The tygre sche suede all that day.
A gryyp com fle to take hyr pray
In that forèst,
Too bere what sche wynne may
Hom to her nest.

Both the chyld and the lyoun
Vp yn hys clawys bar the gryffoun,
Ther that n'as nother feld ne toun,
In the see an yle.
At the last he lyght adoun
To reste a whyle.

And tho aground was the lyoun
Well softe he leyde the chyld adoun;
To yeue batayle to the gryfoun
He gan to flynge,
And breyde away with hard roun
The grypes wynge.

Tho thys wyng was from y-bore
I woot hys flyght was all y-lore.
The lyoun sone hym hadde to-tore,
Al so sket;
And whanne he was an-hungred sore,
Of hym he eet.

The tygre aftyr thys batàyle,
Whelpede sone for hyr trauàyle.
Nowe mowe ye here greet meruèyle,
How God man helpys?
The chyld sok forth, withoute fayle,
Among the whelpys.

The tygre louede more tho
That chylde than her whelpys two:
Hyt ys well fern men seyden so,
That bestyn kyng
Hys kynde may he noght forgo,
For no lykyng:

A chyld that ys of kynges blood,
A lyoun ne struys hyt for no good:
Therfor hyt louede with mylde mood
The lyonesse,
And whan sche by hym sat other stood,
Sche gan hym kysse.

Now of the lyoun wyll we rest,
And forder telle yn owr geste,
How the lady rood yn the forèst
Hyr sones to seke:
But scho ne herd, est ne west,
Of hem no speche.

Toward toun sche wald ryde,
But sche ne wyste be wat syde :
Colyeres taughte her that tyde
To oo cytè,
Graundyght men clepyd hyt fer and wyde
In Crystiantè.

Bothe erles and barouns bolde,
Burgeyys, ladyys gon hyr beholde :
Many mannys herte began to colde
That wyste her greef,
Whan sche hem with tonge tolde
Of here myschef.

Ryght at the meyrys of the cytè,
Sche toke her in to dwelle and be.
Ther sche blefede monethes thre,
Forsode to say ;
Many a juwell ther solde sche,
And her palfràỳ.

In a day sche yede be the se-stronnde,
And ther sche fond many schyppys stonde,
And oon was of the Holy-lond,
Pylgremys to lede
Ther Jesus for vs, Y vntherstonde,
Hys blood gan blede.

The lady stood clothyd yn palle,
And seygh that folk to schyppe falle.
A schypman yn the lond gan calle,
" Com, brodyr and eem,
Ther God was bore yn asse-stalle
In Bedlem,

" And ther God deyde on the rode,
And boghte vs alle with hys blode!"
The lady sayde with mylde mode,
" I woll fare
To Jerusalem, ouer the flood,
And wonye dare."

At all the cytè sche tok her leue :
Well worschypfully they hyt her yeue.
To schype sche went er hyt wer eue
And forth gan fare :
No man ne may tell yn bok breue
The lady care.

The wynd gan blowe swyde schylle
Neyghe dayes, that hem lykede ylle :
To God hy cryde loude and stylle
For that tempèst ;
A wast ylond they dryuen tylle,
Fer yn the est.

Ryght as God Almyghty wold
Hy ryuede yn a wel good hold.
For hys loue that Judas sold,
Lesteneth a stound
Of the chyld that Y er of tolde
How hyt was y-founde!

Ten schypmen to londe yede
To se the yle yn lengthe and brede,
And fette water as hem was nede
The roche an-ondyr;
But of a syghthe they hadde greet drede,
And was no wonder.

A tygre they seye ther yn her than,
And a man chyld, whyt as swan,
Sok of her as of a woman
That wher hys dame.
The lyonesse after ham ran
To don hem schame.

The maryners awey gonne skylle,
And left her barellys lygge stylle,
And yorne awey, with good wylle,
Well hastyly;
And for that hy cryden schylle
Men asked why.

" We segh, they seyden, a wonder happe;
A manchyld swoke a lyones pappe,
And neygh to dede we gan drappe
Wythowt lesyng."
Tho gan Florence her handys clappe
For that tydyng.

" That ys my chyld, sche seyde tho;
To londe, maystyr, lette me go;
I ne wyll spare, for well ne wo,
My chyld to saue.
I segh the lyoun bere me fro
That lytyll knaue."

For gret yeftys that she gan bede,
To londe the schypmen gonne her lede;
The ryghte way wher that they yede
They gonne kenne.
The lady wente, withowten drede,
To the tygre denne,

And toke her chyld fram the lyonesse:
Anon sche folowde the emperesse.
Her sone sche gan cleppe and kesse,
And was full fayn,
And went forth with ioye and blysse
To schyppe agayn.

And whan the lady was fram the brym
The lyonesse aftyr began to swymme,
And on the schyp sche gan to clym
And wold y-wende.
The schypmen wher stoute and grym
That schyp to thefende,

And ofte her pelte ynto the see.
The lady bad hem lat be,
" For oo peny Y woll yeue thre,
Yf sche thoth mys."
The maystyr was of herte fre,
And grauntede thys.

A sprette ouyr the bord they caste;
The lyoun com to schyp yn haste,
And be the chyld sche ley thon chaste
As sche were tame.
They that wer ere than agaste
Tho hadde game.

And whan that chyld wepte other cryde,
The lyonesse was hym besyde;
Onther her wombe sche wold hym hyde,
And yaf hym sowke,
As sche that bere hym fer and wyde
Fourty woke.

Good wynd and whedyr God hem sente :
Hy drogh vp seylle and forth they wente.
The seuende day har schyp lente
At Japhet,
And euery pylgrym to the monumente
Hys wey geth.

In Jerusalem sche gan dwelle,
And made clothes of gold and pelle,
And Crystyne marchauntys hy myght selle
That sche gan werche ;
All vestementys that felle
To holy cherche.

Her sone bygan to thê and thryue,
And wax the fayryste chylde on lyue.
Tho he was passed yeres fyue.
He was y-sette
To lerne gramer that wyll dyscryue
The Donet.

And wher the chyld yede vp other doun,
Wyth hym went the tame lyoun.
The gret lordys of renoun
Thold the kyng,
Whych a woman yn the toun
Was whonyng,

And what a chyld sche hath y-broght,
And whych workes that sche wroght,
And the lyoun forsok hym noght
With hym to-be.
The kyng answered, with word and thoght,
He wold her se.

Amorn Florence, withowten wene,
Was broght before kyng and quene.
The kynges baner ther schold bene,
Rychely y-wroght;
To maken hyt the lady schene
Forsok hyt noght.

In the quene chamber sche woneth dore
Neghe yere and sumdell more;
The quene maydenes sche hadde to lore
More and lasse:
But sche ne told no man her sore
The emperesse.

Neghe yere tho sche hadde there y-dwelled,
Her sone was fyftene wynter eld;
Stowtlyche to bere spere and scheld,
In feld to fyght.
The kyng that pryns beheld,
And made hym knyght.—

Now reste we here a lytyll wyght,
And forther telle, as hyt ys ryght,
How that oder chylde was dyght
That dwellede yn Fraunce.
He wax a man of mochell myght,
As seyth the romaunce.

The bocher yede to hys wyf,
" Dame, he seyde, so mot Y thryf,
Florent ys x. yere old and fyyf,
And heghe y-woxe :
Forsoth he schall my mystyr dryue
Of ken and oxe ;

" For ydell hyne for to fede,
Thereto hadde we lytyll nede :
Ech man behoued to do some dede
For hys sustynaunce.
He schall tweye oxen to feyre lede
For all chaunce :

" And myn other sone Bonefey
With hym schall wende the ryght wey."
That wyf therst not say nay,
For wordes ylle,
But grauntede well that ylke day
Her lordes wylle.

Amorwe the bestys were forth broght,
And Florentyn hy wher betoght.
Clement seyde, " Boy, selle hem noght
For no eggenges,
Of wat men they be boght,
Than sexty schyllynges :

" And yf thou hem sellest lasse,
As Y mote here matyns or masse,
Or thou eft fro my handys passe,
Y haue y-ment,
I woll vpon thy body tasse
Well many a dent."

That chyld answerede and seyde, " Nay."
The bestys thay dryue forth yn the way.
Ayens ham com that ylke day
A stowt squyère,
And bar vpon hys ryght hond gay
A fayr spreuère.

Tho seyde that chyld Florentyn :
" God wold that sparhauk were myn !"
The squyer seyd : " Be Seynt Martyn,
Bocherys sone,
For tho two oxen be he thyn
Thys faucone."

Florent seyde : " Syr, wylt thou so ?
Tak me, and haue hem bothe two."
Tho made hys broder moch wo,
And sorfull cry.
The bestes were dryue hem fro
Ryght hastyly.

Florent of thys hawk hadde prys :
Hys brother seyde, he was vnwyys,
And seyde : " Florent, be Seynt Denys,
We schull be schent !"
Thus chydynge thorgh Parys
The chylderyn went,

That hyt herde Clementes wyf
How the chylderen held stryf.
Sche seyd : " Florent, leue lyf,
Telle me why ye chyde."
Florent told her also blyf
How hyt betydde ;

And how he hadde the hauk y-boght,
For the bestys hym were betoghth.
That wyf gan thenke yn her thoght
The merchauntyse,
Of cherles kynde was he noght
For hys gentryse.

Clement com hom from bocherye,
And herd the hauk on perche crye :
In hys hert he thoghte vylenye
  Swych cry to here.
He askede hys wyf ryght hastylye,
  " Ho broghte hym there ?"

Sche seyde : " Syr, Y wylle thè telle,
Oo word Y thè legge n'elle,
But, for hys loue that made heuene and helle,
  Now be noght wroghth :
Florent for the hauk gan selle
  Thyn oxen both."

In a rage Clement hent a staf,
And Florent fele strokes he yaf,
And seyde, " Boy, tellest thou noght sef
  My craft to lere,
To selle motoun, bakoun, and beef
  As flesch-hewère ?"

" Yys, seyde the chylde, syr, at your wylle."
For hym that wyf gan crye schylle.
Clement abated hys hert ylle,
  And lefte hys cheste :
To sowpy at table they wente tylle,
  Lest and mest.

Tho Clement hadde y-yete a fyn,
And gladede hys hert with noble wyn,
In he clepede Florentyn,
And to hym spak :
" Now, boy, kepe well sperhauk thyn,
Withowte lak.

" And yf he dythe for faute of flesch,
With a staf Y wol thè thressche,
Wombe and regge ylyke nesche,
Yef that Y kan."
As glad as grehond y-lete of lese
Florent was than ;

And greydede hys hauk yn good asyse,
And tok of foweles greet empryse,
That of the peple of Parys
Hym louede myche,
For that he throgh forthth fayr gentryse,
And yede gentelyche.

Longe after that ne was hyt naght,
That Florent hadde the hauk y-boght,
Before Clement Vyleyn he broght
Fesauntes fyfe :
" O, seyde Clement, yet fare we noght
As we schulde thryfe,

" To fede thus ydell boyes tweye,
Go vp and doun here be the weye,
Yef that Y hem suffre thus to pleye
I were to blame.
Florent schall lerne to chaunge moneye:
How sayst thou, dame?"

That wyf answered: " Y am well payd."
Ten pound of florens were forth leyd.
To Florentyn Clement hath seyd:
" Thys gold go chonge:
Loke boy, ne be naught betrayd
Of kouth ne strange."

As he toward the chounge yode,
He bare the florens yn hys hode;
Vpon a colt com owt of stode,
As blak as cole,
A yong man com ryde with egre mode
That hadde hyt stole.

Florentyn well fayr hym grette,
And askede where he that cole fette.
That other aunswerede, withowte lette,
Wordes felle:
" For Y my catell theron sette
I wold hyt selle;

" And yf thou hyt beyst, withowt lesynges,
Thou payest me ten mark of sterlynges,
For noon of all thy elderynges
Hadde noo swych in stabele ;
For emperours sone, or for kynges,
Hyt ys profytabele."

Florent answerede to the corsere :
" Me thyngeth thou louest hyt to there :
Sterlynges ne haue I non here,
As thou gynnyst craue :
Here beth ten pound of florens clere
Wylt thou ham haue

For that colt that ys so bold ?"—
The corser seyd, " Tak me that goold :
To no man schuld hyt be sold
Half swych a chepe."
He tok the floryns all vntold ;
Awey he lepe.

Florent no leng ne wold abyde ;
He lepte to hors and gan to ryde.
Folk hym byhold be ech a syde
In Parys cytè :
What hym therafter wolde betyde
Noght wyst he.

Clement hyt herd and hom gan dryue,
And with hym other bochers fyfe :
He askede Florent all so blyue
[Hou he had wroght.]
" O fader the fayrest colt alyue
I haue boght."

" A colt ? A colt ? Wher ys hyt ? Where ?
What thenkest dow be an horsmonger ?"—
To stable they wente all yn fere
And segh that fole,
Raggeth and hegh and long of swere,
And blak as cole.

Yef he were er y-bete sore,
Thanne was he bete moche more.
The good wyf seyde : " Syr, thy ore,
Let be thys fare :
He n'as neuer of thy kynde y-bore
To bey the ware.

" Thys chyld thou neuer begate ;
He was som gentylmannes beyete :
Tel me that sothe that thou ne lete,
Forsake hyt noght,
Where thou hym fond in feld or strete
Or thou hym boght."

Smerthe logh Clement Wyleyn
And seyde: " Dame, Y wyll thè seyn;
But loke thou me neuer bewreyn
To lowe ne hegh;
For yf thou dost, be Seynt Germeyn,
Thow schalt abeye.

" Tho Y com next from the Holy Lond,
Besyde Marsyle, vpon the strond,
To selle that chylde there Y fond
Owtlawes four;
I boght hyt with my owen hond
For my tresour."

" I-heryd, sche seyde, be Goddys sonde!
Now to my tale thou understounde:
The emperour of Rome lond,
Thorgh grace and chaunce,
Weddede hour kynges dowghter with hond,
Fayr Florence.

" And sche hadde manchylderen two,
With both sche was exyled do:
I wene well hyt myght be so
That thys were that oon.
Whare sche becam for, well ne wo,
Man n'este noon."

Seyd Clement: " Dame, that I beleue,
Be hym that made Adam and Eue,
I n'ell no more thys chylde so greue,
For no gylt:
Fynd hym thyself to hys behoue
All that thou wyllt.

" For be thys chyld of hem, Y wys,
Thorgh hym Y hope to wynne prys
More than any man yn Parys,
And all our kende."
The good wyf seyd: " Be Seynt Denys,
Swyche ys my mende."

That wyf hym taught markes and poundes;
He purueyde haukes and houndys.
To hounty yn ech mannys boundes
Hyt was hys wone.
Men blamede the bochere oft stoundys
For hys sone.

At wrestelyng, and at ston castynge,
He wan the prys without lesynge;
Ther n'as nother old ne yynge
So mochell of strength,
That myght the ston to hys but bryng
Be fedeme lengthe.

The kyng hym louede yn herte dere,
So dede al do that yn Parys were.—
Now ye that wyllyd wonderes here
  Harkened meruayle,
How that chyld with a fendes fere
  Dede batayle!

Of Babylonye the heghe Sowdan
Werrede vpon Crystene men:
Bothe into hys honde he wan
  Gales, and Spayne,
Lumbardie, and ek Tuskan,
  Rome, and Allemeyne.

To Fraunce he drof the Emperour,
And all thes kynges of valòur.
Our partie hadde so lytyll socòur
  Of Crystendome,
That ech lorde lette with dolòur
  The se of Rome.

The Sowdan, that left yn Teruagaunt,
With hym he broght a fowll geàunt
Of Egypte; he hette Guymerraunt,
  Greet as an ok:
No dosyper n'as so auenaunt
  To stonde hys strok.

He was of lengthe twenty feet,
And two elle yn brede with scholdrys greet:
Ech day he wold et a neet
And messys more:
Twey tuxlys out of hys mouth set,
As of a bore.

A greet fot was betwex hys brym,
Hys browys as brystelys of a swyn;
Betweene hys fortop and hys chyn
Length of an elle:
With blake yghen, as seyd the Latyn,
He lokede felle.

The Sawdan pyght hys pauylon
At Mont-Martyn, vpon the doune;
Eche day he sente to toune
That fowle thyng,
To aske batayle with rufull roune
Ayens the kyng;

And bad hym fynd a champioun
To feyght with that foule feloun,
Or Crystendom schall adoun
Fram euerych man,
And euery kyng yelde vp hys croun
To the Soudan.

Ferst they sent out a dosepèr,
In blake armes, vpon a destrère,
Ouer all he had ben a conquerere,
Swych were his happys:
He bar thre rochys of seluer clere
In scheld and trappys.

As sone as he with the Sarsyn faught
He clefte hym at the ferste draught:
The Sarsyn cryde: "Thes ys naught:
Send othyr moo!
Thus they schull lye long straught
Or that they go."

Amorn hy sente a doseper sterne,
The kyngys brodyr of Nauerne:
He n'as naght to lerne,
Or than yn feld.
Vpon a stede he gan yerne
With sper and scheld.

Hys scheld was gold an asur fyn,
A lyoun rampant was theryn,
Wyth border of ermyn
Scheld and trappure;
But soone of hym the Sarsyn
Wan the cure,

And man and hors he clefte tho.
The Sarsyn cryde: "Sende other mo!
Swych twenty n'ere wortht a slo
At me to fyght."
Than was the Kyng of Fraunce wo,
And sore syghte.

Schortelych, to rede yn romaunce,
He slogh the xij. dusepers of Fraunce,
That to hym ryde with spere and launce,
Whan they out come.
Thys was vnhap and hard chaunce
To all Crystendome.

And Florentyn ech nyght mette,
The quene of heuene on hors hym sette,
And bad hym wende and quite hys dette
That was her fo:
She seyde, her sone that balys bette
Het hym do so.

O day he told Clement hys sweuen:
"I-heryed, he seyde, be God of heuen,
And graunte thè for hys names seuen
To wynne the fyght!
Yyf our kyng here my steuen,
Thou schalt be made knyght."

To the kyng tho went Clemènt,
And seyd, " Lord, here my talent!
My sone ys ech nyght in turmènt
Ayèn the gyaunt:
He schal hym scle with dethes dent.
Lord o thyng me graunt,

" That ther he wende ye make hym knyght;
Yef Goddes grace ys on hym lyght
He schall hym wynne yn that fyght,
Withoute mys."
Tho was the kyng yn herte lyght,
And grauntede thys.

Amorn was Florent knyght y-made
Ryght as Clemene the bocher badde.
The emperoure of Rome was glad,
That seyghe hys lengthe:
He thoght well yn hys body he had
Greet myght and strengthe.

Men broght hym harnes good and sure;
He n'old noon but hys fader armure:
" Theryn I hope to wynne the cure,
Without fayle,
For hyt ys strong and wyll well dure,
Of old enteyle."

Clement of-sent hys armes blyue,
Swot-reed hyt was and euell to thys schyue:
Thereyn of syluer bole-axys fyue;
The scheld of sable.
On Florentys stede a knyght con dryue
Out of stabele.

The hauberk was all reed of rust,
Hys platys dykke and swyde just;
Thaugh the gypon were full of dust
Hyt was nat wykke,
Theryn to turneye or to juste,
The scheld was dykke.

The helm was of queynte kest,
A borys heed stood on the crest.
Whan Florent was all redy drest
In hys armure,
Hys fomen myghte of hym be agast,
We mowe be sure.

Two bole-axys, grete and longe,
In hys former arsun were y-honge,
With cheynys that were styf and stronge
For all chaunce;
And yn hys ryght hond he gan fonge
An huge launce.

The launce was swot red and croked ;
Of many a knyght he was beloked ;
Tho Clement Florentyn bytok hyt
Many man logh,
And Florentyn naght forsok hyt
They hyt were wogh.

The kyng hym gert with a fauchoun ;
Clement hyt hadde y-bore thorgh many toun :
Thenne on hys knees he satte adoun
Before Clement,
And seyde : " Fadyr thy benesoun
With good entent !"

And seyd thus er he gan ryse :
" Whan Y am ryde out of Paryse,
Hery to me yn thys wyse :
" Bocherys sone,
Ley on strokes with good empryse,
As thy fader ys wone !

And denk, boy, thy fader hath keld
Well many a bole and doun y-feld !"—
The emperour that syghte beheld,
And the kynges,
And on hys schulder heng hys schelde
To bataylynges.

Whan he was on hors y-sètte,
Men touched trumpes and cornette;
At Parys gate he was outlette
In feld to fyght:
To be a fend hym demede bette
Than a Crystyn knyght.

The geaunt hym seghgh and com doun,
Ryght fram the Soudaun's pavyloun,
With sper and scheld all redy boun,
An oo rabyte;
With egre herte, as lyoun
Florent he smyte.

Sothe hy smyte togydere tho,
That her sperys to-broste at two;
The peces fell fer hym fro
Of tymbres toghe.
Her eyder other for to slo
Swerdes droghe,

And hewe on scheld and helmes clere:
They brosten all on fere.
The Crystene made her prayère
To Mary sone:
The Sarsyns cryde all yn fere
To hare God Mahone

To help her geaunt in that fyght:
And Florent smot a strok of myght,
The rabytes heed he cleuede dounryght
Thorgh the brayn.
Tho sayd the Sarsyn: "Krysten knyght,
Thou art a vyleyn,

To sle my hors that hath no gylt!"
Seyd Florente chyld: "All that thou wylt."
He smot eft, and be the hylt
His sword to-brast:
Tho, forsode, to be y-spylt
He was agast.

An ax he hente of metall broun
That heng on hys formest arsoun,
And of hys stede he lyght adoun
In feld to fyght.
The Soudan yn hys pauyloun
Tho was aflyght.

The geaunt smot to hym well snell
With a scharp fachoun of stell;
Of Florentys scheld a kantell
He cleft thonryght.
Clement stode in oo kernell
And segh that fyght.

He cryde: " Boy, ley on, with yre,
Strokes as ys woned thy syre!
He ne fond neuer boon ne lyre
Hys ax withstent,
That he ne smot thorgh ech a swyre
Ryght at oo dent."—

Tho Florentyn herd Clement crye
He faught with ire and with enuìe.
Thorgh myght of Jesus and of Marie,
In heuene that sytte,
The geauntes schelde in two partìe
Ryght euene he smytte.

The geaunt smot to hym agayn;
Florentys scheld fell yn the pleyn.
Now hy beth scheldles both tweyn
These champyouns:
Hy foughte togydere with egre meyn
As wylde lyouns.

But Florentyn kedde that he was slegh,
And yede the geaunt swythe negh,
And smoot hym on the scholder on hegh
A strok of harm;
Hys scholderbon awey forth flegh,
And hys ryght arm.

In haste the geaunt stupte adoun,
With the left hond to take vp the fachoun,
And Florentyn, with hys ax so broun,
All thorgh he smoot
Arm and mayle, and akketoun,
Thorghout hyt bot.

Tho both hys armes were y-tent,
To fle the geaunt hath y-ment;
But Florentyn yaf hym swych a dent
As he forth flegh,
That the geaunt to grounde ys went
Theygh he wer heygh.

Hys aduentayle he gan vnlace,
Hys hed he smoot of yn the place.
The Cristene thonkede of hys grace
The kyng of glorye,
And maden game and greet solàce
For that victorye.

Now schull we forth yn ryme rede,
How Florentyn y-dede an hardy dede,
Er he went hom fram the mede
Into the cytè.
Herkened lordyngys hou hym gan spede
For charytè!

Ther was a mayde, fayr of face,
The ryche Sowdanes doghtyr hyt was;
Her pauylon besyde that plas
  Was yn to dwelle;
Thyderward Florentyn, well good pas,
  He rood full snelle.

That hed he heng on hys arsoun,
And rod to the maydyns pauyloun;
He fond that mayde of greet renoun
  Er he hyt wyst,
And of hys stede he lyght adoun,
  And swete her kyste.

He wold haue rauysched her away;
Sche cryde and made greet deray,
But yn hys ryght hond left that day
  Her surkot sleue,
To telle the tokene that he her seygh
  Men schuld hym leue.

Tho come Sarsyns so greet plentè,
That nedes he most fyght and fle.
He rod to Parys to the cytè;
  Men openede the gate,
With ioye and greet solemnytè
  He was yn-late.

That hed was on the gate y-set,
With trumpes, tabours, and cornet.
Tho was the bocher loued bet
Than he was ere;
And for hys loue that craft ys set
Ther prys-mestier.

That mayde that was so fayr and gent,
Her loue sche leyde upon Florènt;
For hym sche was yn greet turmènt
Both day and nyght;
To se hym sche hadde more talènt
Eftyr with syght.

Vpon a day sche feynede her seke;
Her fathyr com and with her spek,
And with hym many leches ek,
To wyte her state.
Sche seyde: "My lyf ys not worth a lek;
I am all mat,

"But ye graunt me my prayère,
That my pauylon stande by the riuère:
For wymmen beth of swyche manère,
All tendere and nessche,
They mote be by the water clere
Both to wrynge and wessche."

The leches her wytnesse bere ;
Her fadyr the pauylon lete arere
Besyde the bank of the water clere,
To haue that eyr :
Hak sche gan her fader yghe blere ;
Thys tale ys fayr.

A massenger sche sent well ryght
To Florentyn, that Crysten knyght,
That he schold come with meyn and myght
Dedyr yn a bot,
And rauyssche her that ylke nyght,
Anon fot-hot.

Whan Florent herde that tydynge
For ioye hys herte begon to sprynge :
He dede greyde yn the euenynge
The kynges barge :
Onther Pont-graunt he gan her brynge
With schelde and targe.

Vyf and twenty bachelers,
That hadde ben hys pleyferys,
I-armed in the best manères
In feld to fyght,
They wente forth with the marenerys
Abowte mydnyght.

Good wynd and wedyr they hadde at wylle,
And seylede forth well soft and stylle;
Her pauyloun whan they com tylle
Ther that sche was,
Her maydenys gonne to crye schylle:
"Treson, alas!"

That cry aros ynto all the ost:
"*As armes*, lordynges, *as armes tost!*
Our Soudanes doghter, with greet bost,
Is rauyssched vs fro!
Now folwen we to the wateres cost,
And sle our fo."

The marners gonne seyle and rowe:
Florent let the trumpettys blowe,
That yn the cytè men schuld knowe
That hy wer all sount.
Yet were hy er day, Y trowe,
Onther Graunt-pount.

That mayde was ynto the cytè fet;
Of many greet lord hy was y-greet,
And yn a chayer sche was y-set,—
Ye mowe trusty,—
And askede yf sche hadde aught yet
Wyll Crysten to by.

And sche answerede and sayde: " Nay,
Mahoun lawe ys well the better lay."
But Clement prechede so to her that day
In Sarsyn speche,
That sche was crystened yn Goddes lay,
For dowte of wreche.

Florent her weddede to hys wyf
To haue and to holde yn ryght lyue.
Ryche robes, be four and fyyf,
Ther menstralles wonne.
Joy and blysse ther was ryue
In Parys begonne.

Seuen dayes ylyke hyt leste,
The bredale and the dubbyng feste.
Ther was many a ryche jeste
Of Rome and Fraunce.
But now of Clement ye mowe lest
A wonder chaunce.

The last day hy were at mete y-set,
Clement har manteles hath byschet:
He seyde they most rekene bet
To pay har scot,
Of mete and drynke that was y-fet
To quyte ech grot.

He bygan ferst at the emperour :
" Pays, seyd the kyng, *par amour*,
Thagh hyt wer swych four
As her ys spend,
I wyll hyt quite of my tresoùr,
Clement my frend."

" Graunt marcy, my lord the kyng !"
The manteles he let to the haile bryng,
And swore that ther n'as old ne yyng,
That ne schold haue led
For hys scotte euery ferdyng,
Or lore hys wed.

The knyghtys logh yn the halle,
The mantellys they yeue menstrales alle ;
Lauor and basyn they gon calle,
To wassche and aryse,
And syth to daunce on the walle
Of Parys.

Whan the Soudan thys tydyng herd,
For jre as he wer wod he ferd ;
He ran with a drawe swerde
To hys Maméntrye,
And all hys goddys ther he amerrede,
With greet enuye.

Asterot, Jopyn, and Mahoun
He all to-hew with hys fachoun,
And Jubiter he drew adoun
Of hys autere :
He seyde, hy n'er worth a scaloun
Alle y-fere.

Tho he hadde hys goddys y-bete,
He was abated of all hys hete.
To sende hys sendys n'olde he naght lete,
Thǫ anoon ryght,
To Babylonye after lordes grete
To help hym fyght.

The messangers beth forth y-went
To do the Soudans commandement.—
Now schull we speke of Clement
The bocher, Y wys :
He tok with hym hys sone Florènt
For greet queynteys,

And yede to the Soudans dowghter dere,
And preyde her fayre yn all manèr,
Som queyntyse sche scholde hem lere,
How that he myghte
Do her fadyr hys ost arere,
And hom hym dyghte.

Sche seyde: " Yf ye denketh spede,
To my tale now taketh hede;
My fadyr hath an horned stede
Of Arabye,
Whyle he hym hath dar hym naght drede
Of your maystrye.

" No man may on that stede ryde
But a bloman be hym bysyde,
That hath y-kepte hym fer and wyde
Fram Grece to Troye:
For he hym maketh, with moche pride,
A nyse coye.

" The coye ys with hys handys two,
Clappynde togedere to and fro;
He ys swyftyr than ony roo
Vnder lynde:
In ech bateyle he well slo
Before and behynde.

" An vnycorn begat that fole
On a rabyte, as blakke as cole."
Than seyd Clement, " He schall be stole
With som queyntys;"—
And bad that counsell schuld be hole
Stylle yn Parys.

Pyk and palm, schryppe and slaueyn
He dyghte hym as palmer, queynt of gyn :
Be Seyne water, seyd the Latyn,
Without bost,
Maryners hym broghte to the maryn
Of Gene cost.

He turnede abowte Galys and Spayne,
Lumbardye and also Almeyne ;
Of other palmers he gan frayne
Lesynges quaynte,
As ech man behouyd that ys yn payne
Hys tale paynte.

Be the Soudanes est whan he was come,
Well hastylyche he was y-nome :
Before the Soudan, the greet gome,
Seruantes hym broghte.
Now herkeneth, frendes all and som,
How Clement wroght!

The Soudan askede, whannes he cam.
He seyde he com fro Jerusalem,
Fram the sepulcre of Bedlem,
In pylgremage,—
" And ther Y haue lette myn em
For strong hostage."

Whannes he was men gon hym freyne:
He seyde he was of Greet-Breteyne,—
" In Artour's court a man of mayne
I haue y-be yore:
Of hys greet hors Y was wardeyne
Sene yere and more."

For to blere the Soudanes ye
Queynte lesynges he gan to lye,
And seyde he hadde lerned marchalsye,
Both fer and neygh; 1390
In Ynde, Europe, Aufryke, and Asye,
Ther n'as noon so sleygh;

And all maner of hors he knew,
Bothe the lake and the vertù.
" Ther ys, he sayde, Cristen neyther Jew
That conne me teche."
The Soudan that was blak of hew,
Logh of hys speche.

The Soudan sayde: " I haue a stede,"—
(He swere as Mahon schuld hym spede)— 1400
" Yf thou kanst telle all the dede
Of hys kende,
Thou schalt haue of me riche mede
Ere that thou wende."

The stede was broght out of stable:
The bloman hym ladde with a cable.
Tho seyde Clement: " Without fable,
O, ser Soudan,
In the world [n']ys hors so profytable
As thou hast oon.

" Thys ys a stede of Arabye,
Be hys horn I gan hyt aspye,
An vnycorn, with greet maystrye,
Begat hyt thare:
A rabyte, Y se hyt with my ye,
Therto was mare.

" Hyt ys swyfter than hert other hynde,
Or ro that renneth vnder lynde;
He feyght before hym and behynde
In ech batayle.
Ther n'ys no man of Crysten kynde
That myghte thè asayle,

" Whyle thou on thy stede houyst."—
Tho hadde the Soudan wonder mest,
And seyde: " Palmer, ryghtly thou arest
All the manèr.
Darst thou ryde vpon thys best
To the ryuere,

" And water hym that thou ne falle ?
Thanne wylle we seye among vs all,
That thou hast be yn Artourys halle
  Hys prys marschalle,
And therfore a robe of ryche palle
  Y yeue thè schall."

Clement nere the stede stapte,
He whyslede and hys hondys clapte ;
Thorgh Godes grace well he hapte,—
  He n'as noght ydell,—
In the stedes mouth he rapte
  An huge brydel.

The brydel was made of chaynys,
Of grete haspys wer the reynys.
Eries, barons, knyghtes, and swaynes
  Of Clement spak,
How he lepte with myght and maynes
  On the stede back ;

And with a peyre sporys of Speyne,
He smot the stede with myght and mayne,
And rood ryght ouer the water of Seyne
  Ryght to the cytè.
The Emperour of Almeyne
  That syght gan se,

And lette opene the gettys wyde,
And Clement yn began to ryde.
The Soudan began vp hys godes chyde
For that myschaunce.
Clement presentede with that stede
The Kyng of Fraunce.—

Now schull we lete here of Clement
And telle how the Soudan sent:
Hy[s] massengers wyde beth went
To dukes and kynges;
And broght with hem many stout cent
Of greet lordynges.

Ferst com the Kyng of Arabye,
And ten thousand on hys partye
Of Sarsyns stout and trye
In feld to fyght:
The worst of hys companye
Was worth a knyght.

The Soudan of Pers broghth hys Persanys,
And thyrty dousand of Affrycanys,
With reed baners, and theron thre swanes
Of syluer bryght:
To brewe the Crystene mennys banys
Hy hadden tyght.

The Kyng of Grece com after than
For to helpe her Soudan,
With syxty dousand of hedene men,
To fyght yn feld :
Har armes wer gowles and swan
Trappure and scheld.

Tho come the Kyng of Masedonye,
And the Amerelle of Babylonye,
With many galeys, schyppes, and floyne,
With chevalrye,
And aryuede at Boleyne
In Normandye.

No man ne may telle the route
That besette Parys aboute :
The Crystene were yn greet doute
To deye yn haste ;
They roonne to the walles stoute
To scheete and to kaste :

And they withoute gynnes bente,
And greet stones to hem sente
Four wykys they gonne hem defende
With greet trauàyle ;
And toke day at the monthys ende
Of playn batàyle.

The day of batayle was y-come,
And ech man hadde hys armes nome.
The Soudan was a sterne gome
For hys greet host ;
Ayens the Crystene he sette scheldtrome,
With pryde and bost.

Whan ayder ost gan other asayle
Ther began a strong batàyle ;
To rede yn ryme hyt ys meruàyle,
Englys to schew
How many helmes, hauberkes sauns fayle
Ther wer to-hewe.

Tho myghte men se Florent fyght,
And sle the Sarsyns doun ryght :
Well many Sarsyns heed doun lyght,
And ley dyspleyd :
But all to lytyll was hys myght,
He was betrayde,

And y-take, as seyd the romaunce ;
Anon aftyr hym the kyng of Fraunce.
Tho was Octouian yn balaunce
The emperour,
He was y-take with greet destaunce,
And other kynges four.

The deyse syx baners were y-feld,
And the Crystene that syghte beheld ;
Ech man fleygh with spere and scheld,
Awey to fare.
The Soudan drof hem yn the feld,
As hond doth the hare.

Well ten dousand greet lordynges,
Dukes, erles, barones, and kynges,
The Soudan sent yn jryn rynges,
To Babylonye :
Hem ladde the kyng, withoute lesynges,
Of Masedonye.

The Kyng of Greece hem ladde also
With syxty dousand men and mo.
The Soudan, that was Goddys fo,
Bleft yn Fraunce,
Cytès to brenne, and folk to slo,
With greet meschaunce.

Clement fleygh and hys wyf yn fere,
Into Gascoyne as ye mowe here,
And also the Soudanes doughter dere
With hem gan fle ;
In slaueynys as they palmers were
Yede alle thre.

Now lete we be the werre of Fraunce,
And the Soudan with hys bobaunce,
And turne ayèn to fayre Floraunce,
How that sche kem
For to dwelle, thorgh Goddes grace and chaunce,
In Jerusalem.

Here son was doughty knyght of dente,
In batayle and yn turnamente ;
To ech a stede the kyng hym sente
He wan the fyght ;
Hys lyonesse the folk to-rente
All donright :

For whyder he to batayle yede
Hys lyonesse halpe hym at hys nede ;
He armede her yn jryn wede
To all ryghtes,
Of her folk hadde more drede
Than of fyfé knyghtes.

Than com a messangeré goynge
To Jerusalem, and broghte tydynge
How the Soudan gan doun brynge
The Emperour,
And of Fraunce also the kynge,
And other kynges four ;

And how he was towardes Rome,
And doghte to destroye all Crystendome;
And howe the Crystene that they nome
  Schuld aryue
At Acrys, whan they to lende come,
  With kynges fyue,

And the Emperour of Almeyne.
" O, seyde the kyng, that ys greet peyne;
Wende I woll hem agayne
  And sauy ech pece,
And sle with hondes tweyne
  The Kyng of Grece."

Anoon the kyng sente hys sonde
Wyde aboute ynto all hys londe,
For erles, barons, fre, and bonde,
  Squyer, and knyght,
And dede hem alle to vntherstonde
  Of the Soudanes fyght;

And how he hadde the kynges j-nome
And destruyd the Cristen all and some.—
Tho that ost was togedere y-come
  Of Crystene men,
They hadde to holde scheldes-trome
  With Soudanys ten.

Ten dousand knyghtes stout and fers,
Without hobelers and squyers,
Spermen, slyngers, and arblasteres,
There was plentè.
They wente toward, in armes clers,
Acrys cytè.

Yonge Octouian, withoute fayle,
Was banerrere of that batayle.
The Sarsyns for to asayle
He was full prest;
Besyde Acrys, yn a boschayle,
They token rest.

Of fute they hadde dousandes four,
In armes al so whyt as flowr,
Therynne a croys of reed colour,
Seynt Georgys armys,
And euerych was yong vauyssour
With good gysarmes.

At Acrys as they gonne aryue,
The emperour and the kyngs fyfe,
And many Crysten men alyue,
In iren y-steke,
The kyng of Jerusalem cam dryue
Ham to awreke.

Tho began greet werre awake,
Scheldes cleuede, and speres brake:
Among the Sarsyns blake
The Crysten ryde:
All that they myghte with wepene of-take
They ther abyde.

The Kyng of Masydonye com ryde
With hys ost alond that tyde,
And hys Sarsyns, "*As ermes,* cryde,
We beth betrayd;
Of Jerusalem the banerys wyde
We seth dysplayd."

The Kyng of Grece herde that cry;
To lond he rowede ryght hastyly,
Ten dousan Sarsyns ryde hym by;
Tho he vp-kem,
Hem mette the kyng, with hys party,
Of Jerusalem.

In haste they smyte togydere anon
The Crysten men and Goddys foon;
Octouian leyde an well good won
That day yn feld,
Well many he clefte the scholder bon,
All thorgh the scheld.

Hys lyonesse adon gan race
All that sche tok yn body and face:
Myracle hyt was of Goddys grace
That sche so fyght;
Alas! sche was that day yn place
To deth j-dyght.

Tho Octouian hyt vnderstode
Hys beste y-slawe, he wax all wod;
He hente a spere, with egre mood,
And bare with strengthe,
Thorgh the kynges body of Grece hyt stode
A fedme of lengthe.

That dede cors fell doun to grond,
Gronyng with grysly wounde;
And tho the Sarsenes afounde
Her lord was slayn,
Euerych to fle away that stounde
Was ferly fayn.

All that Octouian that day ther hytte,
To the herte he hem slytte;
No man ne myghte with strengthe asytte
Hys swordes draught;
Ryght as a werrour out of wytte
That day he faught.

He slogh the Kyng of Masedonyé
And amyrall of Babylonye.
In hare galeys, dromouns, and fleyne
They schypede agayn,
And aryuede besyde Babylonye,
Both knyght and sweyn.

In armes that owghte the Sarsyns deede
The Crysten knyghtes gonne hem screde.
The Kyng of Jerusalem gan lede
The ferst batayle;
Melk whyte armes, yn ryme I rede,
Was hare parayle.

Of fute they hadde dousandys ten,
And four dousand Octouyan.
Well sory were the heden men,
Tho that hyt seghe,
Hare baners ouer felde and fen
Arered so heghe.

The Kyng of Fraunce com with hys ost
Alond vpon hys owene kost.
The Crysten herethe the Holy Gost
For hys comynge.
The Soudan made bobaunce and bost
For that tydynge;

And seyde, with a ruly roun,
" Now thyn help, God Mahoun !"—
And yn hys baner a reed dragoun
He lette arere,
And bad hem be to batayle boun
That with hym were.

The thyrthe ost ledde the Kyng of Speyne,
With fyfty dousand men serteyne.
The emperour of Almeyne
Octouian
With hys ost he com agayn
The Soudan.

The fyfte ost, seyde the Frenssch tale,
Ladde the Kyng of Portyngale ;
To brewe the Sarsyns bale
He was full sterne.
Tho brought hys ost the kyng reall
Of Nauerne.

Whanne all thes baners wer arered
The Sarsyns wher sore aferd ;
The Soudan quakede body and berd
For dedys dowte,
And seyde : " We dye, lewed and lered,
But we be stoute.

" Stow[t]lyche stere we vs yn werre,
And boldelyche our baners bere,
And make offeryng to Jubytere
And Seynt Mahoun:
Than by my lay Y dare well swere,
They schull adoun."

Whan he hadde made hys sacrifyce,
With all hys ost he gan aryse:
Now mowe ye here fayre aprise
Alle and some,
How the Sarsyns vnwyse
Were ouercome.

Tho eyder ost with other mette,
With scharppe sperys togeder hy grette;
The Crystene men hare strokes sette
In feld so,
That quyt they were of the Sarsyns dette
For euermo.

The kyng of Jerusalem gan bere
To the Soudan of prise a spere:
There ne halp hym naght yn werre
Hys God Mahoun,
That he ne rorede as a bere
Whan he fyl doun.

Doun he fyll deed to grounde,
Gronynge fast with grymly wounde.
Alle the baners that Crysten founde
They were abatyde;
There was many an hethen hounde
That they chek yn a tyde.

Among hys ost, the kyng of Fraunce,
To the hygh Soudan he bare a launce.
Therewhyle hyt tellyd yn romaunce.
The emperour
Slogh of hedene, thorugh grace and chaunce,
Kynges four.

Yonge Octouian and Florentyn
Ther faughte as werrors good and fyn;
Ther myghte non hethen Sarsyn
Withstonde hare dent.
Well many soules to helle pyn
That day was sent.

So many men and hors were dede
The ryuers ronne of blod all rede;
The chas leste, of length and brede,
Myles ten.
Ther myght no Saresyn kepe hys hede
For Crystene men.

Whan this batayle was com to ende,
To Parys the emperour began wende,
And with hym alle the kynges hende
Of Cristendome.
The Soudanys heed they gonne sende
To greete Rome,

And sette hyt on the hyyeth toure.—
Thanne Dagabers and the emperoure
Fastede fourty dayes and foure,
Thus tellyth the gest;
And thonked God oure Sauyoure
Of that conqueste.

Now reste we here and turne agayn,
And speke we of Clement Vylayne:
I tolde yow ynto Aquytayne
He fleygh for fere,
To saue hym and wymmen tweyne
That were hym dere.

He herde telle, withoute les,
How the Souda[n] y-slawe wes,
And yn France plenere pes
Was cryde, and gryth;
Thyther he went rathly res,
Hys wyf hym with:

With hym the Soudanes doghter went
In a slaueyne rough and rent.
Tho they were yn presènt
To the emperour,
The kyng of Fraunce kest Clement
With greet honour.

With greet honour Syr Florentyn
Keste Clement with hert fyn,
And sey: "Welcome fadyr myn,
Be God above,
Thou hast y-suffyred myche pyn
For my loue."

"Thou seyst soth, sone, Y vnderstonde."—
Hys wyf he tokk her be the hond,
Before lordys of the londe,
Olde and yynge;
Glad was erl, baroun, and bonde
Of her comyng.

That day Clement was made a knyght
For hys er dedes wys and wyght;
Atte hys feste Florence bryght
Beknew her lord.
Here may ye here yn romaunce ryght
Well kende acord.

Florence was broghth ynto the halle,
Before the greete lordes alle;
Doun on knees sche gan falle
To the emperour;
" Mercy, lord, sche gan calle,
For thyn honòur!

" I am thy wyf that hat Florence;
That ys my fader the kyng of Fraunce.
I-dryue Y was, thorugh greet destaunce,
From ken and kyghth:
I wene no woman more myschaunce
Ne hadde neuer syghth.

" Tweyn yonge sones Y with me bare:
That on ys the knyght that stondyt thare;
That other becam Y n'yst neuer whare
In that forèst;
Thys day ys fyfe and twenty yere
That Y sawe hym last.

" A lyonesse thys bare me fro,
And Y suede after with sorow and wo:
A gryffon bare hem bothe two
To the sky an hygh.
Karfull was myn herte tho
Whan Y hyt seygh.

" I suede hem to the Grekyssch see,
And com to Brandyght to the cytè :
Ther Y soiournede monethes thre,
And tok my rede
In that stede to dwelle and be
Ther God was ded.

" I gan to schypye at ryuage,
With pylgryms of fele langage ;
The wynd aros with a wod rage
And wederys fyle,
And drof vs from our pylgrymage
To a wast yle.

" In that yle, thorugh Goddys grace,
I fond my chyld lye yn oo place,
Onther a lyone body and face,
With whelpys tweyne :
I toke my sone and ran good pas
To schyp agayne.

" The lyonesse me folowede ay,
And forsok her whelpys twey ;
In schype by my sone sche lay
As a noryse.
We seylede forth the seuende day
To hedenesse.

" Into hethenesse whan Y cam
My wey Y tok to Bedleem,
And syth Y dwellede yn Jerusalem
With kyng and quene,
And taught her maydenys werk of sem
Yerys fyftene.

" The kyng my sone made knyght,
And me sustenede day and nyght.
My lyonesse was slayn yn fyght,
That doth me greef;
Thy modyr tresoun hath me dyght
All thys myschef."—

Tho Florence hadde her tale y-told,
Before the lordes yonge and old,
The emperour with herte cold,
Octouyan
In hys armys he here fold,
And keste her than;

And seyde: " Welcom lemman Florènce,
For thè schall falle greet veniàunce."
Syr Dagabers the kyng of Fraunce,
Keste her tho;
For ioye all that seygh thys chaunce
In hert were wo.

Whan they were seght alle yn same,
And Florence herde Florentynes name,
Sche swore her oth be Seynt Jame
Also prest,
So hyght my sone that was take fra me
In that forèst.

" Oo, seyde the emperour without oth,
I-lyk of semblaunt be ye both ;
But be colour of har cloth
N'ys noon other inne
That schold hem knowe, certeyne forsoth,
Be syeght atweyne."

The emperour and kynges thre
Tok Clement yn pryuetè,
And seyde to hym with hert fre ;
" Now Syr Clement,
Telle vs the sothe for charitè
Of Syr Florent,

In what manere that thou to hym come ;
For hym begaat the emperour of Rome."—
" Oo, seyde Clement, be my cristendome,
In ryght soth sawes,
Besyde Marcyle ageyns me come
Four outlawes,

" And chepede me that chyld to sale,
For sy\ty florencys all be tale :
For emperales that were not smale
I bought hym thare,
And trussede hym yn my male,
And hom hym bare.

" For my sone I kepte hym thore
Thys four and twenty yer and more;
I ne tolde hyt neuer man before
But my wyf."—
An old knyght, with a berde ful hore,
Herde this stryf;

And seyde: " Lordynges, herkened thys!
Now fyf and twenty yer hyt ys
Be oo forest I rood amys,
In wayys wylde,
A female ape Y mette, Y wys,
Berynge a chylde;

" And of my palfray doun Y lyght,
With the ape for to fyght,
And ther Y here to dede dyght
In a lytell stounde.
On me sche made,—yet bereth syght!—
Many a wounde.

" That chyld Y tok vp as yerne,
And lepte to hors and gan to erne.
I com vpon owtlawes sterne
Four and twenty,
That the chyld ne thorst Y ham werne
Ne my rouncy.

" That tyme byfyll me thys destresse
That fayre Florence the emperesse,
Was y-dryue with greet falsnesse
Out of Rome."—
The emperour hys sones gan kesse
Oft and lome.

Thanne hem keste kynges and knyght,
Erlys, barons and ladyys bryght,
And ofte thankede Godes myght
In trinitè.
Thus God kan turne wrong to ryght
Thorugh hys postè.

The old emperesse was of-sent,
And hadde the same jugement
That sche to Florance hadde y-ment
Longe beforn :
For her tresoun sche was y-brent
In fyyr of thorn.

Thus clerkys seyth yn her wrytynge,
That falsnesse cometh to euel endynge.
Jesus vs to hys blysse brynge,
Both old and yonge,
As he for vs on the rode hyng
Wyth spere y-stonge!

EXPLICIT OCTOUIAN.

SIR AMADAS.

SIR AMADAS.

[*One leaf, on which the beginning of this Romance was written, has been torn away in the MS. The sense is, however, easily discoverable. Sir Amadas, it appears, had been, like Sir Cleges, (see Vol. I. p. 331.) very bounteous, and had, in his liberality, squandered away his possessions to all around him. Some one, probably his Steward, had recommended retrenchment; and, in consequence of this advice, the Knight takes the resolution with which the present copy opens.*]

* * * * * * * * *

Thoffe Y owe syche too."
Downe sate Sir Amadas and hee,
And kast how that best myght bee,
Both far and nere:
" My lord, he seyd, ye owe more
Than ye of yowre londes mey reyr,
Of all this seyvon yere:
Who so best mey Y schall hym prey,
And take of hym a lenger day,
And leyt your covrte slepe here;
Putt away mony of yore men,
Hold not won the ye er held ten,
Thof thei be neuer so dere."

" What ! seyd Sir Amadas, schuld Y spare
Tyll all my dettes qwytte ware,
And Y the whyle noght spend ;
And dwell here ther Y was borne,
Ay in hethyng and in skorn,
So wyle as Y am kende?
Hartely myght thei warry me,
That of ther gud had ben so fre,
To gyffe me and to sende ;
And Y schuld them bost and threte,
And therof myght non geyte :
Be the rode, that wer a badde ende !

" Bot nay, Y will noght soo,
Myn owne consell Y wyll do :
Hyd sorro is better than sene !
Stywarde, as thou art me lefe
Lat no mon wytte of my myschefe,
Bot heyle hit hus betwene.
Seyvon yere weddeseytt my londes,
To the deyttes that ar woonde
Be qwytte all bedene ;
And owtte of cuntrè wille Y wende,
To Y haue gold and syluer to spende,
And owt of deytte be clene.

" Bot, sartenly, or that Y fare,
Y wyll be more ryall and grettare:
  Porvè therfore Y schall."—
Ryche gyfftes ther he gafe
To knyghttes and to sqwyers bathe;
  To pore men dalt his dale.—
" Yf men myghtt wytte that me wer woo,
Sum wold be feyn that Y wer soo;
  That myghtt not bete my bale.
So curtes a mon was neuer borne,
That schuld schape withowt a scorn,
  Be that yche mon have told is tale."

Sir Amadas, as Y yow say,
Buskyd hym apon a day,
  On his way to fovnde.
He gaffe ther ryche gyfftes
Bothe to sqwyars and to knyghttes,
  Stedes, hakes, and howndes:
And sythyn, apon a day,
He buskyd hym on hys jornày.
  Hastely in that stonde.
When he was redy and schuld furthe wende,
He had in cofors no more to spende
  Bot bare forty pownde.

And yette he toke his palfray
And rode forthe on is jornay,
Als fast as he euer myght.
Betwene a forest and a cetè,
He fonde a chapell of ston and tre,
And saw therin greyt lyghtte.
Then commandyd Sir Amadas anon
A mon to loke or thei gwon,
And boyd-worde bryng hym ryght.
The mon dyd as his meyster bad,
Bot suche a sauer as he ther hade
No longer dwell he myghtte.

Over his heyd he drw his hode,
And to the chapell dore he yode
Mo anters for to here.
He loked in at a windo of glas,
For to wytte what therin was,
And ther he fownde a bere:
A bere he saw and candyls too,
A womon syttand and no moo,
And scho made sympell chere.
Ther myght he no lenger dwell,
Bot yede is mayster ageyn vntyll,
And told what he saw theyr:—

" Y saw a bere and candyls too,
A womon syttand and no moo,
And scho was carefull of redde:
Bot seche a savor as Y had ther
In gud feythe Y feld ner;
Y trow hit wyll be my dedde."

Then commandyd Sir Amadas
Hys sqwyar to loke what ther was,
" And redy worde bryng thou mee."
He rydes forthe to the chapell-wall,
And, as the mon seyd, he saw all,
And thoght full grette pytè.
For to wyn the gold so reyd
He myght not abyde in that sted
Suche a savor had hee.
His lorde he yede ageyn vntyll,
And seyd, " Sir, yf hit be your wyll,
Ye mey wytte for me."

The knight smot is palfrey with is spor,
And rode to the chapell dor;
Down theyr he lyght.
As thei seyd sothe hym thoght,
Bot therfor leyve wold he noght,
Bot in went the knyght.

" Gud devon, dame," seyd he.
" Sir, sche seyd, welcum yow be,"
And salod hym anon ryght.
" Sey, leve dame, what dos thou here,
Kepyng the ded cors on bere,
Thiselfe thus here on nyghttes?"

" Sir, Y schall yow tell for why.
God wot ther wold non bot Y!
He was my weddyt feyr."
" Petur! seyd Amadas, he fares full yll
Ye ar lyle in poynte to spyll;
He lygges or long on bere.
Dame, what maner mon was he?"
" A marchande, sir, of this cuntrè,
And had greyt rentes be yere.
Ylke a yere a honderte pounde
Of money that was gud and sownde,
And yett for deytt he lygges here."

" Tell me, dame, for the rode,
On what maner spend he is gud,
That it his so away?"
" On knyghttes, sqwyers, and offycers;
On greyt maysters that wer is pers,
He gafe tham gyfftes ay:

Ryall festes wold he make,
And pore folke, for Goddes sake,
He wolde fede ylke a day:
Whoso wolde cum to is yate,
And aske owghth for Godes sake,
He cowd not say hom nay.

" And yeit he wroght more lyle a fole:
He clad mo men ayeyns the Yole
Then dyd a greyt knyght.
Ther myght no mon is bred sowe,
Nor no draper is clothe drawe,
His meyt was redy to ylka wyghth.
When Y seyd he dyd not wele,
He seyd, God schuld pay for ylke a dyll
And sette my wordes full lyght,
To we had so mykell in-tane,
That we myght not say, for schame,
What gud that we ther aght.

" Then com deyd, so wo hit be,
And partyd my dere husbond and me,
And kast me in all the care.
When thei wyst that he seke lay,
Thei com yerne with greyt afray,
To kalange ther gud thare.

Hors, neyt, schepe, and swyne,
All that was my husbondes and myn
  Away thei had and made all bare.
My dowry and oder thyng Y sold,
And all the pennys to them Y told;
  Yette axte thei mykyll mare.

" When Y payd all that Y myght geyte,
Yette owde we XXX^{ti} pownde in grete,
  Only to a styd,
To a marchande of yonder cetè;
He was owt of this cuntrè,
  And come when he was deyd.
When he wyst of my wreched fare,
He come lyke a breme bare;
  This cors the yerthe he forbede.
He seyd, the howndes schuld the flesch drawe,
And the bownes in the felde away throwe:
  That makes this carefull reyd.

" Sextene wekes have Y sytton here,
And kept my hosbond on this bere,
  With candyls dey and nyght.
So schall Y do euer and oo,
Tyll deyd com and take me to,
  So helpe me God Almyght!"

" Dame, what is the marchandes name,
That hase wroght yow all this blame ?"
Sche tolde hym what he hyght.
" Now he that is bot of bale,
Helpe yowe well, and so he schall !
My leve dame, have gud nyght !"

Sir Amadas toke his palfrey than :
He was a full sory man ;
His deydes he hym forthoght :
" This mon Y myght wele be sybbe,
That he apon the bere thus lygkes :
For as sche says thus have Y wroght."
He cald apon his sompter-mon :
" At the marchandes hows owre yn thou tak on ;
On hym is all my thoghtt.
Loke thou dyght owre soper be tyme,
Of delycyous meytes gud and fyne,
And that thou spare ryght noght."

The mon dyd as the lord hym bad ;
A reydè wey to the town he had.
He spyrd to the marchandes yn ;
And when he to his yn come,
His lordes soper he dyght full sone,
Of gud meytes and fyne.

Be that the soper was dyght,
Sir Amadas was com and don lyght,
And hit was soper tyme.
He commandyd a sqwyar to goo
To byd the marchande and is wyfe also
That nyght to sope with hym.

The sqwyar dyd as the lord command;
The marchande in his halle he fand,
And preiyd hym as he con.
The marchand seyd full redy sone,
" Thi lordes wylle schall be downe;
Y wyll com to that mon."
The bord was seyt, the cloth was layd,
The soper was all redy greythyd.
The marchandes wyfe began.
Sir Amadas made bot lytyll chere,
Bot on the deyd cors on the bere,
Full mykell his thoght was than.

He seyd, " As Y come be the strette,
A syghtte Y saw, Y thynke theron yette;
Therfore my hart his sare:
In a chapell be the way,
A body on a bere lay;
A womon ther sate with mykell care."

" Yee, seyd the marchand, God gyff hym yll grace,
And all suche wastars as he was,
That make men wonder bare!
Ther lygges he with my XXX^ti pownde;
Ylka a peny, bothe hole and sownde,
Therof geyt Y no mare."

" Forgyf, seyd Sir Amadas, God forgyfes the deyd,
And turne thè to a better reyd;
Grete mede then schalt thou have.
Thenke, how God has ordend for thè,
A better state then euer had hee;
His bwones thou do grave."
" Nay, sir, be hym that made mon,
His body schall in no yerthe gon
Or Y my catell have!
And thofe scho dee as wyle as hee,
Than schall howndes, that men mey see
Wastars bwones gnave."

Sir Amadas harde that he had sworne;
He callyd his sqwyar hym beforne,
Hastely and swythe;
" Loke thou drawe forthe, at o worde,
XXX^ti pownde on this borde,
Lette hus see belyfe."

Tho sqwyar thoght that was no skyll ;
Bot he fullfyllyd his mayster wyll :
  Of kyndenes mey you lythe.
The marchand was peyd XXX^{ti} pownde fyne,
And Sir Amadas cummandyd the wyn,
  And bad ylk mon be blythe.

Then sey the knyght : " Is ther any mare ?"
" Nai, sir, he seyd, wele motte ye fare !
  J have that ye me hyght."—
" And, als far as x. pownde wyll take,
J schall gare do, for that monnes sake,
  Soo that he have ryght.
J schall gare for hym rede and syng,
And worchypfully into the yerthe bryng,
  In all his neyburs syght.
Pray all relygyous men of this ceytè,
To-morne that thei dyne with me.
  And loke hor mete be dyght."

At morne when the dey began to spryng,
All the belles of that cety he gard to ryng
  That soole for to plese.
All the relegyne of that towne,
Ageyn the cors yede with processyon,
  With mony a ryche burgès.

He gard XXX^{ti} prestes that day syng ;
Sir Amadas offerd, withowt lesyng,
  Truly at ylke a masse ;
And he preyd hom then also,
That thei wold to the innes go,
  The more and the lasse :—

" Hyt is in the deyd name that Y speyke ;
He preys yow all vnto the meyte
  The pepull that ar here ;"
All thei dyd as Sir Amadas bad :
Delycyous meytes ther thei had,
  And drynkes that wer dere.
Sir Amadas wold not sytte that day,
Bot pore folke he servyd to pay ;
  Thei ley his hart full nere.
When thei had eyton and dronkon also,
Sir Amadas toke his lefe to goo,
  Semyng with gud chere.

When all the folke hat wele eyton,
His palfrey-mon had noght forgeyton
  He broght forthe his palfrey.
Sir Amadas was redy dyght,
Bot wher he schuld dwell that nyght
  He had no mony to pay.

No wonder was thoffe hym wer wo,
When all his gud was gon hym fro,
  Sarten, sothe to say.
He kyd he was of gentyls borne :
The grattes maysters yede hym beforne ;
  He toke his lefe and went is way.

He rydes forthe on his jurnày ;
Than con ylke mon to oder say,
  Or euer he past the yate,
" Lord, wereuer he this gud wan,
That thus garres to do for this man,
  And thus lyghtly lettes hit skappe ?"
Som seyd, in gud tyme was he borne,
That myght have a peny hym beforne ;
  Bot thei knew not his astate :
Thus mey ylke mon oder deme,
Thei know full lytyll what thei mene ;
  Noght all sothe watte.

When thei passyd the cety fro,
Thei come to the yate thei schulde parte in too ;
  Then seyd Sir Amadas
To his sqwyer and to his knafe,
And to is somter-mon bathe,
  The folke that with hym was :

" Feylos take hit noght to grefe !
Nedes behovis yow to take your leve ;
Wele yow ken my case.
Y wyll no men in londe leyde,
Bot Y myght tham clothe and feyde,
Nor gwo into no plase."

The hardeste hartyd mon that was there,
Thei weppyd and made mornyng chere,
When thei hard hym speyke soo.
" Bys mery, he seyd, and have no kare ;
Ye schall have gud maystyrs euermare,
Ye ar wele worthy thertoo.
God mey helpe hus full wele at nede,
And sende hus grace wele to spede !
All care mey yette ouergoo :
A mery mon ye mey me see,
And ye schall be dere welcum to me,
For Y schall neuer be your foo."

Sir Amadas seyd in that stonde :
" The warst hors is worthe ten pownde
Of hom all that here gon :
Sqwyar, yomon, and knave
Ylke mon his owne schall have
That he syttes apon ;

Sadyll, brydyll, and oder geyre,
Fowre so gud thoffe hit were,
J woch hit save bi Sen Jon!
God mey make yo full gud men!
Cryst of hevon Y yo beken!"—
Thei weped and partyd ylke on:

And hymselve turnyd his palfrèy
And rode forthe on his jurnèy,
Ryght as he has mynt.
Vnder a forest ther his way ley,
Certenly, as Y yowe sey,
To wepe he myght noght stynt,
When he thoght on his londes brode,
His castels, his towres wher leyd to weyd,
How all was gwon and tynt!
Mykell sorro he made in that sted,
And in pouerte he fro them fled;
His dedes he con forthenke.

" Now am he Y that noght has,
As of a mon that sumtyme was
Full mykyll seyt by.
Ther Y had an hondorthe marke of rent;
Y spentte hit all in lyghtte atent,
Of suche forlok was Y.

Ay whylyst Y howsewold helde,
For a greytte lorde was Y tyld,
And mykell Y was sette by :
Now mey whyse men dwell at home,
And foles be full whyse of won ;
God wotte so am Y !

" Alas, for wantyng of wytte,
As a fole Y am for-flytte,
Of my frendys have made my foos ;
And all for my gud wyll
Y am in poynt for to spyll !"
Thus chydes Syr Amadas.

" Now, God that dyed on rode,
And boght me with his precyos blode,
Me and all myne,
Os lette me neuer come in ther syght
That hase me kent a gentyll knyght,
That thei me neuer kenne ;
And gyffe me grace noght to come tho,
At my londes that ar wonde me fro
Bot Y myght helpe my men !
Or els, Jesu, Y aske thè reyd
Astely that Y wer deyd :
Therto God helpe me then !"

By the forest as he fard,
He wende ther had no man hym hard,
For he sa non in syght.
Ther com rydyng an on hym by,
And spake to hym so hastely,
That he was afryght,
On a mylke whyte stede,
The same colour was his wede ;
He was areyd lyke a knyght.
Thoffe Sir Amadas wer in mornyng broght
His curtasy forgatte he noght,
Bot salud hym full ryght.

He spake to hym of that case :
" What mon art thou this mornyng mase,
With syche sympell chere ?
Thou schuld not morne on this wyse :
A man may falle and yette ryse,
Goddes helpe his ay nere !
Gud is bot a lant lone
Sumtyme hasse a mon oght, sumtyme non,
Thou hase many a pere.
J trowe thou wolde luffe hym ouer all thyng
That thè wolde owt of mornyng bryng,
And of thi mykell care.

" Here before ther dwelles a kyng,
He has a doghter feyr and yonke ;
He luffes nothyng mare :
And thou art the semelyst knyght,
That euer Y saw in my syght,
Or ony armer beyre.
Ther schall no mon hur wed ne welde,
Bot he that beyres hym best in feld ;
He schall wyn her theyre.

" Thou schalt cum theder also gay
As any eyrthely mon may ;
In thi feylyschyppe schall be non.
Sey the folke that come with thè,
That thei be drownyde in the se,
Weddurs hase hom slon.
Loke that thou be gud and luffand,
And drawe gret lordes to thi hand,
And that thou spare ryght non.
Weyte thou be large of pey and hete,
To thou have nobell courte and grete,
And Y schall qwyte ylkon.

" Loke thou be large of pay and wage,
And Y schall pay thi costage,
Ten thosand thoffe thou leyd.
Ther schall thou wyn greyt reynown,
Frythe, fyld, towre, and towne,
And that ladè weydde.
Sython schall Y cum to thè,
In what place so euer thou be,
Among thi frenchyppes in that steyd.
Bot this conand Y make or that we goo,
That thou schalt part betwys hus too
Of all thyng that thou spede."

Than seyd Sir Amadas :
" Yf ye be comm thro Goddes grace,
For to comford me,
Ye schall fynde me gud and leyll,
For to depart gud and catèll,
Betwene hus too trolè."—
" Fare now wele, Sir Amadas,
Thou schalt wyrke, thro Goddes grace,
And he schall be with thè."
Sir Amadas seyd, " Have gud day,
And ye schall fynde me, yf Y may,
Als trew as mon mey bee."

He wente hym down be the sonde :
So mony broken schyppes he fonde,
That selcouthe was to see.
Folke fordryvon in the schores,
Knight, with men of armes and banors,
Brone stedes, whyte and gray,
All maner of ryches,
That myght be or his,
Wrekkyd with the water lay.
Chystes and cofers full thei stode
Of tresour that was rych and gud,
No mon bare noght away.

The robe that the knight hym in clad,
Hyt was of a gold webbe,
A rycher myght non bee.
The stede that he apon rode,
A feyrer myght no mon bestrod,
In turnament to see :
This betyd besyde a towre.
After befell hym greyt honòur,
Besyde that feyr cetè.
The kyng hymselfe saw hym with syght,
And his doghtter feyr and bryght
The turnament that for schuld be.

The kyng saw the knyght,
And his doghtter that swete wyght;
  Messangers then he chase,
His one styward, and knyttes thre:
" Goo, wytte of hym and tell yo me,
  What his commyng his.
Say, his gud schall be temde,
Holy into his one hande,
  Truly, withowtten lesse.
Yff he wyll oughtte that ye kan do,
Loke ye be redy therto,
  Yffe he be comyn in peyse.

Thei wente down be the sond
And toke the knyght be the hond,
  And sowne thei con hym sayn:
" Owre lord the kyng send hus heder,
To wytte your comeyng all togeyder;
  The sothe at yow to frayn.
He seys, your godes schall be temd
Holy into yowr owne hende,
  Sertan, withowten leyn.
Yff ye wyll oghtte that we kanne doo,
Ye thar bot commande hus thertoo,
  And haffe your servandes beyn."

Thei toke the knyght be the honde,
And to the castell con thei gange,
And tolde the kyng the case.
The kyng mayd hym noble chere,
And seyd, " Welcum, my frynd so dere,
And thonkyd God of his grace.
For syche a storme as ye wer yn,
That euer ye meyght to lond wyn
A full feyr happe hit wasse.
Yette harde Y-neuer no mon speyke,
That so mykyll of my luffe myght geyt,
J n'ot what hit wasse."

The kyng dyd a cry make,
For Sir Amadas sake,
In the myddes of that cetè.
Knyght, sqwyar, yomon, and knafe,
All that wold any meyster have,
Ylke mon in his degrè,
That wyll cum to Sir Amadas,
That hase lost is men in this casè
In stormes of the see,
Thei schall have wage to soo mykyll more
Than any lord that euer thei with wore,
That with hym wyll be.

Gentyllmen that hard this cry,
Theder con thei fast hy,
  Ylke mon in his degrè;
And when thei had this cryed,
Ther was no lord ther besyde
  Had halfe so mony as hee.
Then wan he greyt renown,
Frythe, fyld, towre, and towne,
  Castyll, and nobell cetè;
An hondorthe stedes he wan and moo,
Halfe to his feylow kept he of tho,
  The toder away gaffe hee.

To the kynges palys then con thei fare,
Theder thei went and wold not spare,
  All so fast as thei myght dryfe.
The kyng made hym full nobell chere,
And seyd, "Welcum my frynde so dere."
  To the chamber yede thei swyght.
He sent after his doghter gent;
In hast thei wesche and to meyt went,
  Ylke mon glad and blythe.
Then mey ye wytte, withowtyn wene,
When eyder of them had oder sene
  Ther luffe began to kyghthe.

The kyng tok Sir Amadas,
And ladde hym forthe into is plase,
And thus to hym con sey:
" Sir knyght, he seyd, withowtyn lesse,
Y have a doghtter, myn eyre sche is;
In halle scho eytte to dey;
And, yffe thou be a mon to wedde a wyfe,
Y voche hyr save, so mot Y tryfe,
On thè, that fayr may;
Halfe my kyngdam whylyst Y lyffe,
Wyt my doghtter Y wyll thè gyffe,
And be eyr after my day."

" Gramarcy," seyd Sir Amadas,
And thonkyd the kyng of that grace,
Of his gyfftes gudde.
Sone after, as Y yow sey,
To the kyrke yode thei,
To wedde that frely fode.
Ther was gold gyffon in that stonde,
And plenty of syluer, mony a ponde,
Be the way as thei yode:
And after in hall thei satte all,
The lordes and the ladès small
That comon wer of gentyll blode.

Thus come his weyle after his wo :
God gyffe hus grace that owres mey so!
A greyte fest garde he make :
The revell last a full synyght,
With meyttes and drynkes wyll dyght,
And ylke day schaftes schake.
Thre yer thei dwellyd togeyder than
A feyr son on hur he wan,
Of no kynnes wo thei watte.—
Now of anoder thyng wylle we speyke :
Apon a day, before the meyte,
His feylo cum to the yatte.

He come in als gey geyre,
Ryght as he an angell weyre,
And all that was in whytte.
To the porter he seyd anoñ,
" To thi lorde, sir, that thou gwon,
And telle hym bod-word tyte :
Yf he aske owght of me,
Whens Y am or who Y be,
Sey Y am in whyte ;
And yf thou speyke no more of me,
Y tro thi lorde have me see :
Y hope he wyll terry bot lyte."

The porter wold no longer dwell;
Befor his lord on knes he fell,
And seyd, " Sir," to hym full sone:
" Sir, at the yate ther is a knyght,
The feyryst that euer Y sey in syght,
Markyd vnder mone;
Sir, on a mylke whyte stede,
The same color his is wede;
That he hase a bone,
Y tro full wele ye have hym sene,
Hit semes as ye had feylosse bene;
Now mey ye ken hym sone."

" His he theyr, my trv fere?
His comyng is to me full dere
So oght it wyll to bee."
He commandyd his men, Y vnderstonde,
For to serve hym at fote and honde,—
" Evon as ye wolde do mee."
Sir Amadas ageyn hym con go,
And so dyd his lady also,
That semely was to see.
Sche dyd as sche oght to do,
That her lord lovyd to worchyp so:
Blessed mot suche wemen bee!

Who myght his hors to stabell have,
Knyght, sqwyar, yomon, or knave,
Non with hym he broght.
Gentylmen wold have taken his stede,
Knyghttes wold hym to the chamber lede,
Bot nay, that wolde he noght.
Cartenly, as Y yow tell,
To eytte ne drynke he wolde not dwell,
Be Jesu that me dere boght!
" Bot skyfte me evon, he con say,
Gyffe me my parte, Y wyll awey,
Yf Y had servyd hit oght."

Sir Amadas seyd, " Benedecitè!
Sir, leyt such wordes bee;
Thei greve my hart full sore.
We schuld not this fortnyght
Owre londes deyle and dyght
Thei lyg so far here and thore.
Ye schall dwell with yor broder here,
And soiorne with yor trew fere,
All his yores thoff hit wer more;
Oderwyse skyft wyll not wee,
Bot at yor wyll schall hit bee:
God forbede ye spare!"

" Broke wyll thi londes wyde,
Thei lyg so far on ylke a syde,
Broke hem wyll ylkon;
Thi woddes, thi waters, thi wylde dere,
Thi frutes, thi forestes, far an nere,
And all thi welthes, with rych ston,
Thi sylver and thi gold so reyd,
Thei mey stonde me in no steyd;
Kepe all wele in won:
Bot certainly, withowtyn stryfe,
Halfe thi çhylde and halfe thi wyfe
With me then schall thei gwon."

" Alas, seyd Sir Amadas then,
That euer Y this lady wan,
Or any oder gud!
Do with meselfe what ye wyll,
Wheder ye wyll me save or spyll,
For hym that dyed on the rode!
Take all the gud that Y have
So that thou wylt my ladè save!"
The knyght wele vnderstode:
" Sir, he seyd, be sent Albon,
Oder gud wyll Y non,
Bot the chylde then parte thou bode.

" Thenke what forward that thou made,
When thou full greyt myster hade;
  Wele thou hettest me thare!"
Sir Amadas seyd, " Yett wyll Y so.
Bot suche a feyre ladè to slo,
  Gret ruthe me thenke hit ware."
The wordes that thei spake than,
Full wele the ladè dyd vnderstande,
  And grevyd her neuer the mare:
" Syr, kythe that ye ar a knyght,
And ye schall hold that ye have hyght;
  Goddes forbot ye spare!

" Sir, this semys a full trwe knyght,
Ye schall holde that ye have hyght
  Only vnto hym.
The forward that ye made thare,
God forbede that ye schuld spare!
  The conande was gud and fynne.
Yf God wyll that hit be soo,
Take and parte hus bothe in too;
  J am yores and ye ar myn.
God forbede that ye lette for my sake,
That Y schuld yow a fals mon make,
  Yowre worschyppe for to tyne!"

Styll scho stode, withowttyn lette;
Scho changyd no chere nor grette;
Lyston and ye mey here!
Scho seyd, " Bryng my yong son me beforne,
That was of my body borne,
And ley my hart full nere."
The knyght seyd to his feloo tho:
" Wheder lovyst thou better of the too?"
He seyd " My wyfe so dere."
" Sython thou lovyst her the more,
Thou schalt se her partyd or
Her whytes sydes sere."

Whan Sir Amadas that con see
That hit myght no better bee,
For wo he went nere wode.
All that wer in that hall
In deyd swonyng con thei fall,
Those that by her stode:
Ther scho schuld be slen the tabell was leyd;
Scho kyssyd her lorde with mony a breyd,
Mecly therto scho yode.
Scho leyd herselfe don mekely ynowe;
Her kerchofes ouer her ene scho drowe,
That ladè mylde of mode.

All that wer aboute hyr ryght
Wer full sory of that syght,
  And fast to her con pres.
Sir Amadas seyd, " Jesu in trinitè,
At thi wyll all schall bee;
  So hope Y, lord, hit his."
Vp he lyft his sword on hyght,
To smytte that ladè had he tyght.
  The toder knyght seyd: " Seys!
Take vp thi ladè and thi chylde,
And loke Sir Amadas that thou be mylde,
  And be now in pes.

" J wyte thè noght thoffe thou wer wo,
When thou thi fayr lady schuld slo;
  Thi worchyppe is wele safe.
Yette was Y ten so glad
When that thou gaffe all that thou had,
  My bwones for to grave;
Ther Y lay to howndes meyt,
Thou gavyst forty ponde in greyt:
  Loke ageyn that thou hit have.
Then preyd Y God couer hym of care,
That wolde make hymselfe so bare,
  My body for to grave.

" Fare now wele, my frende so dere,
My dwellyng his no lenger here
For sothe as Y thè tell.
Luffe wele thi chylde and thi wyfe,
That thus wolde, withowton stryfe,
Thi forwarde halde and fullfyll."
He glod away as dew in son;
Ther west no mon wher he become:
Sir Amadas dwellyd theyr styll;
And thonkyd God with all his myght,
And his moder Marè bryght;
Therto he hade grete skyll.

Ther Sir Amadas and is wyfe,
With ioy and blys thei lade their lyfe,
To ther endyng day.
Full few ladès ar of tho,
That wolde serve ther lorde so,
Bot sum wolde sey nay.
Who so loffes God with all his myght,
And his moder that virgyn bryght,
Y dare hardly wele sey,
Thoffe thei haue not als tyte her wyll,
Yette shall they cum sumtyme thertyll
And passe full wele away.

AMEN

THE

HUNTTYNG OF THE HARE.

THE

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FYTTE I.

A LETYLL tale Y wyll yow tell,
Y troye hit wyll lyke yow well,
That ye schall have gud game;
Bot wer it was Y dar not say,
For appyny anoder day,
Hit myght turne me to blame.

Now take gud hede euerychon,
How a yomon com rydyng alon,
Ha full fayr way he fond:
He loked besyde hym lyght glydànd,
He fond a hare full fayr syttànd,
Apon a falow lond.

He markyd wyll wher che satt tho;
He prikyd to the town as fast as he myght go,
The way then con he swe.
The fyrst mon that he mett withall
Was a husbond hyght Honkyn of the Hall,
A gud mon and a trowe.

The yomon sayes with laghhyng chere,
" Dwelles ther ony gentyllmon here,
Gud mon, as God thè save?
Yonder Y have fond a hare syttyng:
Yf ye have ony grehowndes hom with yow to bryng.
A cours ther schall ye have."

" What nedys that? sayd Honkyn tho,
Ychon of hus hase a dogge or too;
For grehowndes have thou no care.
Jac of Bonam hase a dogge or too;
So have we all as thou schalt se tho,
Eno to beytt a hare.

" Jac of the Wall, and Davè of the Dale,
Thei have dogges wyll worch hur bale;
Ther is non sych in all this town:
Jac Hals hase a dogge also,
Dred not mon, sche schall not goo:
Thou schalt se her drawon down.

" Jac of the Bregge and Wylle of the Gappe,
Thei have dogges of thei olde schappe,
That heyre and beyre wyll kyll.
Jac Wade hase a dogge [wyll] hit pull,
He hymselue wyll take a bull,
And holde hym ston-styll.

" Hob Andrew Y thynke on now;
He has a dogge wyll take a sow,
And bryng hur to the cowtte:
Ther is no thyng he wyll forsake,
Ye schall se hym this hare take
And gnaw ato hur throwtte.

" Parkyn the potter hase iij that wyll not fayll,
Short schonkes and neuer a tayll;
No kalfe so greyt, as Y wene.
So has Dykon and Jac Gryme,
So has yonge Raynall and Sym,
And all thè schall hom sene."—

" Gud syr, seyd the yomon tho,
To thi neyghburs that thou wylt go;
Thou knowes hom wele all;
And byd hom brynke hor dogges ichon,
And leyfe neuer won at hom,
Noder greytt nor small."

The husbond sayd, " Care no thynge,
All our dogges we schall forthe bryng,
This Y wyll vndertake."
The yomon sayd : " Y assent."
To the town the husbond wentt,
As fast as he myght schake.

Toward his neyghburs he wold no blyn;
In euery howse he cald in,
As lowde as he myght syng;
He seyd, " Neyghburs, for God, avow,
Loke yowr dogges have meyt enow;
On hom spare no thyng."

And thus he went fro streyt to streyt,
To warne his neyburs on the grene to mete,—
" That we may go forthe in feyr."
Then euery mon broght forth his dogge,
Apon the grene fast con thei logge,
With cheynes that wold not teyr.

Sum mon had too, sum mon had iij,
Sum mon had iiij, hit was told me,
Of greyt dogges and stronge;
Sum of hom had no taylys,
Bot browd colers full of neylis,
Mor then a hondful long.

Sum wer trussed with cordys fast,
And sum with haltars that wold not brast,
  Forsothe as Y yow say.
Ther wer gedyrt on the grene,
A hvndyrt dogges thei wer bedene,
  And mo, withouttyn nay.

Then euery man had a mall,
Syche as thei betyn clottys withall,
  Hynkyng apon their backe.
Thei buskyd hom blythe to beytt that hare,
Into the feld thei conon fare;
  Thei wente a nobull schakke.

The yomon houyd apon the hyll;
He saw the husbondes cum full wele,
  When thei wer redy bown.
He swer be God and be Sent Jon,
Seche a muster saw he neuer non,
  Comyng owt of won town.

Anon as they the yomon seyn,
All thei cryed apon hym,
  "Wher is this hare? lett hur owt!"
"Syrres, he seyd, be your leyve,
Yonder syttes [he] in a greyve:
  Go thider and stondes abowtte.

" When that ye bin stabult up,
Ỳ wylle ryde and putt her vp,
That sche mey renne this ones ;
And when Y haue this hare start,
Take gud hede thederwart,
And lett slyppe all at ones."

" And the hare schappe away thei say,
Sche beyres her wele, be this day."
Thei swere all be cokkes bownes.
Here is a fytte ; have hit in mynde,
Thette the best bowrd is behynde,
Y tell yow for the nones.

FYTTE II.

When thei wer all in ther aray,
From all the dogges che went away,
Withowttyn ony torne.
The dogges wer nothyng to blame ;
Thei knew not wele of that game,
Thei had seyn non full yorne.

Now, takes gud hede, Y wyll yow tell
Of this cause how hit befell :
Y prei yow lystonnes now.
Y wyll that ye merè make,
Sumdell for myn owne sake ;
Y have no noder prow.

The yomon rode and cryed : " So hoo !"
And putte the hare vp with his boo,
And all thei gaffe a schowt.
Thei cryed, " Hy, hy !" all at ones
" Kyll ! kyll ! for kockes bownes !
Bewar lest sche schape owte."

Sche ran abowte ther ful long ;
Thei leyd at her with mallus strong,
As fast as thei myght lacke.
The hare thoght che wold owt wyn,
And hit Jac Wade apon the schyn,
That he fell apon the backe.

" Owt ! owt ! quoth Jac, and alas !
That euer this batell begonon was !
This is a sorè note."
Jac Wade was neuer so ferd,
As when the hare trade on his berd,
Lest sche wold have pult owt his throwt.

By hym sche schapput and went hur wey,
And feyr toke vp a falow ley :
  The heyre say thei no mowre.
Thus the heyre laft hom behynde ;
The dogges of her thei had no mynde,
  Thei saw neuer no befowre.

Thei toke no hede thederwart,
Bot euery dogge on oder start ;
  Men myght have hard hom grenn a myle.
Ther thei madyn a fowle lowtte,
And begonnon a sorè nowtte ;
  Thei wer full besy that wyle.

Men myght se the dogges ren,
Sum the guttes out-drayn,
  Sum on ther backes thei lay,
Sum wer pynchyd by the hanche,
And sum pulled owt the panche,
  And thus thei scheyd hur whay.

Jac Wade was war his dogge was dwon,
And he hit Jac Grym dog on the crown,
  That bothe his een start owt.
Jac Gryme swere then full sone,
He swere be God that syttes in trone,
  And radly raght hym a clowte.

Perkyn cum leypyng in with a mall;
He seyd, " Thou schalt not kyll hus all:
Y wyll it thè qwytte."
Ther start in Sander Sydebreche,
And swere, be his fader sowle, he schulde abyche,
That he schulde not chese.

Thus sone won hyt hym on the syde,
That euer after he stode full wyde,
III. fote betwene the knees.
He smote down his schulder-blade,
And that was long on Jac Wade;
The batell he began.

Sym, that was balyd lyke a kow,
He seyd: " Syrres, Y arest yow now."
Thè tyde a farly grace!
Won hit hym on the balè with a mall
Hym thoght his guttes fallen owt withall,
And he beschynde that place.

Jac of Bonam he was constabull,
He seyd, " Yow to arese Y am full abull,
All that ben olde or yong."
Anon won brake his necke well ny,
That euer after he lokud awry,
And hongyd owt the tonge.

Hobb Andrw he was thridborro ;
He bad hom, " Pesse ! God gyff hom sorro !
  For Y mey arrest yow best."
Thus sone won hit hym on the eyr,
That euer after he brydylt full feyr ;
  His chyn ley on his brest.

Gybon Sowter he layd on fast,
Tyll his breche-belt all to-brast,
  As fast as he myght lake.
Thus sone won hit hym on the crope,
That neuer after he myght not stoppe,
  Bot his arse lette a cracke.

Perkyn Clotter cryed : " Alas !
Ye schalle abye or Y passe ;
  With yow wylle Y not talke."
Thus sone won hit hym on the backe.
That euer after his arse seyd qwacke,
  When he schulld ryse to walke.

Thus sore ychon leyd on oder ;
Thei spared noder fader nor broder,
  Ryght as thei had byn madde.
A mon myght have hart the malles dontte,
And euermore the sely men fast dyd grontte,
  The malles thei lyght so sadde.

Thus fagh thei to thei werè was :
The dogges in anoder plasse,
A lytyll ther besyde.
Whyle thei wer besy in this warke,
The yomon rodde awaywarde,
And wold no lenger abyde.

Then euery towne a myle abowt,
Hard the malles and gedyrt owt,
To wytte what hit myght bee.
Sum seyd it was a beyr-beytyng,
Sum seyd it was a dogg feghttyng,—
" Goo we ner and see."

Thei went theder as fast as thei myght ren,
And feyr thei partud them atwen,
And then styndyd all the stryfe.
Sum thei fond leyd on the grownd ;
All thei wer wel ny swonànd,
Vnethe thei had ther lyfe.

Thei went to the towne to fach ther wyvys,
To gyffe hom drynke to safe the lyvys ;
Therto thei wer full bwon ;
Theder come bothe prestys and clarkys
And broghtton with hom hor cartys,
And caryd the seke men to the town.

Pore husbondes that had no marowes,
Ther wyfes broghtton hom whelebarows,
For thei had no waynes.
Then euery wyfe broghtte hom her spows,
And leyd hym in his owne hows,
And keueryd hom vp ayeyn.

A moneth after a mon myghtte hom affond,
Lyand styll on the grownd,
Thei myght noder ryde ne goo.
Euer after the dogges wer so starke,
Thei stode aschore when thei schuld barke;
Her feytt thei drew hom soo.

Ofte Y have hard hit twold,
Thei myghtt not passe the dure threscwold,
Nor lope ouer the hache-styd.
Thus the hare is gwon her gate,
Hur to fynde hit is to late,
Y putte yow owt of drede.

The cowrse Y wold that ye had sene;
In the nownes ye had me the coppe gene,
For therof had Y nede.
Here endis the hare beytyng:
God gyff us all gud endyng,
And hevon tyll owre mede!

EXPLICIT.

NOTES.

VOLUME I.

KYNG ALISAUNDER.

V. 17, *For Caton seith, thes gode techere*
" Other monis lif is owre schewere."]

Vita est nobis aliena magistra.—*Distich. Catonis.*

73, *Neptanamous.*] In the Latin this celebrated necromancer is denominated Nectanabus or Anectanabus; in the Italian Anatanabo. Camoens alludes to this fabulous parentage of Alexander the Great in the following lines, which he first introduced into the Lusiad, but subsequently rejected. On the occasion of celebrating King John of Portugal, he enumerates the most celebrated bastards of antiquity, and among them,

——" se he certo o que a fama já escreveo,
Se muitos a Philippo nomeáram
Por pai do Macedonico mancebo,
Outros lhe dao o magno Nectanebo."

The history of Nectanabus, with his enchantments, and his amour with Queen Olympia, was introduced

by Gower into the sixth book of his Confessio Amantis; and the comparison of the romance of the thirteenth century with the more polished production of the friend and contemporary of Chaucer, affords considerable interest, and is by no means to the disadvantage of the older minstrel. In the reprint of Gower, in Mr Chalmers's late edition of the English poets, the tale occurs at p. 197 of Vol. II.

87, *Of wax he made him popetis.*] The method of conducting an enchantment by means of figures in wax, made to resemble the person intended to be the object of the operation, is very ancient, and was universally prevalent, being mentioned by Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace, and frequently the subject of the tales of Arabian as well as European magic. In the Gesta Romanorum, the illicit connection between a knight's lady and a clerk skilled in negromancy, is discovered by another magician to the husband, by means of a polished mirror and a waxen image. When the Duchess, in Middleton's Witch, is desirous of destroying Almachildes, Hecate inquires,—

> What death is't you desire for Almachildes?
> *Duch.* A sodaine and a subtle.
> *Hec.* Then I have fitted you.
> Here lye the guifts of both; sodaine and subtle:
> His picture made in wax, and gently molten
> By a blew fire, kindled with dead mens' eyes,
> Will waste him by degrees.
> *Duch.* In what time pree-thee?
> *Hec.* Perhaps in a month's progresse.

The same practice is alluded to in several old plays, such as Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country, &c. &c. In the sixteenth century many old women suffered for being supposed to have attempted the lives of persons by burning their ima-

ges. "King James I. in his 'Dæmonologie,' speaks of this practice as very common; the efficacy of which he peremptorily ascribes to the power of the devil. His majesty's arguments, intended to prove how the magician's image operated on the person represented, are drawn from the depths of moral, theological, and metaphysical knowledge." *Warton's Dissertation of the Gesta Romanorum*, p. xxxvii.—The operations of Nectanabus, detailed in the text, were, however, on a far grander scale, and are not equalled, in point of importance, by any others reported to have been performed by any necromancer, if we except some recorded in the volumes treasured up in Don Quixote's library. See the following note, for which the reader is indebted to the learned author of the "Illustrations of Shakspeare," as well as for several others in the sequel.

104, *Anon he dude cast his charm.*] In a Latin MS. romance of Alexander*, many parts of which bear a closer resemblance to the English romance than the Latin printed copy, this charm is thus curiously described:—The king retires to the secret recesses of his palace, where he causes some of the purest water that can be obtained to be poured into a bason, nearly to the brim. He then makes waxen images of his enemies, together with ships of the like material; and placing the men in the ships, sets them afloat in the bason. After this he takes a rod of ebony, and, with many incantations, invoking all the celestial and infernal gods to assist him, with a gentle effort of the rod he sinks some of the ships, by which means it happens that such of his enemies as are then on the seas to invade his dominions, are in like manner precipitated to the

* *Penes* F. Douce, Esq.

bottom of the deep. This is stated to have been his usual method, which, however, on this occasion, does not succeed.—D.

180, *A speruer that was honeste*
So was at the ladies feste.]

It was a mark of nobility to bear a hawk on the fist, and was indeed only permitted to persons of rank. Ladies even carried them to church, and representations of them are frequently to be found on antique monuments. See *Way's Fabliaux*, I. 263, and *Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry*, I. 166.

189, *Al thes toun y-honged was.*] It was a mark of great distinction in the feudal ages, at the entrance of a person of great rank into a town, to hang the walls of the houses with tapestry. So in Chaucer's Knights, Tale V. 2567 :—

> " Up gon the trompes and the melodie,
> And to the listes rit the compagnie
> By ordinance, thurghout the cite large,
> Hanged with cloth of gold and not with sarge."

When Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII., entered the city of London in 1481, " Al the streets ther whiche she shulde passe by wer clenly dressed and besene with cloth of tappestrye and arras, and some streetes, as Chepe, hanged with riche clothes of golde, velvettes, and silkes." *Leland's Works*, ed. 1770, IV. 220, &c. See *Chaucer*, l. 2570.

235—241, *Gamen is good*, &c.] These six lines are very obscure, but the following interpretation which they have received from Mr Douce, seems to be perfectly satisfactory : " Sport is good while it lasteth, but it passes away as the blasts of the winds. The rich man gives the least, [or perhaps, the greatest (mest, most) man gives least (lest) to the wretched (wreche] ; his love therein he shows : For when it is best that it be concealed or withheld

(*i. e.* his love or charity) it hasteth. I wonder that men be not alarmed (at such doings), and that some are not corrected (or warned) by others." The reading of the Bodleian MS. is still more obscure. See Various Readings.

347, *Here thought a dragon adoun light.*]—Gower gives a very curious description of the gallantry of the dragon, &c.; which, as Warton observes, he seems to have taken from the following passage in Vincent de Beauvais: "Nectanabus se transformat in illum draconis seductiorem tractum, tricliniumque penetrat reptabundus, specie spectabilis, tum majestate totius corporis, tum etiam sibilorum acumine adeo terribilis, ut parietes etiam ac fundamenta domus quati viderentur," &c. *Hist. Specul.* fol. 41–6.

437, *Anyght he schal beo with thè.*] In the Latin MS., Nectanabus "postquam se satiasset complexibus, manu sua alvum reginæ consignavit."—D.

667, *This n'is nought romance of Arof:*
A storie is made of maistres wise;
Of this world thei bar the prise.]

It is not improbable, as Mr Douce noticed, that the poet is here himself scoffing at the popular romance of the Seven Wise Masters. Though, in the 657th line, a dozen masters are mentioned, as being appointed to teach Alexander, it is evidently a mistake: for, in the ensuing lines, only seven are enumerated, which probably brought the *Historia Septem Sapientium* to the recollection of the minstrel, and made him anxious to acquaint the reader, that his romance was a real gest or history, and not a fabulous romance, like the one he alludes to.

678, *And of reveryng.*] That is, hawking by the river side; flying the hawks at herons, and other river-fowl. So in Chaucer's Franklein's Tale:

" These fauconers upon a faire rivere,
That with the hawkes han the heron slain."

And in Ipomydon, Vol. II. p. 283:

" Both of houndis and haukis game,
Aftir he taught him all and same,
In se, in feld, and eke in ryuère."

When Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined at Tutbury Castle, in 1584, Sir Ralph Sadler permitted her sometimes to accompany him on this sport, for which he nearly incurred the severe displeasure of the jealous Elizabeth. He gives the following account of his conduct: " When I cam hither, fynding this countrey commodious, and mete for the sport which I have alwayes delighted in, I sent home for my hawkes and faulconers, wherewith to passe this miserable lif which I leade here; and when they cam hither, I toke the comodyte of them somtymes here abrode, not farre from this castell; whereof this quene hering, ernestly intreated me that she mighte go abrode with me to see my hawkes flee, a passetyme indede which she hath singular delight in; and I, thinking that it could not be ill taken, assented vnto her desire, and so hath she bene abrode with me ii. or iii. tymes *hawking vpon the ryvers* here, sometymes a myle, sometyme ii. myles, but not past iii. myles, when she was furtherst from this castell." *Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers.* Edin. 1809. 4to. II. 538.

813—821, *King Phelip, that was his lord*, &c.] Alexander is here knighted, and that exactly in the manner of the time in which the author wrote; but it is needless to notice anachronisms in romances. The girding of the sword, and the *colée*, or stroke with an unsheathed sword upon the neck, were generally performed by the person of highest rank or greatest renown present. See *L'Ordene de la Che-*

valerie, printed, together with the more modern prose version, in the new edition of Barbazan's Fableaux, tome I. p. 59. and 79. In the German romance of Octavian, lately dramatised by the poet Tieck, Florens receives the *colée* and the helmet from the hands of King Dagobert of France; the breast-plate from Count Armand de Provence; the shield from the hands of Edward King of England; the sword from Rodrique, the Spanish monarch; and the chain, with the badge of St Michael, from the Emperor Octavian, his father. These circumstances are not mentioned in the English metrical romance on the same story, printed in this volume. Whether they occur in the original French, a copy of which is preserved in the Bodleian library, I am not able to say.

868, *Nycolas of Sarage.*] An evident mistake for Carthage: See line 960. In the printed copy this king is called *Rex Arrigonum*, who are described as a people of Peloponnesus. Quintus Curtius mentions Alexander's conquest of the Isle of *Arados;* but it is a hopeless task to reconcile geography with romance.—D.

1044, *Knyf-pleyng.*] Tossing up knives and catching them; an ancient sport practised chiefly by the wandering minstrels or jugglers. It is alluded to in an old fabliau, cited by Le Grand in his Fabliaux et Contes, II. 326, "Et si sai joer des costeaux." See a representation of it in Strutt's Horda Angel. Cynnan, I. Pl. xix.; and again, in his Glig. Gamena Angel. Diod. Pl. xvii.—D.

In the interesting German romance, entitled "Das Heldenbuch," *i.e.* The Book of Heroes, a curious duel is fought between Wolfdietrich and the heathen king, Bellian. They stand upon two chairs, and throw knives at each other, giving previous notice what part they mean to hit; and, of course, the

infidel is killed by the knives of his Christian opponent. This was a far more serious sport than the one alluded to in the text.

1033, *Forth goth Alisaundre saun fable,*
Ryght to the heygh table.]

The practice of riding on a steed into the middle of a hall seems not to have been uncommon in the chivalrous times, and is introduced by Spenser into his Faery Queen. See Warton's Observations on that poem, Vol. I. § 5, p. 45.

1321, *There woned svmwhile Kyng Appolyn.*] It is probable, that the celebrated story of Apollyn suggested the name to our poet on this mention of Tyre.—D.

It may be mentioned here, as an instance of singular prolixity, far exceeding that of any poet, ancient or modern, that a German metrical romance on the subject of Apollonius of Tyre, by Henry of Nuwenstatt, is stated to contain above 100,000 lines. This even outdoes the French romance of Aymeri de Narbonne, containing 77,000; and the English one of the holy Graal, consisting of 40,000.

1444, *Gras-Bologne,*] *i. e.* Bologna in Italy, usually denominated *La Grassa.* The other places in Italy, mentioned in the following lines, to v. 1472, are as follows: Paduie, Padua; Mothun, Modena; Tremoun (we should probably read Cremoun), Cremona; Plesance, Piacenza; Pavie, Pavia; Parme, Parma; Novarre, Noverra; Dole, a town in Dauphiné; Versens, Vercelli(?); Melane, Milan; Cene, Sienna; Cortine, Cortona; Curcinan, probably Pienza, formerly Corsinianum; Acise, *olim* Assisium, in the diocese of Spoleto; Gobyn, Gabiano; Orbenette, Orvieto; Viterbe, Viterbo; Aretche, Arezzo.

1684, *And goth with heom to an orchard,*
Parlement they holdith hard.]

Darius is always represented throughout the poem as assembling his council in an orchard: Indeed, they seem to have been too numerous to find place in any building. See v. 1920, 1937, &c.—E.

1704, ———*Darie him sent*
Threo thyngis to present:
A scourge, and a top of nobleys,
Ful of gold and an haumudeys.]
See the Glossary.

In the Latin printed copy, the presents are, a ball, a whipping top, and a golden crab. In the Latin MS. a whip, a ball, and a purse of money.—D.

Similar to these gifts is the present of tennis-balls, mentioned in Shakespeare's Henry V. as sent to that monarch by the French dauphin, which, in the old play of Henry V. are accompanied by a carpet, (probably in allusion to the carpet-knights, so often mentioned in old plays.)

1712, *Syble,*] Probably Cybele; though her relationship to Darius, who is represented as her uncle in the text, has not hitherto been discovered by mythologists.

1791, *Cicile,*] *i. e.* Sicily; Poyle is Apulia; Burgoyne, Burgundy; and Sclavoyne, probably Sclavonia.

1922—1933, *Mount Taryn,*] Taurus, see v. 2625; Barbaryn, men of Barbary; Eufraten, Euphrates; Sclaveyne, Esclavonia; Coloyne, Cologne, (the Duke of Cologne is a strange attendant on Darius); Sab, Saba; Kaymes kinrede, the kindred or race of Cain.

1995, *Ymagu.*] This personage is called by the same name, v. 2381; but is called Amagone, in v. 2023.

2033, *The glove he gevith heom by twene,* &c.] Throwing down the glove seems to have been a part of all military covenants.—E.

2150, *Tysoile*,] *i. e.* Thessaly.

2202, *The Latyn autour.*] Who this Latin author was it would be no easy matter to discover. The Latin MS. work already referred to, in some of these notes, was *professedly* compiled from Trogus Pompeius, Solinus, Josephus, Orosius, Isidorus, Jerome (not the Saint, but perhaps Jeronimus Cardianus, a writer of Greek and Roman history, mentioned in Dionysius of Halicarnassus), Bede, John of Salisbury, Daniel the Prophet, Pliny the Elder, Walter of Lisle, Ethicus Philosophus, Eutropius, Valerius Maximus, Petrus Comestor, Papias, Megasthenes, Aristotle, Placentius, Macrobius, Lapidarius, Diascorus, Seneca, Aulus Gellius, Ralph Higden, monk of Chester (the mention of whose name decides that the English poet could not have used this work), Herodotus, Freculphus, Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum, Hugo de Sancto Victore, and Frontinus. This motley crew is given in the exact order of the original. Of the French Alexander*, whence the English minstrel has perhaps extracted the chief part of his materials, a little more can be said. This was a very celebrated metrical romance, still existing in MS. and one of the oldest specimens of the French language. It is divided into several branches; but an attempt to appropriate each part to its respective author would be a task of great difficulty, and, after all, much uncertainty would remain. We find in them, however, the names of Lambert li Cors, of Alexander de Paris, of Maitre Eustace, of Brisebarre, of Pierre de Saint Clóud, of Thomas of Kent, an Englishman writing in very bad French, of Jean li Venelais, of Jaques de Longuyon, of Simon de Lille, with one of his pupils, and of Jean de Motelee. Our author

* See the Introduction.

has probably used only the first part of this extremely voluminous composition, which ends with the death of Alexander, and is supposed to have been written by Maitre Eustace, Lambert li Cors, and Alexander of Paris or Bernay. The rest of the before named authors lived a century later, and their continuations embrace various incidents arising out of the former romance, such as the testament of Alexander; the vengeance of Allienor, the son of Alexander, for the death of his father; the vow of the peacock, in which Alexander is brought back into existence, and a new series of adventures allotted him; and the return or restoration of the peacock, with two continuations of the latter. There are likewise some French Alexanders in prose. One of these, probably compiled from the above metrical works, is in the British Museum, Bibl. Reg. 15. E. VI. with beautiful illuminations. Another has less of the marvellous about it. Indeed, the author presumes to call it a true history, and particularly condemns the fables of Lancelot, of Ogier the Dane, and of Reynard the Fox. He addresses his work to the then reigning king of France; and at the end exhorts him to undertake the conquest of India, for the purpose of converting the natives to Christianity. He draws a curious parallel between Alexander and his own sovereign, much to the advantage of the latter, who, he says, delights rather in "Les armes et les ames, que les dances et les dames," and most strenuously recommends the enterprize *as a vacant throne of glory*. Both these are of the 15th century, and there are many more in the national library at Paris which it might be worth while to examine.—D.

2589, *Prestre Jon.*] A name formerly given to the king of India, and not, as is sometimes errone-

ously supposed, belonging to the king of Abyssinia. He obtained the name, under the idea that he was a Christian.—D.

Mandeville gives the following account of his having obtained that appellation : " There was sumtyme an emperour that was a noble man and a dowty. And he hade many Cristen kynges vnder him. And the emperour thowght that he wold se the manere of Cristen men seruyse in holy church. And than wer chyrches in all the cuntres, in Torky, Surrye, Tartari, Jerusalem, Palastari, Arabi, and Harrape*, and all the lond of Egypt; and all the londes wer that time Cresten. And yt was on a Saturdaye in Wytson-weke wan the basschope made ordyrs; and he beheld the servyce, and he askyd a knyght what folke schuld be tho that stode before the busschope. And the knyght seyd, they schuld be prestes; and than he seyd, that a wold no more be callyd emperour nor kynge, but prester. And he wold haue the name of hym that cam out what that euer he hight. And so yt happid, that the prest that cam out fyrst hight John, and so hath all the emperours sythyn be callyd Prester Jon."—MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The first novel among the Cento Novelle Antiche, gives an account of the splendid embassy which this monarch sent to the emperor Frederick II.; and among the MSS. Reg. in the Museum, occurs, " *La Chartre que Prestre Jehan maunda a Fredewick I. Empereur, de Merveilles de sa Terre.*" Marco Polo relates, that, in the city of Tenduc in Tartary, he found the king a descendant of this Prestre John, named George, and professing the Christian religion. According to other authorities, the original Prester John was the son of Gerdeboles, king of Frisia, who bore that

* Probably Halep, *i. e.* Aleppo.

title on account of his piety, and who obtained the country of India from Ogier the Dane, and after him his successors retained the name.

2602, &c.] Achye, Achaia; Champoyne, la Campagna di Roma.

2613, *Alblastreris.*] Le Grand (II. 79.) derives the word Arblast from the Latin, Arcu-Balista, as it were a *Baliste à main.* It is first spoken of in the Life of Louis-le-Gros, who ascended the throne in 1108; from whence, it is probable, that this weapon was imported by the first crusaders from Asia. In 1139, it was formally anathematized; in consequence of which, it sunk into disrepute, till revived by Richard Coeur de Lion, who himself fell a victim to his favourite weapon. The Arblasters formed a very important part of the army; and their commander, in France, was dignified by the title of Grand Maitre des Arbalêtriers, and bore the rank of one of the great crown-officers.

In the very curious satire, entitled, "La Bible Guiot de Provence," written in the 13th century, and, for the first time, printed in the late edition of Barbazan (as the editor M. Méon calls it, with singular modesty, though it contains twice as much as was ever published in the different works of Barbazan), the author complains, that knights had been superseded by other more menial troops, (v. 182.)

> ——" Chevaliers sont esperdu.
> Cil ont auques lors tens perdu,
> Arbalestier et mineor,
> Et perrier et engingnéor,
> Seront dorenavant plus chier."

2656, *So is Chepe in this londe.*] This is a singular comparison of the streets of Thebes to that of Cheapside, in the city of London.

2741, *Naverne,*] *i. e.* Navarra, a strange anachronism.

2843, *Tofore the kyng com an harpour,*
And made a lay of gret favour.]

Harpers and minstrels, from the earliest times, were considered as inviolable; and were therefore often chosen for the most desperate embassies. It is well known, that both Alfred the Great and the Danish king, Anlaff, under this disguise, proceeded, in the character of spies, to explore the camps of the enemy.

2849, *Aliber, the god of wine,*] *i. e.* Liber, Bacchus.

2867—2875.] Echeilieches, Eteocles; Polonices, Polinices; Pertonopus, Parthenopœus.

3012, *He doth by Aristotle's counsaile.*] The tutor—and counsellorship of this philosopher afforded the subject of many productions of the middle ages. The beautiful fableau of "Le lai d'Aristotle," is well known from its publication by Barbazan, and still more from having been analyzed by Le Grand, and translated into English verse by Way. There also exists a German translation of the thirteenth century, printed in Miller's Sammlung, Vol. III. Another work is noticed in the following terms by Warton (Vol. II. p. 8.): "It is pretended by the mystic writers, that Aristotle, in his old age, reviewed his books, and digested his philosophy into one system or body, which he sent in the form of an epistle to Alexander. This is thus described by Lydgate, who has translated part of it:

> "Title of this book *Lapis Philosophorum,*
> Namyd also *De Regimine Principum,*
> Of philosophres *Secretum Secretorum.*——
> The which booke direct to the kyng
> Alysaundre, both in werre and pees,
> Lyke his request and royall commanding
> Fulle accomplishid by Aristotiles."

Gower also introduces these supposed instructions in the 7th book of his Confessio, (*apud* Chalmers's Poets, Vol. II. p. 202.)

Pierre de Vernon, in the 12th century, composed a poem, entitled *Les Enseignemens d'Aristote*, preserved among the MSS. *fonds de l'Eglise de Paris*, N. 5, fol. 173; which begins thus:

> " Primes saciez ke icest tretiez
> Est le secré de secrez numez,
> Ke Aristotle le philosophe y doine,
> Le fiz Nichomache de Macedoine
> A sun deciple Alisandre en bone fei
> Le grant, le fiz à Phelippe le Rei,
> Le fist en sa graunt vielesce.

The same work was translated into French prose; and, in 1528, an English prose version was printed by Copland. Other supposititious works of Aristotle are, " *De Regiminibus Cœlestibus;*"—" Politiques, or Discourses of Government," translated from the French of Louis le Roy, printed in the year 1527, &c.

In the introduction to the life of the doughty cavalier Don Pero Nino, as I am informed in a letter from an ingenious correspondent, as well as in the body of the work, the chronicler had introduced copious accounts of the four ancient worthies, Hector, Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar. But the Spanish editors, with greater pedantry than taste, have expunged these digressions whenever they occurred, " as they deemed it superfluous to retain such manifest fictions." Fortunately, however, these merciless admirers of truth have spared a curious fragment of sixteen or eighteen stanzas, containing the advice which Aristotle gave to his pupil, when he was about to ascend the throne.

3016—3031,] Akaye, Achaia; Romele, (Ru-

melia, (the modern name of Thrace?); Romania, (another name for Thrace?); Gene, Genoa; Saveye, Savoy; Cydoyne, Sidon.

3047, &c. *N'ultow neuer, late no skete,*
A goshawk maken of a kete,
No faucon mak of busard, &c.]

Similar to these lines are two French proverbs, mentioned by Cotgrave: "*On ne peut faire d'hibou esparvier;*" and "*On ne peut d'un pigeon faire un vif esparvier.*"

3099, *Cornythe,*] *i. e.* Corinth.

3268, *Gonnes.*] Notwithstanding the various opinions that have been formed respecting the first use of machines for expelling balls of stone or iron by means of gunpowder, we are far from possessing clear and concise ideas on the subject. Bishop Watson, in his Chemical Essays, has taken some pains to collect authorities, the most curious of which are, 1. That a piece of ordnance still exists at Bamberg, in Germany, inscribed 1303. 2. That passages appear in the works of Roger Bacon, who died 1292, which imply his knowledge of the effects of powder. 3. That the Earls of Derby and Salisbury assisted at the siege of Algesiras, in 1343, where the Moors fired hot bullets; which practice, he thinks, they might have introduced at the battle of Crecy. And yet it does not seem absolutely necessary, that gunpowder should be used for the purpose of ejecting hot balls. The bishop thinks that this article was not manufactured in England before 1417; but he was not aware of a prohibition mentioned by Rymer, as made in 1414, against exporting it. The knowledge of gunpowder might have been brought into Europe from China, or even from India, at a very early period. See Staunton's account of the embassy to China, II. 292; and Bell's travels, II. 54. Mr Warton, in the emendations to

Vol. I. of his History of English Poetry, sign. *b*, has cited a remarkable passage from Petrarch, *de remediis utriusque fortunæ*, in which something very much resembling our modern artillery is mentioned; but the learned writer does not appear to have seen an ancient German edition of this work, in which there is a cut appropriate to the passage, with a cannon, dated 1319. Petrarch must have written the above before 1334, as appears from some internal evidence. Holinshed has recorded the capture of two French ships in 1386, with gunpowder on board; and a marginal note says, that guns were invented six years before; II. p. 1056, edit. 1577. In the "*Leçons de Messie*," p. 33, two old chronicles are mentioned, from which it appears, that the Moors used cannon at a very early period, and long before the siege of Algesiras.

As to the word *gonne*, we have here, perhaps, the earliest use of it that can now be adduced, and it certainly signifies a machine for expelling balls of some kind, or pellets, as Chaucer calls them; but it by no means follows that gunpowder was originally used for this purpose. The period seems too early, if we believe in some of the preceding authorities, at least so far as relates to our own country. A gun might have originally been a machine of the catapult kind; and, on the adoption of powder, having changed its form, might still retain its name, whilst the new materials would take the name of *gun*-powder. There is no term in any of the old northern languages that approaches the word *gonne* in this sense; and Junius's attempt at a Greek derivation is almost unworthy of notice. I once thought it a contraction of *engine*, until I found Chaucer using the words *ginne* and *gonne* together. Somner has plausibly enough derived it from *mangona* or *mangonel*, which was a machine

for throwing stones; but this is objectionable, inasmuch as both machines were in use at the same period. The French are said to have derived their word *canon*, which has been since adopted by ourselves and the Italians, from *canna*, on account of the resemblance of this warlike instrument to a reed; and some have thought that *gun* may be deduced from the same original: but there is likewise an objection to this etymology, because we find in our present instance, that the word was used, according to probability, before gunpowder was invented. It is, however, possible to reverse the argument, and, by adopting the preceding dates on cannons, to affix to this composition an antiquity which it wanted before; the general opinion ascribing its invention to the German monk Schwartz, about the year 1354. Indeed, on the correct sense of the word in question, depends not only the origin of gunpowder, but also the age of our poem itself. The reader will therefore weigh the evidence which is before him, and decide as he thinks proper.—D.

3435, *They thenkith to warde wel that tyde,*
With cartes and waynes strong.]

This simple mode of fortification has always been in use among the Tartars and other pastoral nations. E.

3447—8.] Cecile, probably Cilicia; Ermonye, Armenia.

3512, *Now this gest tellith here*
Of this leche Felipoun.]

The poet here alludes to the story related by Quintus Curtius, of Alexander's noble conduct to his physician Philip, falsely calumniated by Parmenio, who, in a letter to the king, had accused Philip of a design to poison him.—D.

3632, *Casedoyse.*] Probably Capedoyse, *i. e.* Capadocie.

3649, *With his sweord of Cologne.*] The city of Cologne, in Germany, was not only celebrated for the swords manufactured there, but also for its artists, in very ancient times. So, in the German poem of Percival, written in the beginning of the 13th century, the poet Wolfram Von Eschenbach, v. 4705, speaking of the beauty of a knight, says:

> " Von Choelne noch von Mastricht
> Dechein sciltære entwurf en baz."

i. e. " No painter of Cologne or Mastricht could have designed him better."

It will, perhaps, not be considered as out of place to subjoin the following lines from the same romance, as they seem to prove, that, besides the Percival of Chrestien de Troyes, there existed another French poem on the subject by Kyot, a Provencial poet. It occurs at the close of the poem, (v. 24,718.)

> Ob von Troys meister Christian,
> Disem mære hat unrecht getan,
> Daz mach wol zurnen Kyot,
> Der uns die rehten mære entbot.
> Endehaft giht der Provenzal
> Wie Harceloyden kind den Graal
> Erwarp, &c.

The following is a literal version of these verses: " Because master Christian of Troys has done wrong to this tale, Kyot may wel be angry for it, who has told us the true story. In the end, the Provençal (poet) tells us how the child of Herceloyd (Percival) obtained the Graal," &c. See also *Ritson's Romances*, III. 245.

3690, &c.] Daries are probably subjects of Darius (a singular word, perhaps fabricated by the author); Perseniens, Persians; Turkeis, Turks;

Escleiris, perhaps, as Mr Douce conjectures, people of Esthaol in Palestine; Mediens, Medes; Capadoces, Capadocians; Suliens, Syrians (Surry was a very usual apellation for Syria); Caldians, Chaldeans; Ebriens, Hebrews; Cretiens, Cretans; Partiens, Parthians; Emaniens, (people about Emaus?)

3795, *Other tole nane I payd.*] Alluding to the tribute demanded of Alexander by Darius.

3830, *Egregies.*] For Gregeis, Greeks.

3862, *He blew his horn, saun doute.*] The fabulous horn of Alexander, which is here only slightly hinted at, is described, in the words of Warton, as being of such magnitude that he "gave the signal to the whole army" with it, and that it "might be heard at the distance of sixty miles, being blown or sounded by sixty men at once." The same horn is mentioned in the Secretum Secretorum, and is nigh akin to the miraculous horns of the Orlando Innamorato, and the Orlando Furioso.

4088, *Estrage.*] The Italian prose life of Alexander says, that the Persian name for this river was Stragma, from which this word may possibly be corrupted.—E.

The Latin copy calls the river Grancus, *i. e.* Granicus, and says it was named Stagnia by the Persians.—D.

4160, *And saide, "Of tale beo smart,*
Alisaundre thyseolf thou hit art."]

In the Italian life of Alexander, Darius suspects Alexander's disguise from the haughtiness of his language.—E.

4178, *Pyment.*] Pyment and claret, which are often mentioned in these volumes, are spiced or artificial wines; indeed the latter seems only to have been a species of the former, as will appear from

the following passage from Mamotrect. ad 3. Reg. c. 20.: "Pigmenta, *i. e.* confectiones ex vino et melle et diversis speciebus suaves et odoriferos. Hoc pigmentum, vulgariter claretum." And in Bartholinus de Proprietate Rerum, lib. xix. c. 56., we have the following account of claret: "Claretum ex vino et melle et speciebus aromaticis confectum: nam species aromaticæ in subtilissimum pulverem conteruntur, et in sacco lineo vel mundo cum melle vel Zucara reponuntur. Vino autem optimo species perfunduntur, et reperfunduntur quemadmodum fit lixivia, et tamdiu renovatur perfusio, donec virtus specierum vino incorporetur, et optime clarificetur, unde a vino contrahit fortitudinem et acumen, a speciebus autem retinet aromaticitatem et odorem, sed a melle dulcedinem mutuatur et saporem."

4300, *The king dude sette out his dragoun,*
And on his tent a gold lyoun.]

According to Leigh's Accidence of Armory, "Alexander did bear gules, a lion, or," and so his arms are represented in a cut to the French romance of the Nine Worthies, 1487.—E. D.

3421, *Hit fareth by a mon so by the floure:*
Bote after no may he dure!
So glyt away so doth the fure.]

"As a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone." *Psalm* ciii. 15, 16.

4781, &c. *Ysidre*, &c.] Ysidre, as Mr Warton observes, is probably Isidorus Hispaliensis, a Latin author of the seventh century. Eustroge is certainly Eutropius, who is quoted also as an authority in the Latin MS. *penes* Mr Douce. The mention of Saint Jerome seems to militate against the supposition of Mr Douce, (see p. 300 of this volume) that the Jerome noticed in the Latin MS.

is not the Saint, but Jeronimus Cardanus. It is, however, more probable that the English poet committed a blunder, as St Jerome was undoubtedly most familiar to him. Denys (v. 4790.) is certainly Dionysius Halicarnassus; Magestene, Megasthenes, mentioned in the same MS.; and by Pompey, as Mr Warton says, the poet means Justin's Trogus Pompeius, whom he confounds with Pompey the Great.

4805, *Facen.*] That is, the city of Phasis.

4862, *Gangarides.*] The inhabitants of this island are the Pigmies of antiquity, though not of equal minuteness. Those of Mandeville are described in the following manner: "This reuere goth thourgh the lond of Pigmeis, and tho men be of litill statur, for they be but of thre palme long; and they be right fayre folke though thei be litill. And they be weddyd wan they be halfe a yere old, and they leue but vii. yere; and he that leuith viii. yere is holdon right old. Thes smale men trauayle right nowght, but they haue amonge hem right gret men to travell for them. And they haue gret mervaile of thes men as we wold haue of geante amonge vs."

In the German romance of Duke Ernestus, they are represented as reaching only to the knee of an ordinary man; they lived in continual dread of a large kind of birds, upon whose eggs, which they privately stole, they subsisted. See the abstract of this curious romance at the end of these notes on King Alisaunder.

4932, *Flesshe hy eten raw and hoot.*] This description suits well enough for the Calmucks and other Tartars.

4973, *Another folk*, &c.] These people are the *Himantipodes* of Pomponius Mela, and the *Loripedes* of Pliny and Solinus. In the romance of Ernestus, quoted above, they also occur, and are

denominated Plattfeet, and in the Latin poem on the same subject, written by Odo about the year 1200, *Scenopedæ*. Mandeville also asserts, that "In Ethiope be sech folke that haue bot o fott, and they go so fast, that yt ys mervayle to tell, and yt ys a large fott, for yt makyth schadowe and couers the body fro the sonne."

5182, *Solim.*] The Polyhistor of Julius Solinus, which, on account of the wonders it records, was in high favour in the middle ages; and, according to Vossius, was even translated into hexameter in the twelfth century.

5348, *Dragouns.*] The description of the dragon conquered by Sir Bevis has already been quoted by Bishop Percy (Reliques, iii. 217.) from the printed copy. The oldest copy of that romance, preserved in the Auchinleck MS., is, however, so completely different from any other, (excepting a large fragment in a MS. lately discovered, and now in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford, which coincides pretty generally with it) that I am tempted to extract the passage as it stands there:

After Josian'is cristing, (*a*)
Beues dede a gret fighting,—
Swich bataile ded neuer non
Cristene man of flesch and bon,—
Of a dragoun thar beside,
That Beues slough ther in that tide:
Saue Sire Launcelet de Lake,
He faught with a fur-drake, (*b*)
And Wade dede also, (*c*)
And neuer knightes boute thai to,

(*a*) Baptism. (*b*) Fire-drake.

(*c*) This is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the achievements of this hero, the loss of whose *gest*, which is mentioned by Chaucer, has been so much deplored. Wade's adventure with the dragon is only alluded to in the Auchinleck and Stafford MSS. of Sir Bevis.

And Gij of Warwik ich understonde
Slough a dragoun in Northhomberlonde.
How that ilche (*a*) dragoun com ther
Ich wile yow telle in what manere.
Thar was a king in Poyle-lond, (*b*)
And another in Calabre ich vnderstonde,
This twe kinge foughte i-fere (*c*)
More than foure and tventi yere,
That hii (*d*) neuer pes (*e*) n'olde, (*f*)
Nather for seluer ne for golde;
And all the contrè, saun doute,
Thai distruede al aboute.
Thai hadde mani mannes kours, (*g*)
Wharthourgh hii ferden wel the wors.
Tharfore hii deide in dedli sinne,
And helle pine (*h*) thai gan hem winne.
After, in a lite (*i*) while,
Thai become dragouns vile; (*k*)
And so thai foughte i-fere
More than foure and thretti yere.
An ermite was in that londe,
That was feld (*l*) of Godes Sond. (*m*)

(*a*) Same. (*b*) Apulia. (*c*) Together. (*d*) They.
(*e*) Peace. (*f*) Ne wolde, would not. (*g*) Curse.
(*h*) Pain. (*i*) Little.

(*k*) This transformation is not without numerous parallels, both in English and foreign romance. To the beautiful ballad of Kempion, in the Minstrelsy of the Border, (edit. 1810, iii. 15.) which is founded on a similar metamorphosis, an account of numerous others, collected from various authorities, is prefixed, to which the reader is referred. In the highly popular German story-book, "The horny Siegfried," Florigunda, the daughter of King Gilbaldus, resident at Worms, is seized by a fire-drake and carried to his castle, called Drachenstein (*i. e.* the Rock of the Dragon.) The drake, on Easterday, is transformed into a man, and informs her that, after five years, he would reassume his original human shape and marry her. He is, however, disappointed; for the hero of the tale previously destroys him, and delivers the maiden. See also the extravagant but romantic tale "The Sisters," in the Popular Tales of the Germans, collected by Musæus, which, as well as the other stories in that collection, is founded upon real traditions among the people, though clothed by the collector in a flippant modern style.

(*l*) Qu. waled, chosen? (*m*) Ambassador; hence Godes Sond, *i. e.* the Messiah.

To Jesu Christ a' (*a*) bad (*b*) a bone,
That he deliure the dragouns sone
Out of that ilche stede,
That hii na more harm ne dede:
And Jesu Christ that sit in heuene
Wel herde that ermites steuene, (*c*)
And grauntede him 'is praiere.
Anon the dragouns both i-fere
Tok her flight and flowe awai:
Thar neuer eft (*d*) men hem ne sai.
That on flegh anon withthan
Til a' com to Toscan.
That other dragoun 'is flight nome (*e*)
To Seinte Peter 'is brige of Rome:
Thar he schel leggen ai (*f*)
Til hit come domesdai;
And eueri seue yer ones,
Whan the dragoun moweth (*g*) 'is bones,
Thanne cometh a roke (*h*) and a stink
Out of the water, vnder the brink,
That men therof taketh the feuere,
That neuer after mai he keuere; (*i*)
And who that n'el nought leue (*k*) me
Wite (*l*) at pilgrimes that ther hath be;
For thai can tell yow, I wis,
Of that dragoun how it is.
That other than flegh an highe,
Thourgh Toskan and Lombardie,
Thourgh Prouince, withouten ensoin, (*m*)
Into the lond of Coloyne.
Thar the dragon gan ariue
At Coloyne vnder a cliue (*n*)
His eren were rowe (*o*) and ek long;
His frount before hard and strong:
Eighte toskes at 'is mouth stod out,
The leste was seuentene ench about.
The her (*p*) the cholle (*q*) vnder the ching; (*r*)
He was bothe leith (*s*) and grim.

(*a*) He. (*b*) Prayed. (*c*) Prayer. (*d*) After.
(*e*) Took. (*f*) Lay for ever. (*g*) Moveth.
(*h*) Reke, smoke.
(*i*) Recover. This is a strange account of the fevers arising from the Pontine Marshes in the Campagna di Roma.
(*k*) Believe. (*l*) Know, inquire. (*m*) Hinderance.
(*n*) Cliff. (*o*) Rough. (*p*) Hair. (*q*) [?] (*r*) Chin.
(*s*) Loathsome.

A' was i-mained ase a stede ;
The heued (*a*) a' bar with meche pride.
Betwene the scholder and the taile
Foure and twenti fot, saun faile :
His taile was of gret stringethe, (*b*)
Sextene fot a' was a' lingthe.
His bodi as a win-tonne ;
Whan hit schon the brighte sonne,
His wingges schon so the glas.
His sides wer hard ase eni bras,
His brest was hard ase eni ston ;
A fouler thing n'as neuer non.

L. 2597-2680.

In the *Glossæ Blasianæ*, which were collected in the 9th, 11th, 12th centuries, and printed behind *Gerberti Iter Aleman.*, we have the following interpretation of the Teutonic term Draho : " Draco basiliscus regulus vel sibilus, eo quod sit rex serpentium, adeo ut eum videntes fugiant, quia olfactu suo eos necat : a mustelis tamen vincitur."

A singular property of the blood of a dragon was supposed to be, its imparting to the skin, which was bathed in it, perfect impenetrability, and security from the usual effects of any weapon, by giving it a kind of horny consistence. Siegfried, a very celebrated hero of German romance, thus obtained the same quality which is ascribed to Achilles and Orlando. Unfortunately a leaf being attached to his back, the part covered by it was not hardened by the property of the blood, and in this part he was stabbed by his treacherous kinsmen while stooping to drink the water of a rivulet. From his impenetrability he obtained the epithet of hurnin (*i. e.* horny) ; but the ignorant modern printers of his prose history always represent him in the wood cuts with two horns, though the text gives the authentic reason for his denomination. In one of the

(*a*) Head. (*b*) Strength.

German romances of Troy, by Conrad von Wuerzburg, consisting of about 60,000 lines, the armour of Peleus is said to have been hardened and rendered impenetrable in the fat and gall of a dragon, by "a smith y-cleped Vulcan."

5684, *Paradys terrene.*] The terrestrial paradise was too attractive an object for the fancy of the writers of the chivalrous ages, not to have tempted them to give splendid descriptions of it. Our poet has, however, strangely contented himself with merely mentioning its situation, though, in some of the foreign romances on the same subject, it is pourtrayed at large. According to Mandeville, it is situated on a hill, the summit of which reaches up to the moon. The monks, in order to make their pious legends equally attractive as the tales of knights and ladies, introduced most fascinating pictures of happiness in the terrestrial as well as the celestial paradise, and contrasted them with a representation of the torments of purgatory and hell. The immortal poem of Dante was, however, written with a very different view; and indeed its excellencies are of such a superlative nature, that they cannot be mentioned, when the pious but crabbed compositions of monks are enumerated. It may, however, be observed, as an instance of most unaccountable neglect, that the *Divina Comedia*, till very modern times, has never been translated into any other language; at least, not to the knowledge of the editor. At the same time, the joys of heaven, and the torments of hell, were minutely detailed in various old monkish legends. One of the most lively, but certainly one of the strangest, is the fabliau, entitled *Le Court de Paradis*, (Barbazan's Fabliaux, edit. 1808, III. 128.) In English, the longest poem of the kind is "The Legend of Tundale," and the most poetical, "Sir Owaine,"

which we will mention immediately. Among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, there is one which contains the "Reuelacion, the which William Staunton saw in Patrike's purgatorie, the Friday next after the fest of the exaltacion of the Crosse, in the yere of owre Lord M,CCCC,IX." In the latter part of the seventeenth century, we find the same passion continue, an instance of which is "The Dead Man's Song," printed in Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 286; and, in the eighteenth century, we still meet with similar relations, of which the following title of a pamphlet, printed in 1709, may serve as a proof: "The London Wonder, or the Maiden Trance; being a strange and true relation of one Sarah Barker, near the Royal Exchange, of 16 years of age; who, on the 31st of July last (being in perfect health), fell into a deep trance, and lay as dead for three days and nights together; when, as they were going to bury her, she came to life again, to the amazement of all that saw her; and declared what strange things she had seen in the other world, as the joys of heaven, and the dismal terrors of hell; and how an angel, all in white, told her what should happen in England and France betwixt this and December next; and it would as surely come to pass as she should die three days after, which happened accordingly: With her last prayer, written by her own hand a little before she died, which she left as a legacy to all young persons of both sexes, to put them in mind of mortality.—London, printed for Thomas Wells, in Holbourn, 1709."

The wonderful purgatory of St Patrick, the original establishment of which was even dramatized in the seventeenth century by Calderon in Spain, and Shirley in England, undoubtedly contributed to the origin and continuation of this attachment to thes-

wonderful relations. The legend of Tundale is preserved in MS. Jac. V. 27, in the Advocate's Library; and Calig. A. 12, in the Cotton Library. Sir Owaine's visions also occur in the latter MS.; and in the celebrated Auchinleck MS. is another very different copy. Tundale seems to be later, and contains nearly the same descriptions of pains and delights as Owaine dilated into a much longer poem. The gate of the terrestrial paradise is thus described in Sir Owaine, perfectly in the oriental style of magnificence:

Forther more he gan y-se
A gate, non fairer might be
In this world y-wrought.
Tre no steel (*a*) n'as theron non,
Bot rede gold and precious ston,
And all God made of nought,

Jaspers, topas and cristal,
Margarites (*b*) and coral,
And riche safer (*c*) stones,
Ribes and salidoines,
Onicles and causteloines,
And diamaunce for the nones:

In tabernacles they wer y-wrought,
Richer might it be nought,
With pilers gent and smal;
Arches y-bent, with charbukel ston,
Knottes of rede gold theropon,
And pinacles of cristal.

Be as miche as our Saueour
Is quainter than goldsmithe or paintour,
That woneth in ani lond,
So far the gates of paradis
Er richer y-wrought, forsothe Y wis,
As ye may vnderstond.

Want of room prevents our proceeding further than the gates, but the description of the paradise

(*a*) Wood or steel. (*b*) Pearls. (*c*) Sapphire.

itself is no less splendid. The four rivers which issue from paradise we will, however, enumerate here, as they are alluded to in the text:

Dison men clepeth that o strem,
That is of swithe bright lem*;
Gold is therin y-founde.
Kison men clepeth that other, Y wis,
That is of miche more priis
Of stones in the grounde.

The thridde strem is Eufrates,
For sothe to telle, withouten les,
That rinneth swithe right.
The ferte strem is Tigris,
In the world 'is like n'is
Of stones swithe bright.

5772, *In the water hy swimme and yede.*] The same people are described by Mandeville, as inhabiting the island of Ermes. In the same island, he relates, "be the scheppes wythoutten naylis of yren or bondes of yren, for rockes of adamantes that be in the see that will drawe schepis to hem." Similar mountains occur in the story of the Third Calender in the Arabian Nights, in the Legend of St Brandanus, and in the Latin and German romances of Duke Ernest of Bavaria.

5890, *Maugre Picard and Bretoun.*] This seems to have been a proverbial expression, originally occasioned by the English wars in France.

5916, *Bramande.*] The inhabitants of this island are evidently the Bramins of the East Indies. They are the only people mentioned in the English romance, which in any way suit the description of the Gymnosophists. Alexander's adventures with these, as has been mentioned in the introduction, are the subject of a very obscure alliterative poem in the Bodleian Library, beginning thus:

* Brightness, light.—Sax.

Whan this weith at his wil wedering hadde,
Ful rathe rommede he ryding the dirce.
To Oridrace with his ost Alixandre wendes,
There wild contre was wist and wondurful peple,
That weren proued ful proude and prys of hem helde.
Of bodi went thei bar, without any wede,
And hadde graue on the grounde many grete cauys;
Ther her wonnynge was wyntyrus and somerus.
Nor fyre nor no fur-stede sothli thei ne hadde,
But holus holwe in the grounde to hide hem inne.

5968, *Gog—Magog.*] The fables related of these nations, and of their seclusion from the rest of the world, by means of a wall built by Alexander*, which are recounted in this romance, are so extraordinary, that the reader is here presented with some other accounts of the same tradition. The following is part of the eighteenth chapter of the Koran, entitled "The Cave," where Mahomet incorporates into the creed of his followers, these tales, which were probably much more ancient than the period in which he lived. It should be premised, that Dhu'lkarnein, *i. e.* the two-horned, though generally said to mean Alexander the Great, is, by other commentators, pronounced to have been another great conqueror, who was a king of Persia of the first race, and contemporary with Abraham. "The Jews will ask thee concerning Dhu'lkarnein. Answer, I will rehearse unto you an account of him. We made him powerful in the earth, and we gave him means to accomplish every thing he pleased. And he followed his way, until he came to the place where the sun setteth; and he found it to set in a spring of black mud: and he found near the

* The wall certainly existed, as will be seen by the extract from Warton, quoted at the end of this note, and was probably built to preserve the northern provinces of Persia from the incursions of the Scythians, called, by the Orientals, the people of Jagiouge and Magiouge.

same a certain people. And we said, O Dhu'lkarnein! either punish this people, or use gentleness towards them. He answered, Whosoever of them shall commit injustice, we will surely punish him in this world; afterwards shall he return unto his Lord, and he shall punish him with a severe punishment. But whosoever believeth, and doth that which is right, shall receive the most excellent reward, and we will give him in command that which is easy. Then he continued his way, and he came to the place where the sun riseth; and he found it to rise on certain people, unto whom we had not given any thing wherewith to shelter themselves*. Thus it was; and we comprehended with our knowledge the forces which were with him. And he prosecuted his journey from south to north, until he came between the two mountains, beneath which he found certain people, who could scarce understand what was said. And they said, O Dhu'lkarnein! verily, Gog and Magog waste the land; shall we therefore pay thee tribute, on condition that thou shalt build a rampart between us and them? He answered, The power wherewith my Lord hath strengthened me, is better than your tribute: but assist me strenuously, and I will set a strong wall between you and them. Bring me iron in large pieces, until it fill up the space between the two sides of these mountains. And he said to the workmen, Blow with your bellows, until it make the iron red-hot as fire. And he said further, Bring me molten brass, that I may pour upon it. Wherefore, when this wall was finished, Gog and Magog could not scale it, neither could they dig through it. And Dhu'lkarnein said, This is a mercy from

* Evidently the Bramans of the romance, and probably the Troglodytes of antiquity.

my Lord; but when the prediction of my Lord shall come to be fulfilled, he shall reduce the wall to dust; and the prediction of my Lord is true. On that day we will suffer some of them to press tumultously like waves on others; and the trumpet shall be sounded, and we will gather them in a body together. And we will set hell on that day before the unbelievers; whose eyes have been veiled from my remembrance, and who could not hear my word." —Sale's Koran, Lond. 1807-8. ii. 104.

The following is the account of the same nations and their imprisonment in Sir John Mandeville's travels: "Among thes hilles that be there, be the Jews of the ix. kyndes enclosed, that men call Gog and Magog, and they may not come out on no syde. Here were enclosyd xxii. kynges * with her folke that dwellyd ther before, and betwen the hilles of Sichy and the kingdom of Alisaundir. He droffe hem theder among thes hillis, for he trowed for to haue enclosyd hem there thourgh strength and worckyng of mannys hond, but he myght not. And than he prayed God that he wold fullfill that he had begon, and God hard his prayer and enclosyd thes hillis togedyr, so that the Jews dwell there as they were lokyd and speryd † inne; and there be hillis all abowght hem but on on syde. Why ne go they not out? seist thou. But therto I aunsswer, thou yt be soo that yt be callyd a cee, yt ys a stanke stondyng among hillis. And yt ys the grettest stanke of all the world, and yf they went ouer the see they wot not where to aryve, for they wot not to speke but her owne langage; and ye shall [knowe] that the Jues haue no lond of her owne in all the worlde but they that dwellen in tho hillis, and yet they

* So in the Romance, line 6136, "two and twenty kynges fram Gog."

† Sparred, *i. e.* shut up.

bere tribute to the quene of Ermony. And somtyme yt ys soo that some Jewes gon on the hill, but they may not passe, for thes hillis be so heigh; neverthelasse men seye of that cuntre therbye, that in the tyme of Antecriste they shall comon out and do mochyll harme to Cristenmen. And therefore all the Jewes that dwellen in dyvers partise of the world lern to speke Ebrewe, for they trowe that dwell amonge thes hillis schall com out and they speke Ebrewe and not ellis. And in tyme of Antecriste shall thyse Jewes comen out and speke Ebrewe, and leden other Jewes into Cristendom for to dysstroye Cristenmen; for they wotte be her prophecies that they schall com out of Cristenmen, schall be in her subieccion, as they be nowe vnder Crystenmen. An yf ye will wit howe they schall com and fynd passage out, as I have hard saye, I schall tell you. At the comyng of Antecrist, a fox schall com and make his den in the sam place where that Kyng Alysaunder ded make the gattes, and schall travaile so on the erth and perce yt thorowe till that he com among the Jewes; and whan they see thys foxe, they schall have gret marwell of hym, for they seye neuer such maner of bestes, for othyr bestes they have amonge hem many, but non such; and they schall chase the fox, and pursue hym till he be flede agen to the hole ther he came out of; and than schall they grave after hem tyll the tyme they com to the yates that Kyng Alysaundyr dyde make of gret stonys will dight with symend; and they schall brek thes yates, and so schall they fynd issue."

In the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, there is a novel pointed out to me by a correspondent, which relates the same event (Giornata xx. Nov. 1.) with some singular variations. Alexander inclosed the ten tribes of Israel in the mountains of Gog

and Magog. In order to keep them in subjection, he fixed a number of trumpets on the tops of the mountains, so cunningly framed, that they resounded with every breeze. In the course of time certain birds built their nests in the mouths of the trumpets and stopped them up, so that the clangour gradually lessened. And when the trumpets were quite silent, the Jews ventured to climb over the mountains, and sallied forth. Their seclusion, it seems, had converted them into the Tartar nations. And the great Cham of Tartary to this very day wears a feather in his cap, as a memorial of the signal services which the birds had rendered his forefathers.

The same fable is mentioned in the German romance of Titurel, or the Guardians of the Graal, by Wolfram von Eschenback, a poet who flourished about 1220. The people inclosed are named the *red Jews*, and the height of the mountains which confine them, is said to equal that of the rainbow. And in the German tale of Apollonius of Tyre, mentioned before, the nations of Gog, Magog, and Kolck (probably Colchis), are described at great length. Their length is said to be nine feet, six of which are appropriated to the legs, and three to the arms; they have canine faces, and are clad in skins of lions. Their food is the flesh of wolves, dogs, and men, and their drink the milk of mares. Their armour is described to be of horn, and their bows three ells in length. Their number exceeds one hundred thousand. Museum fuer Altdeutsche Literatur, Berlin, 1809, p. 265.

The subsequent history of this extraordinary wall is thus related by Warton, (Hist. Engl. Poetry, Vol. I. Dissertation i. p. 14, note *e*.) "About the year 808, the caliph Al Amin having heard wonderful reports concerning this wall or barrier, sent his interpreter, Salam, with a guard of fifty men, to view

it. After a dangerous journey of near two months, Salam and his party arrived in a desolated country, where they beheld the ruins of many cities destroyed by the Jajiouge and Majiouge. In six days more they reached the castles near the mountain Kokaiya, or Caucasus. This mountain is inaccessibly steep, perpetually covered with snow and thick clouds, and encompasses the country of the Jajiouge and Majiouge, which is full of cultivated fields and cities. At an opening of this mountain the fortress appears: and travelling forwards, at the distance of two stages, they found another mountain, with a ditch cut through it one hundred and fifty cubits wide; and within the aperture an iron gate fifty cubits high, supported by vast buttresses, having an iron bulwark crowned with iron turrets, reaching to the summit of the mountain itself, which is too high to be seen. The valves, lintels, threshold, lock and key, are all represented as of proportionable magnitude. The governor of the castle, above mentioned, once in every week, mounted on horseback, with ten others on horseback, comes to this gate, and striking it three times with a hammer, weighing five pounds, and then listening, hears a murmuring noise from within. This noise is supposed to proceed from the Jagiouge and Majiouge confined there. Salam was told that they often appeared on the battlements of the bulwark. He returned, after passing twenty-eight months on this extraordinary expedition. Pliny, speaking of the Portæ Caucasiæ, mentions, 'ingens naturæ opus, montibus interruptis repente, ubi fores obditæ ferratis trabibus,' &c. Nat. Hist. lib. vi. c. 2. Czar Peter the first, in his expedition to Persia, had the curiosity to survey the ruins of this wall: and some leagues within the mountain, he found a skirt of it which seemed entire, and was about fifteen feet high. In some other

parts it is still six or seven feet in height. It seems at first sight to be built of stone; but it consists of petrified earth, sand and shells, which compose a substance of great solidity. It has been chiefly destroyed by the neighbouring inhabitants for the sake of the materials; and most of the adjacent towns and villages are built out of its ruins. This work probably preceded the time of Alexander: it does not appear, from the course of his victories, that he ever came near the Caspian gates."

6044, *&c.*] Esclanomye is probably Sclavonia; the Chichis, the Circassians, or more probably the Tschetsches, a nation who dwell near the Caucasus.

6200, *The kyng was of hardy blood,*
With heom he wente undur the flod.]

In the great French, and most of the other fabulous lives of Alexander, he descends into the sea, inclosed in a vessel of glass, merely to obtain a knowledge of fishes and other marine productions. He also, on the back of a gryphon, soars through the air, but unfortunately descends in a place very remote from his army, which he rejoins after undergoing great difficulties and hardships.

6266, *Durwes the leynthe of on elne,*] *i. e.* dwarfs. This is the second nation of such diminutive men mentioned in the text. See note on v. 4862.

6311, *Garmacien.*] The Garamantes, of whom Pliny says, "matrimoniorum exortes, passim cum feminis degunt."

6317, *Sorebotes.*] Syrbotæ. Pliny says they were eight cubits in height.

6319, *Cenophalis.*] The Cynocephali; a nation with dogs' heads, whose milk, according to Pliny, furnished other nations with sustenance.—D.

6325, *Azachæ.*] Asachæ. Pliny says they lived by hunting elephants.

6334, *On hond they creopeth at o word,*] *i. e.* to Alexander.

6338, *Sanbereis.*] Pliny mentions the Symbari and Sambri as inhabitants of these regions, but he does not ascribe to them the properties here given them.—D.

6341, *Mauritymy.*] Probably the isles of Mauritania.—D.

6357, *Agofagy.*] "Agriophagi pantherarum et leonum carnibus maxime viventes." *Plin.*

6359, *Archapitis.*] "Arthabatitæ quadrupedum ferarum modo vagi." *Plin.*—D.

6371, *Cinomolgris.*] "Cynomolgi, caninis capitibus." *Plin.*—D.

6384, *Macropy.*] The Macrobii of Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and Herodotus.

6387, *Christianté.*] A comical anachronism. The Ethiopians were, however, Christians in our poet's time.—D.

6389, *Sibely savage.*] I suspect this lady to have been the subject of a formerly celebrated and popular sign called the "Belle Savage." The Queen of Sheba was certainly as well chosen on this occasion as the wise men of the East, afterwards metamorphosed into the three Kings of Cologne.—D.

According to a romance or legend, printed in a collection, 1798 in 8vo, in the old Platt-Dutch tongue, which very nearly resembles the Anglo-Saxon, the following is said to have been the manner in which the valuable reliques of the three kings were brought to Milan, from whence, in the 12th century, they were transferred to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Enticia, the wife of Zeno, a nobleman of Verona, after having been long barren, was delivered of a boy, who was conveyed to the door of another Zeno, Archbishop of Milan, by the means of Satan himself. The latter

then returned and occupied the empty cradle. Notwithstanding every possible care, the fictitious child did not thrive. Young Zeno was sent, by the bishop, to the high school of Babylon; and, in his eighteenth year, was well versed in every science excepting magic, to study which he repaired to Spain *, where he became a perfect necromancer in the space of three years. Upon his return, his talents and advancement provoked the envy of a nobleman, who publicly called him a bastard. The youth immediately determined to seek out his father, and at last discovered him very poor, having wasted his substance to preserve the sickly changeling. When the real son appeared, the devil endeavoured to escape, but was detained and inclosed in a vial by the art of the young magician †, and exhibited to the guests, who, probably terrified by the science of the youth, immediately restored the property of his father. Zeno was anxious to present the vial, with its contents, to the archbishop, as a fee for his education, but an unfortunate nurse was tempted by the fair promises of Satan to draw the cork, for which kindness the monster broke her neck. The devil fled

* Toledo is mentioned as the most celebrated school of magic, and similar sciences, by Pulci:

> " Questa città di Tolleto solea
> Tenere studio di negromanzia:
> Quivi di magica arte si leggea
> Pubblicamente e di piromanzia;
> E molti geomanti sempre avea,
> E sperimenti assai d'idromanzia,
> E d'altre false opinion di sciocchi,
> Come è fatture o spesso batter gli occhi."
>
> *Parnaso Italiano*, IX. 144.

† This will remind the reader of Asmodeus in the Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, and of the devil in the Diablo Cojuelo of Luis de Guevara, the prototype of the former, and in many respects not inferior to it.

to the east, and possessed the body of a princess*; he was, however, so imprudent, in a confidential humour, to confess that Zeno, and he alone, could drive him out. The king immediately dispatched ambassadors to Verona, and the magician promised, within thirty days, to appear in the presence of his majesty. He was, however, during this month, remarkably busy, and did not recollect his promise till the last evening. Though dissuaded from proceeding on his journey by his father, he went out to consult the stars, and at the door found a horse, which he immediately mounted, having put the vial for inclosing Satan into his pocket. The horse proved to be another demon, who promised to show him the burial-place of the three kings, upon condition that he should not be treated in the manner his companion Satan had been. The paction was concluded, and the devil performed his part of the promise. Zeno then proceeded to the court, and, at his approach, Satan rapidly left the body of the princess. The equestrian devil was now dismissed, and proceeded to his proper place of residence, and poor Satan, again condemned to his confinement, begged him not to mention his disgrace and ignominious imprisonment to his companions. Zeno now dug up the coffins of the three kings, and conveyed them to Milan. The vial, with its infernal inhabitant, he presented to the archbishop, with whom he and his father lived the rest of their days. The remainder of the romance contains the subsequent history of the relics, and their final quiet rest in the cathedral of Cologne.

6419, *No nose.*] "Ferunt certe ab Oriente parte intima [Æthiopiæ] gentes esse sine naribus, æquali totius oris planitie." *Plin.*—D.

* Here again we have part of Machiavelli's celebrated tale of Belphegor.

6443, *Orisine.*] Pliny has exactly described these people as inhabiting the eastern side of Ethiopia, but has not mentioned their name, so that our author must have used some other authority.—D.

6457, *Auryalyn.*] A very proper name for these long-eared gentry, but it does not occur in Pliny. He speaks of an Indian nation whose ears covered their whole body.—D.

6519, *A best y-cleped Cessus.*] This is the Cephus of Pliny.—D.

6539, *Monoceros.*] Pliny has given a similar description of this animal.

6564, *Catathleba.*] Catoblepa. *Plin.*

6573, *Tiger.*] An evident mistake, probably of the poet, for Niger.—D.

6763, *Trowes two.*] These wonderful trees are mentioned in the following manner by Mandeville: "And beyond that ys a gret wildyrnes. As men saye there ben tres of the sonne and the mone, that spake to Kynge Alisaunder and told hym of hys deth. And men say tho that kepe tho tres and eten frewght of hem they leve CCCC. or V^c. yere, thorowe the vertu of the frewght. And," continues Sir John, very ingenuously, "we wold gladly haue gone thedyr, but an C. men of armis schuld not haue passyd that wildyrness, for gret plentè of wyld bestes, as dragons and addars, that slen men oft tymys." Oger the Dane is said to have eaten of the fruit, and, in consequence of it, to have been living at the time his fabulous legend was written.

6956, *The trough answerid in gret yre.*] Alexander's repeated questions, and the final anger of the wondrous tree, bear some resemblance to the scene in Macbeth, where the usurper, after repeated questions to the ghosts conjured up, is denied any further information by the witches.

7047, *Seresys.*] Is not this the name which the

ancients are supposed to have given to the Chinese, afterwards, in the middle ages, called Cathay? At least such is the opinion of William de Rubriquis, a traveller of the 13th century.—D.

The description of these people, which extends to l. 7086, suits the manners of the Chinese, in many circumstances, remarkably well.

7094, *Cales and mantecores.*] Cales is the cale of Pliny, an imaginary animal, described as a compound of the elephant and boar. The manticore is a monster having three rows of teeth, with the face of a man and the body of a lion. *Pliny and Gesner.*—D.

7111, *Cadace.*] Probably the same as the manticore described in the preceding note.

7792, *Neubrok,*] *i. e.* Nimrod. Amyramis, v. 7798, is Semiramis, and Aufriten, v. 7803, the Euphrates.

7916, &c.] Tebie, Thebes; Portyngale, Portugal; Poyle, Apulia; Land of Laboure, la Terra di Lavoro, a province in which the city of Naples is situated; Sullye, Syria; Jafes, Joppa; Esclaveyn, Sclavonia; Constantyn theo noble, Constantinople; Caucas, the Caucasian countries; Melonas, Milano, or else the isle of Melos (the Bodl. MS. reads Malleus); Bandas (Banasa, *Plin.?*); Albyenne, Albania; Armonye, Armenia; Orcanye, Hircania.

*** The following abstract of a curious German romance is here inserted, on account of its containing descriptions of fabulous nations and other wonders, several of which also occur in King Alisaunder.

ABSTRACT

OF

DUKE ERNEST OF BAVARIA,

A GERMAN METRICAL ROMANCE,

BY HENRY VON VELDECK.

This romance is the work of Henry von Veldeck, a poet of the twelfth century. This date is completely ascertained by some lines in his Æneid, which differs widely from Virgil's original, and was probably translated from the French. In these lines he mentions that he completed the greater part of the poem in 1186 *. He died soon after the beginning of the following century, about which time his contemporary Wolfram von Eschenbach bewailed his death. Both the Æneis and the present poem

* The poet also refers to the solemnity of knighting two sons of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa at Mentz, which he had witnessed himself (v. 13020-13051.) This corroborates the date of the poem, were any such corroboration necessary. Veldeck says that many thousand marks were spent at the feast. Guiot de Provins, the French satirist (v. 278.), speaks of the splendour exhibited there as matchless:

——" De l'Emperéor Ferri
Vos puis bien dire que je vi
Qu'il tient cort à Maience :
Ice vos di-je sanz doutance.
C'onques sa pareille ne fu."

are written in a strain of very fluent versification; and many passages exhibit very splendid poetical talents. The former is printed in Miller's Collection, and the latter in the continuation lately begun by Hagen and Buesching, both from MSS. not older than the beginning of the 15th century.

The story of Duke Ernest of Bavaria has obtained a high degree of popularity in Germany; but who was the real hero has not been absolutely ascertained. Some have given the honour to Count Ernest, from Bavaria, who, in the year 865, was declared guilty of treason, together with the Franconian Count Wernher. Others, with still less probability, have fixed upon Henry the Lion, the celebrated Duke of Brunswick, who flourished in the time of our poet, chiefly on account of the similarity of an adventure which occurs in the present romance to one narrated in his own fabulous history. (See a subsequent note.) The most probable conjecture is, that Ernestus II. Duke of Bavaria, whose mother the Emperor Conrad married, and against whom he several times revolted, is the real hero. He died in 1030, and was buried at Rossthal, near Nuremberg, where St Irmegart also lies interred. (See the end of the Abstract.)

There is a Latin poem by one Odo, written at the desire of, and dedicated to, Albert, Bishop of Magdeburgh, who obtained this bishoprick in the year 1199. The German poem was undoubtedly written before this, particularly as the pedantic parade of heathen mythology in the Latin does not occur in the German. The former contains about 4000 verses, and is printed in Martine's *Thesaurus Nov. Anecdotor.* T. III. col. 307-76, and is there entitled, *Ernestus, seu carmen de varia Ernesti Bavariæ Ducis fortuna, auctore Odone.*

A prose narration in Latin has also been discovered in a MS. of the 15th century, which may possibly be older than either of the poems. In the time of the Mastersingers, a second German poem was written on the subject; and, at the present day, a prose history of the same adventures forms one of the most popular books among the common people.

The chief curiosities of this story are the wonders and the adventures among fabulous nations, which have obtained such great popularity in all ages; witness Herodotus, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny among the ancients, from whom they have descended into the travels of Mandeville and others, the romances of Alexander, the legend of St Brandanus, and the poem, which is here given in abstract, itself. Some of the singular coincidences with the tales of Arabian authors are noticed in the notes.

The length of the lines is from six to nine syllables, which, according to Jeroschin's Prussian Chronicle, written in the beginning of the 14th century, is according to the rules of art, "for five syllables are too short, and ten too long; the experienced poets make their verses vary between the two." See *Koch's Compendium der Literaturgeschichte*, 1795, Vol. II. p. 209.

DUKE ERNEST.

A POWERFUL duke of Bavaria, when he died, left a son, named Ernst (Ernestus) under the care

of his Duchess Adelheid, a lady of such excellency, that the Roman Emperor Otho was anxious to replace the loss of his first wife by espousing this paragon of virtue. He therefore sent messengers to propose his suit; and by the advice of her son, who, in the mean time, was grown up, and, with his friend Wetzel, had made a chivalrous expedition into Greece, she accepted the match, and, with great solemnities was crowned empress. At her instance, the emperor heaped favours upon the young Duke of Bavaria, and constituted him Grand Justiciary of the empire (Reichs-Voigt), which office he executed to the satisfaction of all. He could not, however, conciliate the favour of the Palsgrave Henry, a kinsman of the emperor, who, actuated by hatred and envy, resolved to deprive him of his honours, and accordingly accused him of treason. The monarch would not at first hearken to the accusation, but the accuser having suborned other witnesses, he obtained a commission to proceed against Ernst, and waste his territories with fire and sword. The duke happened to be absent, which enabled his enemy to make great depredations in his dominions, and to besiege his town of Nurimberg. The citizens, in their distress, sent for relief to their lord, who immediately collected his friends and vassals, defeated the palsgrave twice, and forced him to take shelter in the imperial court at Spire. Ernst, by the advice of Wetzel, followed him, and, leaving his troops, entered the town with his friend. Without ceremony he proceeded to the presence-chamber, where he found the emperor in consultation with his rival. The former fled, upbraided for his cowardice by his son-in-law, and the latter fell by the sword of Ernst, who immediately left the city and rejoined his army.

The Emperor Otho now collected his troops, and

invaded the dominions of his son-in-law, taking the town of Ratisbon, and wasting the whole country. Ernest, in return, attacked and pillaged the possessions of his adversaries. But at length, pitying the distress of his subjects, he resolved to take the cross, and visit the sepulchre, selecting 30 of his knights to accompany him. Otho hearing this, abstained from further hostility, and the empress secretly sent 500 marks of silver, and various other presents, to her son.

Great numbers joined in the pilgrimage, and Ernest soon had collected 1000 men in his suite. With these he marched through Hungary, where he was received with great distinction, and accompanied by the royal army through the forests of Bulgaria. At Constantinople he was received by his old acquaintance the emperor with transport. He detained him six weeks, and, at his departure, furnished him with ships, to the number of 22, and with provisions for one year.

They had not sailed five days, when, after a sudden and violent heat, a great storm arose, which sunk twelve ships, and completely dispersed the rest. The duke's countrymen were all in his own vessel, which, for a long time, was driven about on the waves. At last they espied the island of Crete, and discovered a most splendid palace, built of marble, with statues, and haut-reliefs of gold upon blue lasure* stone, but could discover no living creature. Fearing some treachery, they armed themselves, and proceeded to the palace, Wetzel carrying the sign of the cross before them. All the doors were open; they entered and found the most superb rooms they had ever beheld; the tables covered with the most delicate food, and in the greatest

* In the Latin poem, *laser*.

abundance; and immense treasures of gold and gems. Having satisfied their hunger, and carried provisions in great quantities into their ship, they left the palace, and returned to the vessel. But the duke and his friend Wetzel could not subdue their curiosity; they resolved to return, and if possible to discover some inhabitants. Having given directions to their host to succour them in any distress, they again entered the wonderful palace, and, wandering through it, discovered apartments more splendid than they had yet seen. Amongst other luxuries, they perceived a bath, which they were tempted to use, and afterwards reposed in a bed of the greatest magnificence. When they arose, they clad themselves in the richest garments, which hung on the walls in abundance, and put on their armour over them*. Suddenly they heard a tremendous noise, and perceived an immense host of wonderful people, in superb apparel, but with very long necks, which, instead of ending in human heads, were surmounted with the beaks of storks†. Wetzel and the duke concealed themselves, and soon perceived the king of the stork-beaked nation entering the palace. His majesty was dressed, by his chamberlains, in most splendid guise, and the dinner was served up, which consisted of the choicest dainties. The servants now entered the hall, leading a beautiful damsel decked with jewels, but the picture of woe. The monarch had taken her by force from the king of India,

* The description of the palace, and the two different visits of the duke, to the arrival of the owners, occupy above 400 verses; but, though somewhat too long, it is by no means destitute of poetry, and reminds us of many parts of the Arabian Nights, particularly of the uninhabited city in the story of Zobeide.

† In the popular story book, these people are named Agrippines; in the Latin poem, *Grippi;* and their country Grippia.

whose daughter she was, and whom he had cruelly slaughtered. She was placed by the side of her monstrous lover, who often would apply his horrid beak to her ruby lips, and, as he could not speak, accompany his caresses with the cry of "Muam," in the language of the storks. But his beloved shrunk from his embraces, tore her hair, and so loudly complained of her fate, that Ernest counselled with his friend, how he might deliver her from such an unsightly lover. Wetzel, however, advised him to await the night; which being come, the damsel was forced into the bed of the stork-headed king. The two champions burst open the door, and began by killing the chamberlain. The rest seeing this, and suspecting the two to have followed them from India, in order to free their princess, pierced the lady with their beaks in divers places. The duke, enraged at this cruelty, killed the king, and all the others who were present, but one, who, by his cries, raised the whole inhabitants of the palace. In the mean time, the damsel died of her wounds, and the two champions were assaulted on all sides; but, by dint of their swords, they gained the outer-door, which was strongly barricadoed. The tumult at length was heard by the companions of Ernest; they issued from their vessel, and came to the assistance of the duke, who, perceiving their approach, burst the gate, and joined them. A general slaughter ensued, 500 of the pilgrims being left on the field. The remainder gained the ship, and set sail.

In a short time, they discovered in the distance a black mountain, which they rejoiced at, in the hope of speedily arriving at Jerusalem. But the mariner, mounting the mast, exclaimed, that their death was inevitable, for they were within reach of the Mag-

netic Mountain *, which attracted every ship, in the building of which any iron had been used. Accordingly, they soon found their vessel attracted, and were rapidly thrown against the rock. They landed, and, to their great terror, found the bones of many men, and wrecks of vessels in great numbers. The companions of Ernest died daily, until they were reduced to six, besides himself. The dead bodies being exposed, were carried away by griffons, which Wetzel taking notice of, and having observed some skins of buffalos in one of the hulks, formed a design to escape from that perilous situation. He caused his companions to sew him and the duke, clad in complete armour, into one of these skins, and expose them to the birds: A method which the others also adopted, with the exception of one, who sewed in the last couple, and then resigned his own life, as he could not do the same office to himself. The griffon appeared, lifted the duke and Wetzel in his claws, soared aloft with them, and deposited them safely in his nest. He then again flew away, and left them to clamber down the tree, without disturbing the young griffons. In this manner, the other four knights were also carried ashore, and joined their leader †.

* A similar mountain of adamant occurs in the story of the Third Calender, in the Arabian Nights. In the Legend of St Brandanus a magnetic mountain is also introduced.

† An aëronautic voyage of the same kind was, according to his romance, performed by Henry the Lion, duke of Brunswick. Being left in the wilderness with a single companion without food, they cast lots who should be eat up by the other. The lot falling upon the duke, his faithful servant refuses to perform the stipulated office, but sews him up in a bullock's hide. A griffon carries him off to his nest, from which he escapes in the same manner as Ernest and his companions in the text. There is no ancient MS. of his romance, but it is in the hands of the vulgar, and very popular; consisting of between 8 and 900 lines. The readers of the Ara-

After they had wandered a long time along a great river, they discovered that it entered into a mountain. Ernest and his companions constructed a float, on which they committed themselves to the stream; and for a long time were carried through the cave. During their subterraneous voyage, they discovered a most superb carbuncle, and the duke struck it out of the rock *; " which stone," says the author, " may still be seen in the crown of the emperors." At length they issued from the cave, and arrived in the country of Arimaspy, inhabited by a people who have only one eye in the forehead, and are named Cycropides (Cyclops), by whom our travellers were received with great courtesy †. Their king happening to assemble his vassals, the host of the travellers took them to court, where they were received as valuable curiosities, and at the request of his majesty, presented to him. They soon had an opportunity of showing their gratitude for their good reception. The kingdom was attacked by a formidable nation, called Platt-feet, who, in bad weather, used their foot (for they only had

bian Nights will immediately recognize the similarity of these escapes with that of Sindbad the sailor, in his second voyage. In the Legend of St Brandanus, mentioned above, the dead bodies are carried off from the Magnetic Mountain by griffons, as in the text. The editors of the Acta Sanctorum Maii, Tom. III. p. 599, do not particularize the surprising travels of this Irish saint, they, as well as Vincent de Beauvais, considering them too absurd even for their collection.

* A very similar adventure occurs in the sixth voyage of Sindbad the sailor.

† The story of the Cyclops, in the Odyssey, has obtained universal popularity. There is one very similar, which forms the principal adventure in Sindbad's third voyage; and another, still more resembling it, occurs in the Bahar Danash, which was, however, not written earlier than the seventeenth century. The Arimaspi are mentioned by Herodotus and Pomponius Mela.

one) as a kind of umbrella, being of a size which fitted it exactly for such an office. Ernest and his fellow warriors, at the head of Cycropides, defeated them entirely, and freed Arimaspia for ever from their arrogant inroads. The grateful king bestowed a dukedom upon Ernest, and on Wetzel a county. The duke resolved to serve his new sovereign with zeal, and attacked and defeated another troublesome nation, whose ears were large enough to supply the want of garments.

After this second battle, he was informed of the existence of a small nation, named Picmey (Pygmies), whom he resolved to visit. Taking sixty men with him, he waited upon their sovereign, who, as well as his subjects, only reached to the knee of the European hero. He requested to know their manner of living, and was told that they were in continual dread of a large sort of birds, whose eggs they privately stole and fed upon; but that they were obliged to hide themselves from the vengeance of these monsters in caves. The birds were quickly destroyed by the swords of Ernest and his troop, and the grateful little king wished to resign his crown to the duke, which he however declined, and returned to Arimaspia, only requesting the gift of two pygmies for his own use.

That kingdom, however, enjoyed but a short repose; for the gigantic nation of Kananea* required tribute and submission from the Arimaspian sovereign, who requested Ernest's advice, and by him was counselled to refuse. The giants to the number of 500 entered the country. By the order of Ernest they were attacked in a forest, where their tremendous iron maces were of no avail. Their

* In the Latin poem, *Cananæi*, also called *Macrobii de stirpe Gygantum*. The latter are mentioned by Herodotus and Pomponius Mela.

legs were cut to pieces by the Cycropides, so that 200 remained upon the field, and the rest fled. One, however, stayed behind, and attacked Ernest. After a long combat, he forced him to become his prisoner. He was only fifteen years old; but Ernest scarcely reached to the knee of the beardless boy, when he stood beside him.

The duke possessed, at the sea-side, a castle, where one day disporting himself, a Moorish ship arrived, the mariners of which landed, and requested his favour. He bade them come into the castle, and asked them whither they were bound? To his great joy the captain informed him, that he was sailing to Jerusalem, where he was certain of selling his merchandize to great advantage; and, at the same time, related the bloody wars between the king of Babylon and Ubian, king of Jerusalem, upon whom the former wished to force the Mahometan faith. At that time, however, a temporary truce had been concluded. Ernest immediately persuaded the mariners to take him and his suite on board. They set sail after he had dwelt six years among the Cycropides, accompanied by his two chamberlains, who were of that nation. When the king perceived his departure, he bewailed the absence of his guests, who had done him such service, with many tears.

They soon landed near Ubian, the residence of the Christian king of that name, and Ernest entered into his service without manifesting his quality. The heathen sovereigns of Babylon, Damascus, and Aleppo, soon appeared in the field, carrying their deities, Mahomet, Apollo, and Terviand (Trivigant, Termagant), before them. A great battle ensued, in which our champions chiefly distinguished themselves; Ernest taking prisoner the soldans of Babylon and Damascus, and Wetzel him of Aleppo. One of their four companions, however, was killed.

The captive giant, who carried the banner of the Christians in one hand, and his mace in the other, spread desolation in the infidel camp. The victors returned in triumph, and the heathen princes were, upon hard conditions, released. The soldan of Babylon was anxious to retain Ernest in his service; but he pleaded his obligation to visit the holy sepulchre. He was, however, persuaded to visit Babylon, where he was triumphantly received; and from whence, after some time, he was accompanied to Jerusalem by four heathen princes. At this holy city he remained a whole year, continually fighting and defeating the Pagans, so that his fame reached Germany, and came to the ears of the emperor and empress. The latter continually sounded the praises of her son in Otho's ear, and secretly sent a message to Jerusalem; in consequence of which, the heroes immediately proceeded to Acres, and there embarked. After a prosperous voyage, they landed at Bare (Verona), where the two Platt-feet died, to the great sorrow of their master. He proceeded to Babenberg (now Bamberg), where his mother resided, and whither the emperor that night intended to come. At the suggestion of the queen, Ernest entered the town secretly, and proceeded to the cathedral. After the service, he kneeled before the emperor, and requested him to forgive the crimes he had committed against him. Otho not knowing him, granted the pardon; and though he afterwards repented of his promise, the queen and the courtiers would not allow him to break his oath. Ernest was now received into favour; his dukedom, and the county which Wetzel formerly possessed, were restored to them. The pigmies and the long-eared man were presented to the emperor, as well as the carbuncle for the imperial crown; but the duke retained the giant, and baptized him. He reigned ma-

ny years in peace, and was buried at Rossfelt, the place where St Irmengard lies interred.

SIR CLEGES.

V. 4, *Vter.*] According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the romance of Artour and Merlin, Uter-Pendragoun was the youngest son of King Constance. The eldest son, Constantine, preferred a monk's life to that of a king, and was hence entitled *Le Moine.* Aurelius Ambrosius, and his brother Uter, inherited the crown, which, however, was usurped during their minority by Vortigern. For the further history of King Uther, I refer the reader to Mr Ellis's abstract of the romance of Merlin. (*Spec. of Rom.* I. 195, *et seq.*)

7, *Sir Cleges.*] A knight of this name is mentioned three times in Malory's Morte d'Arthur (Part I. chap. 96; Part III. chap. 139 and 146); but none of his deeds are recorded which could lead us to decide whether he was the hero mentioned in the text. He is not enumerated among the knights of the Round Table in Leyland's list, printed in Robinson's Assertion of the Life, Actes, and Death of Prince Arthure, Lond. 1582; as quoted in "the British Bibliographer," I. 116.

378, ——— *a lady gent*
Was born in Cornewayle.]

This was Igerna, first married to Gorlois, duke of Cornwall. King Uther having been transformed by Merlin into the perfect semblance of the duke (who, in the mean time, was attacked, defeated, and slain by the king's forces), cohabited with her, and

begot the renowned Arthur upon her. After the news of her husband's death, she was married to Uther, and crowned queen.

LAI-LE-FREINE.

V. 1.] It is a singular circumstance, that the prologue, containing the first twenty lines, is also prefixed, without any material variation, to the lay of Sir Orpheo, printed from a Harleian MS. in the second volume of Ritson's Metrical Romances.

132, *Constentine*,] *i. e.* Constantinople.

NOTES.

VOLUME II.

RICHARD COER DE LION.

V. 11, *Off Rowelond, and of Olyver,*
And of euery doseper;
Of Alisander, and Charlemain,
Off Kyng Arthor and off Gawayn,—
Off Turpyn and of Ocier Daneys;
Off Troye men reade in ryme,—
Off Ector and of Achilles.]

We have here an enumeration of some of the most popular romances of the day, which certainly all existed at the time in a metrical form, and perhaps all of them in the English language. They may be reduced to the following number, several heroes of one romance being mentioned: 1. The history of Charlemagne, of Roland, Oliver and the other *douze pairs*, the original ground-work of which is the traditionary history of the Pseudo-Turpin, but more immediately the metrical French paraphrases. The beginning of the English romance is contained

in the Auchinleck MS. (fol. 263—267), and the continuation is attached to the copy of Otuel, in a MS. at present belonging to Sir H. Mildmay, Bart. 2. The romance of the Infancy of Ogier le Danois was the work of Adenez, an old French poet, who flourished about 1261; and who was besides the author of *Cleomades*, *Pepin et Berthe*, *Buevon de Commarchis*, *Doolin de Mayence*, *and Maugis*. The Visions d'Ogeir le Danois au Royaume de Faerie are probably a separate romance. According to the practice of the age, the adventures of Meuroin, the son of Ogier, were celebrated in a separate gest. 3. The romance of Arthur and Merlin, of which an imperfect copy, containing 9652 lines, occurs in the Auchinleck MS., and another (whether perfect or not I am not able to say) in the library of Bennet College, Cambridge, (No. 351.) Fragments are also preserved in Lincoln's-Inn Library (No. 150, which only goes as far as line 1888 of the Auchinleck copy), and in Bishop Percy's folio. 4. Gawayn: Undoubtedly the beautiful romance of Ywain and Gawain, printed in Ritson's collection, and translated from *Le Chevalier au Lion*, by Chrestien de Troyes. A German translation by Hartman von Aue, who flourished about the time of the French poet's death (which happened in 1191), is printed in Miller's Collection, Vol. II. the fable of which agrees very exactly with that of the English romance. The same popular tale was also translated into the Scandinavian. 5. Alisander. The romance of Kyng Alisaunder, printed in the first volume of this work, is evidently the one alluded to. See the Introduction. 6. The great *Roman de Troye*, by Benoit de Sainct More, together with the other French metrical romances upon that subject, was founded upon the Trojan story, by Guido de Colonna, which also comprises the adventures of

Hercules and Jason. There are several poems upon the subject in English verse, written in the period of metrical romance, one of them professedly by Lydgate, another probably written previous to the period in which he flourished, also attributed to that author by Warton, but erroneously. There occur also metrical romances of Troy in the MS. 150. in Lincoln's-Inn Library, and in a valuable MS. in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford, the contents of which are enumerated in The Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer by my friend Mr Todd. The Scandinavians have a Trojomanna Saga, and the Germans possess three very extensive romances upon the subject, written in the thirteenth century.

21, *In Frensshe bookys this rym is wrought,*
Lewede menne knowe it nought;
Lewede menne cunne French non,
Among an hondryd unnethis on.]

These lines, which are curious, in as far as they throw considerable light upon the gradual prevalency of the English language, and the disuse of French among the higher classes *, receive much illustration from the beginning of the Auchinleck copy of Arthour and Merlin, in which the following lines occur:

" Childer that ben to boke y-set
In age hem is miche to bett;
For they mo witen and se
Miche of Godes priuetè,
Hem to kepe and to ware
Fram sinne and fram care,
And wele y-sen, yif thai willen
That hem ne tharf neuer spillen;
Auauntages thai hauen thare,
Freynsch and Latin euer ay whare.

* *Lewede*, means lay persons in general, in contradistinction to *lerid*, *i. e.* the clergy.

Of *Freynsch* no Latin n'il Y tel more;
Ac on I[n]glisch ichil tel therfore.
Right is that I[n]glisch vnderstond
That was born in Inglond.
Freynsche vse this gentilman,
Ac euerich Inglisch Inglisch can:
Mani noble ichaue y-seighe
That no Freynsche couthe say."

The romance of King Richard was, in all probability, posterior to that from which these lines were quoted, and, consequently, the English language had made still further inroads upon the French at the time it was translated.

62, *All it was whyt of huel-bone.*] This simile is a remarkably common one in the romances, but the last word is generally spelt "whales-bone." The allusion is very evidently, as Mr Ritson observes, to the *ivory* of the horn or tooth of the narwhal, or sea unicorn, which seems to have been mistaken for the whale. The phrase occurs in the Earl of Tolouse, Sir Eglamour, Sir Isembras, in Skelton, Spenser, and even in Shakespeare.

229, *Out of the rofes sche gan her dyght.*] The curious and romantic fable of Richard and Cassodorien, here introduced into the history of Richard, has already received such complete illustration from the pen of Mr Ellis, in the introduction to his elegant *precis* of this romance, that I must beg leave to quote his words for the information of the reader: "The most curious incident in this fable (of Cassodorien, and her marriage to King Henry) is certainly anterior to the reign of Richard II. because it is preserved in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury, whence it is quoted by Mr Scott, (Minstrelsy of the Border, II. 119, ed. 1810.) It is said there, that 'the lord of a certain castle, called Epervel, having observed that his wife, for several years, always left the chapel before mass was con-

cluded, once ordered his guard to detain her by force. The consequence was, that unable to support the elevation of the host, she retreated through the air, carrying with her one side of the chapel.' The passage is in the edition of the Brunswick Historians, published by Leibnitz, Hanov. 1707, tom. i. p. 978. Fordun, after dwelling on the atrocious profligacy of King John, applies the same story to one of that prince's female ancestors. He says, 'A certain countess of Anjou, from whom was descended Geoffrey Plantagenet, was married solely on account of her uncommon beauty. She seldom went to church, and even then avoided staying for the celebration of the holy mysteries. This being observed by the count her husband, he one day caused her to be held by four of his guards; but she, abandoning the mantle by which they tried to detain her, as well as her four children, two of whom she had covered on each side with her cloak, suddenly flew through the window of the church before the whole congregation, and was never more seen. Richard I. brother of John, used frequently to relate this anecdote in explanation of the perverseness of disposition inherent in himself and all his brothers.'—*Scotichron. cura Goodall*, I. 9.

"The certain Countess of Anjou, mentioned by Fordun, was probably the celebrated Bertrade de Montfort, whose uncommon beauty recommended her to Fulk, surnamed Rechin, Earl of Anjou, and who, for the same reason, was again carried off and married by Philip I. King of France. Philip being excommunicated on her account, she returned to her former husband, and caused his son, by a former wife, to be murdered; but being again received by Philip, over whom her charms had procured her a most absolute sway, she continued to fill the throne of France till near the time of her

death. It would not be surprising if a woman so envied for her power, so odious for her vices, so long the object of papal excommunication, had been made the heroine of many such tales as this of Gervase and Fordun. She had, by her husband Fulk of Anjou, a son of the same name; and this son married Sibilla, only daughter and heiress of the Comte du Maine, and had issue four sons; one of whom was Geoffroi le Bel, Earl of Anjou, second husband of the Empress Matilda, and father of Henry I. Fordun's authority, it must be confessed, is not worth much, where the character of our Norman princes is concerned; and it is not very probable that Richard used to relate the anecdote attributed to him. That impetuosity of temper which led him into rebellion against his father, would rather induce him to glory in the crime than to excuse it, on the score of an hereditary disposition, derived from his great-great-grandmother."—*Specimens of Metr. Rom.* II. 176.

Among the numerous romances mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, the loss of which we have to regret, is one of "Ferrand Earl of Flanders, that married the devil," which was probably founded upon the same, or at least a similar story. And Sir Gowther, the hero of a romance preserved in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 17. B. 43.), and in the Advocates' Library (MS. Fac. V. VII. 27.) (the story of which is exactly the same with that of the more recent and popular tale of Robert the Devil), is the produce of a similar connection. The renowned Merlin also boasted of an infernal father.

252, *At Salybury he made a justynge.*] Clarendon, near Salisbury, was one of the ancient royal palaces. (See *Warton*, I. 153, note *k*.)

267, *Kyng Rychard gan hym dysguyse.*] It was very fashionable among writers of romance to dis-

guise their heroes, on the different days of justing, in three different arrays. Ipomydon, as well as Richard, justs in black, red, and white attire on the three days of the tournament. See Vol. II. verse 643, &c.

621, *Brandis*,] *i. e.* the port of Brindisi in the kingdom of Naples.

655, *A goos they dyghte to her dynere.*] As Mr Ellis observes, the story of this unfortunate goose is alluded to in the poem *De motibus Siculis, et rebus inter Henricum VI. et Tancredum gestis*, written in the 12th century, by Petrus d'Ebulo, in these lines :

> " Cæsaris, ut fugeret leges, tuus Anglia princeps,
> Turpis, ad obsequium turpe, minister erat.
> Quid prodest versare dapes? servire culinæ?
> Omnia quæ fiunt Cæsar in orbe videt."

See another quotation from an ancient chronicle, Specimens of Rom. II. 191, *note*.

662, *A mynstralle.*] It is a curious circumstance that the minstrel is a female in the Cotton MS., and a male in the fragment possessed by Mr Douce. For the sake of uniformity, the latter sex has been substituted for the former, line 665 and 675. The passage from 677 to 696 has been supplied from the latter fragment.

628, &c. *Fanagos*,] *i. e.* Famagusta; Massedyne, probably corrupted from Mesopotamia (see line 5153, 5688); Abedy, Ebuda; Jaffe, Joppa, &c.

771, *Seynt Elyne.*] St Helena, the Grecian empress, who visited the holy sepulchre, and recovered the cross.

1324, *Ostrych*,] *i. e.* Austria. For Assoyne we should probably read Sassoyne, *i. e.* Saxony.

1426, *Constantin.*] Constantinople.

1557, *Capentras.*] It is difficult to conceive how

Richard passed through a town in the south-west of France, on his march from Cologne to Marseilles.

1660, *Messene.*] Messina.

1675, *Poyle.*] Apulia; Cesyle, Sicily.

1704, *Rys.*] Possibly a corruption of Reggio. But investigations into romance-geography are as uncertain as they are useless.

1846, *Mate-Griffon.*] That is, the daunter or terror of the Greeks. Benedict, abbot of Peterborough, in his life of Richard I., published by Hearne, says that Mate-gryffon was a strong castle, erected upon a hill without the walls of Messina. Robert de Brunne quotes the romance when he describes this formidable engine:

> The romance it sais Richard did make a pele *
> On kastelle wise all wais wrought of tre ful wele.—

After having mentioned that it was employed before Messina, he says:

> His pele from that dai forward he called it *Mate-griffon.*

2108, *A kniffe after Sir Robert he threw.*] See the note on line 1044 of Kyng Alisaunder, p. 297.

2142, *The emperour of evil trusle*
Carved off his nose by the grusle.]

"Roger de Hoveden almost confirms this anecdote:—He says, that while the emperor was sitting at dinner together with his barons, one of them advised him, in the name of all, to make peace with Richard. Iratus vero Imperator propter hunc sermonem, percussit eum cum cultello quem tenebat, et *amputavit nasum* ejus qui consilium illud dederat. Post prandium, ille qui percussus fuerat, abiit ad regem Angliæ et adhæsit illi." Ellis's Specimens, II. 213.

* A pile, a house.

2199, *Let him make an ax for the nones.*] This formidable weapon is also mentioned by Robert de Brunne.

2330, *Favel—Lyarde.*] The former of these celebrated horses is called Phanuel by Robert de Brunne. The latter obtained his name from the colour. *Liar*, or *liard*, in old French, signifies black, brown, and greyish brown. In the following passage, in an old Italian didactic poem, horses of this colour, *liardo*, seem to have been in particular request for the field.

> " Fra li colori il *liardo pomato*
> *Ottien la palma*, e'l baio chiaro e scuro;
> Di rar in questi s'inganna il soldato.
> Anchor d'altro mantel bon corsier furo,
> Ma questo è'l general che mai non falle,
> Chi spende in tal ha il suo denar securo," &c.

Cornazano de re Militaria, Lib. II. cap. i. Edizione Orthona ad mare, 1518, sign. F. V. vers.

2521, *They rowede hard, and sunge thertoo :*
With heuelow and rumbelowe.]

This is perhaps the oldest instance in which this popular burthen, which, from many instances, seems to have been chiefly used in sea songs, occurs. See Mr Ritson's note on the following passage, in the Squyre of lowe Degree. (Romances, III. 352.)

> Your maryners shall synge arowe
> Hey how and rumbylowe.

2659, *Fyr Gregeys.*] " This *fyre gregeys*, or Grecian fire, seems to be a composition belonging to the Arabian chemistry. It is frequently mentioned by the Byzantine historians, and was very much used in the wars of the middle ages, both by sea and land. It was a sort of wild-fire, said to be inextinguishable in water, and chiefly used for burning ships, against which it was thrown in pots or

phials by the hand. In land engagements, it seems to have been discharged by machines constructed on purpose. The Oriental Greeks pretended that this artificial fire was invented by Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, under Constantine, and that Constantine prohibited them from communicating the manner of making it to any foreign people. It was, however, in common use among the nations confederated with the Byzantines: and Anna Comnena has given us an account of its ingredients, which were bitumen, sulphur, and oil." Warton's Hist. Eng. P. I. 157. The Grecian fire seems to have been prepared as a liquid, as it was usual to throw pellets of tow, dipped in the fire, from mortars.

2640, *A melle he hadde of gret maystry.*] Robert de Brunne copies the description of this wonderful engine, which, to our cool imaginations, is more ludicrous than terrible, from our romancer:

> Richard als suithe did raise his engyns,
> The Inglis wer than blythe, Normans and Petevynes:
> In bargeis and gallis he set mylnes to go,
> The sailes, as men sais, som wer blak and blo,
> Some were rede and grene, the wynde about them blewe.

3146, *A toun men calles Gage.*] *i. e.* Gaza.

3681, *Damas,*] *i. e.* Damascus; the lond of Alisaundrye, lower Ægypt, where the town of Alexandria is situated; grete Greece, *Magna Græcia*, or Naples.

3910, *Henry of Champayne.*] Count Henry of Champayne, is dignified by the title of King of Normandy, in the fabliau of the Norman Bachelor. (See Le Grand's and Way's Fabliaux.) In an enumeration of past worthies which occurs in the Bible Guiot, (v. 314 to 476) he is mentioned almost immediately after King Richard.

> Et qui refu li Roiz Richarz,
> Qui ne fu avers ne escharz?

Et qui fu Joffroi de Bretaigne,
Et li Quens Henris de Champaigne?
Ce fu li plus saiges dou mons.

4614, *Gyan,*] *i. e.* Guienne.

4949, *Gene,*] *i. e.* Genoa, and hence (l. 5994,) Genayse, Genoise.

5490, *A maytyr negromacien*
That conjuryd, as I you telle,
Twoo strong fendes off the eyr,
In lyknesse of twoo stedes feyr.]

The following novel, which is literally translated from the 75th of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, is evidently founded upon the same tradition. "The brave King Richard of England, passed upon a time over the sea, with some of his barons, knights, and other valiant men, without horses, and landed in the territory of the Sultan. And thus, on foot, he arranged his battle, and made such slaughter among the Saracens, that the nurses exclaimed to the children when they cried: "Behold King Richard;" he being feared as much as death. It is related, that the Soldan, when he observed the flight of his people, inquired who were those Christians, who destroyed so many of his people. They answered, that it was King Richard alone with his companions, and that they fought on foot. "I swear to my God, said the Soldan, such a noble warrior as King Richard should not fight on foot;" and choosing a noble stede, sent it unto him. But Richard was wary, and commanded his squire to mount the horse and try the virtue of it. The horse was very powerful, and carried the squire, who could not restrain it, in full gallop to the tent of the Soldan, who expected King Richard, but was disappointed. This shows, that no man ought to trust an enemy's flattering offers."

5546, *With wax he stoppyd hys eres thore.*] A

similar expedient was adopted by Charlemagne, if we choose to believe Turpin. The Saracens had chosen some of their troops that were most

> " Gryslyche of chere *
> With her they war behong
> And berdys swyde long,
> And hornys on honde bare."
> Continuation of Otuel, l. 40. *et seq.*

These horns they blew when they approached the Christian cavalry, and the noise, together with their horrible countenances, caused the horses to fly in all directions. On the morning, however, the prudent emperor

> " —— bad anon ryght
> That all here horsys of the ost
> With wex to stoppe here ere,
> That they myght nought y-here
> Her noyse ne her bost."—l. 80-84.

This expedient, and placing hoods before the horses eyes, answered the purpose completely.

5994, *Baseles*,] Perhaps inhabitants in and about the city of Basle, in Switzerland. The Basyles are, however, subsequently (l. 6839) mentioned among Saladin's troops.

5712, *Hys crouper heeng all full of belles.*] The fashion of affixing small bells to different pieces of the furniture of the horse, was become so universal, that Vincent de Beauvais, speaking of the knights Templars, and their gorgeous horse caparisons, says they have " in pectoralibus campanulas infixas magnum emittentes sonitum." See Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, l. 170 and 14800.

6292, *Seynt Richere.*] There were several saints of this name, but the one alluded to here is certainly " S. Richard, king and confessour, sonne to

* Countenance.

Lotharius king of Kent, who, for the love of Christ, taking upon him a long peregrination, went to Rome for devotion to that see, and in his way homeward died at Lucca, about the year 750."—*English Martyrologe*, 1608.

6659, *I wole reden romaunces non*
Off Paris, ne off Ypomydone,
Off Alisaundre, ne Charlemagne,
Off Arthour, ne off Sere Gawain,
Nor off Sere Launcelot-the-Lake,
Off Beffs, ne Gy, ne Sere Sidrake,
Ne off Ury, ne off Octavyan,
Ne off Hector, the strong man,
Ne off Jason, neither off Hercules,
Ne off Eneas, neither Achilles.]

Most of these heroes belong to romances which we have already enumerated, when speaking of the prologue at the beginning of the poem. The printed copy, instead of "Paris," reads "Pertonape;" and Mr Warton conjectured, with great plausibility, that "Pertonape and Ipomydon" were intended for Parthenopeus and Hippomedon, two Theban heroes. Paris, whose name occurs in the MS., Hector, Jason, Achilles, and Hercules, were all heroes of the Troy-book. Ypomydon most probably is the hero of the romance, printed in the second volume of this work; and Octavian undoubtedly the "Imperator Octouian," whose history is to be found in this volume. The romances of Bevis and Guy are well known; as is also Lancelot du Lake, though none but the adventures of his latter days remain in an English metrical form. (See the metrical romance of Mort Arthur, analysed by Mr Ellis, Vol. II. p. 308.)—Sidrake, as Mr Warton observes, "is rather a romance of Arabian philosophy, than of chivalry. It is a system of natural knowledge, and particularly treats of the virtues of

plants." It was translated into English verse by Hugh Campden, a MS. of which translation is at Oxford (MS. Laud, G. 57); and, in 1510, it was printed by Thomas Godfrey.—Ury, as Mr Warton conjectures, was probably King Urien, who, in the fabliau of the Court Mantell, is mentioned as the father of Sir Ywaine. From the romance of "Artour and Merlin," we learn that Urien was king of Goere (line 3075), or, according to another passage (line 7515) of Schorham.*

> "He hadde spoused Hermesent,
> Blasine suster and Belesent:
> Thai hadde a yong man hem bitven,
> *Michel Ywain* of noble stren;
> He was y-cleped Michel Ywain,
> For he hadde a brother kuight certein;
> *Bast Ywain*† he was y-hote,
> For he was biyeten o bast, God it wot."

See Mr Ritson's account of this hero, (Metr. Rom. III. 225.) The romance of Ury, if it ever existed in English, seems to be entirely lost.

6837, &c.] The Moryens are probably the Moors in general; Moroc, Morocco; Asclamoyne, Sclavonia. By whom the Basyles and Ambosyens are designed, I am not able to decypher.

* Geoffrey of Monmouth says, he was made king of Murray by King Arthur.

† *i. e.* Bastard Ywain. Yuain le Auoutre is also mentioned in Leyland's list of the knights of the Round Table, quoted in the British Bibliographer, I. 116.

THE LYFE OF IPOMYDON.

52, *Tholomew a clerk he toke,*
That taught the chyld uppon the boke,
Both to synge and to read.]

These and the following lines, to v. 66, are highly curious, as they contain the complete system of educating a young man of rank in the days of chivalry, which comprehended singing, reading, waiting in the hall, carvyng, hunting, hawking, and horsemanship. Horn's education is conducted in a similar manner. King Aylmer gives the following instructions to the steward:

" Stiward tac thou here
My fundling for to lere
Of thine mestere,
Of wode and of ryvere,
Ant toggen o' the harpe,
With is nayles sharpe;
Ant tech him alle the listes
That thou ever wystes
Byfore me to kerven,
And of my coupe to serven;
Ant his feren devyse
With ous other servise.
Horn child thou understond,
Tech him of harpe and of song."

*Geste of Kyng Horn**, v. 233.

* The prose romance of " Kyng Ponthus of Galyce," originally French, is evidently founded on the tale of Child Horn. The two romances coincide together in almost every instance. In the Bodleian Library is a MS. of the English Pontus, apparently of the 14th century. It was printed in 1511, in quarto; and Mr Ritson has made two quotations from this copy (Metr. Rom. III. 238, 277), but does not mention the circumstance of the story being founded on Kyng Horn. It is a singular circumstance, that the German translation, a MS. of which, dated 1464, is preserved in the library of Gotha, was

It is curious to observe the gradual refinement in the accomplishments, which in different ages, were required of a knight. Wolffdietrich, one of the heroes of the Heldenbuch, and his brothers, are instructed, by Duke Bechtung of Meran (a town in the Tyrol), in the different qualifications necessary to form a complete mirrour of knighthood. They are advised to honour the ladies, to increase the worship of God, and to pay respect to the clergy: they are taught the sciences of defence, leaping, and archery; to sit firm upon the great horse, to throw the lance, to make a proper use of the shield and helmet, and to throw the stone. The accomplishments of carving, singing, and hunting are not enumerated, which may be accounted for on the score of the antiquity of the poem, and the inferiority of the German knights, in point of courtesy, to those of France, England, and Spain. The climax of chivalrous accomplishments is to be found in the romances of the school of the Amadises; and according to the maxims laid down there, Cervantes has put the following definition of a perfect knight into the mouth of Don Quixote: "Un cavallero ha de saber nadar, comon dicen que nadava el pexe Nicolas, o Nicolao: ha de saber herrar un caballo, y aderezar la silla y el freno: y volviendo á lo de arriba, ha de guardar la fe á Dios y á su dama: ha de ser casto en los pensamientos, honesto en las palabras, liberal en las obras, valiente en los hechos, sufrido en los trabajos, caritativo con los menesterosos, y finalmente mantenedor de la verdad aunque

made, for the amusement of her husband, by Eleonora, the daughter of King James I. of Scotland, married, in 1448, to Sigismond, archduke of Austria. There were eight editions of her translation, printed between the years 1488 and 1687; and it has lately been reprinted in the "Buch der Liebe," a collection of old prose romances.

le cuesta la vida el defenderla. De todas estas grandes y minimas partes se compone un buen caballero andante." Ed. Madrid, 1787, 8, IV. 216.

399, *Ipomydon a dere yede vnto,*
Full konnyngly gan he it vndo.]

In the same manner, Sir Tristrem shows his noble blood, by his expertness in *undoing* the deer. For complete information upon that art, I refer the reader to Mr Scott's notes, in his edition of Sir Tristrem, p. 255.

657, *Seseny.*] As Mr Ellis observes, "it is difficult to guess what country adjoining to Naples can be intended by this word, which generally means *Saxony.*" Sesseny is again mentioned in v. 1602, 1651, and 2019.

1589, *Poyle.*] It has already been observed in these notes, that Poyle means Apulia, from the French name of that province.

1639, *A barbor he callyd, withouten more,*
And shove hym both byhynd and before,
Queyntly endentyd out and in,
And also he shove half his chynne.]

This is a curious instance of the fool's costume. In Mr Douce's highly curious dissertation, "On the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare," a head of the Duke of Suffolk's fool is engraved, which is shaved in imitation of a triple or papal crown; and it is probable, that divers methods were used by the barbers, to give the heads of fools a ludicrous appearance. The remainder of Ipomydon's apparel is completely the same as that of the renowned Don Quixote. Sir Gwother (whose story is one and the same with that of Robert the Deuyll) also assumes the guise of a fool, but for a different reason, being enjoined to it by the Pope as a penance.

1671, &c.] The treatment which Ipomydon receives from the damsel, during this expedition to Ca-

labria, bears great similarity to that experienced by Libeaus Desconus, in the romance so entitled (Ritson's Rom. II. 12.); and by Beaumains, in Caxton's Morte d'Arthur, (Part I. chap. 122.) The latter adventure is undoubtedly borrowed from one of the two former; but whether the author of Libeaus, or he who penned Ipomydon, is entitled to the claim of priority of invention, it is now impossible to decide.

2277—2309.] The page of the MS., containing these lines, is written in a different hand; and this accounts for the difference of orthography, which otherwise is pretty regular throughout this romance.

AMIS AND AMILOUN.

V. 80, *How lyke thai were of sight.*] The astonishing likeness of the two brothers in arms, is not without a parallel in the pages of romance. The 116th chapter of the Gesta Romanorum contains the history of Pepin, king of France, who had two sons by two different wives, so exceedingly alike, that no one could distinguish one from another, and who refused to point out the child of his surviving queen to her, lest she should spoil him by too great indulgence. (See Warton's Dissertation, *apud* Hist. Eng. Poetry, III. liv.) Other instances of equal similarity may be found in the writings of all ages, and may possibly have had their origin in the amorous transformation of Jupiter to deceive Alcmene.

1163, *Sir Amis his swerd out-brayd,*
And layd bitvix hem tvo.]

This strange custom, which is alluded to in many

of the old romances, came originally from the east. Aladdin, in the Thousand and one Nights, having transported the princess Badroulboudour in her bed to his mother's house, lies down by her side with his back towards her, and places an unsheathed sabre between himself and her, thereby insinuating that he deserved to lose his life, if he attempted her chastity. In the middle ages, the custom was actually practised, when an ambassador married the bride of his sovereign by proxy. In Sir Tristrem, King Mark is perfectly satisfied of the innocence of the connexion between that knight and Ysoude, when he discovers a sword which accidentally lay between them. See Mr Scott's note on the passage, p. 325.

1259, *Fouler* mesel *n'as neuer none*,] *i. e.* Leper. About the time this story was originally invented, the loathsome disease of leprosy was in its full force. According to Le Grand (Fabliaux, Vol. V. p. 138), it was imported into France during the period of the first and second race of kings, by trade, from Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. During the reign of Louis-le-Jeune, lepers were so common, that that monarch bequeathed legacies to no less than two thousand hospitals for their reception. The degradation of lepers was excessive in those times. According to the ancient custom of Normandy, they could not inherit any property during the continuance of their malady; and, in the "Coutume de Beauvoisis" (chap. 39), they were debarred from being witness in any case. They were expelled from all intercourse with men, banished to small huts by the side of the highways, and furnished with a grey mantle, a cap, and a wallet. They were obliged to give warning to the approaching traveller by their clapper-dish. The following passages, quoted by Roquefort (Dict. de la Langue Romane, Paris, 1808,

II. 180), from an ancient MS. in the Imperial Library (No. 8407, fol. 100), throw considerable light upon the subsequent behaviour of the wife of Sir Amiloun, in driving him from her board and bed, as it seems to have been a matter of dispute, whether the husband or wife of a leper was or was not justified in parting from his or her spouse, because either of them was afflicted with that disease, though the author evidently asserts, that the party has not the right: "Por le lepre ne doit l'en pas femme departir de son mari, et l'en dit ci que le mesel se volt tenir chatement, ele se pot marier, s'ele trove à qui; et se le mesel requiert à cohabiter avec sa femme, elle ne li pot nier. *Note.*—Que home ne pot sa femme lessier que por fornication, et por lepre non, et mesel se poent marier. L'en dit ci, que cele est forçable à eschever le mariage, se si mari devient mesel, entre tant qu'il fust fiancé."—"Uns esposa une fame, qui par rompure avoit perdu ce qui est necessaire, nonques n'habita avec elle, por ce qu'il est meséaus se velt à autre marier, et l'en dit qu'ele se marit, car le premier ne vaut riens à marier, ne plus que un enfant, quant il ne pot cohabiter. *Note.*—Que non poer de cohabitation fet empechement en mariage come un enfant."

NOTES.

VOLUME III.

THE PROCES OF THE SEUYN SAGES.

V. 181, *Of Donet thre pars*,] That is, the three parts of grammar, so called from Ælius Donatus, a Roman grammarian, whose work was very generally used in schools. Donet is again used for a grammar in the romance of Octavian, v. 630. See *Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry*, I. 281.

715, *Tale of the knight and his grayhound.*]—This tale has obtained very universal popularity. The most ancient copy occurs in Pilpay's fables, where it is entitled, "The Santon and the Broken Pitcher." It also occurs in the Gesta Romanorum (see Mr Douce's dissertation on that work, in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, Vol. II. p. 379), in Sansovino, and other collections of novels.

1013, *Ypocras was maister here.*] In an ancient French fabliau, analysed by Le Grand, and versified by Way (II. 63), the residence of Hippocrates is also transferred to Rome. He is there

stated as having lived in the reign of the Emperor Augustus. The mention of the King of Hungary in our tale is almost as great an anachronism.

1411, *Tale of the Husbande shut out.*] This very popular story also occurs in the Latin collection of tales, entitled, *De Clericali Disciplina*, by Petrus Alphonsus, and in the French translation of that work, *Le Chatoiement d'un Père a son fils*, published separately by Barbazan, and reprinted in the new edition of his Fabliaux by M. Méon, Paris, 1808, Vol. II. where this tale occurs at p. 89. under this title, *De celui qui enferma sa feme en une tour*. It was adopted in Boccaccio's Decameron, where it forms the fourth novel of the seventh day. Moliere formed the plot of his comedy of George Dandin on this story, probably through the medium of Boccaccio. The tale also occurs in Sansovino and other novellists.

1559, *The Kinge and his Steward.*] The same story, divested of some of its most disgusting circumstances, is repeated in Gower's Confessio Amantis, book v. p. 143, in the reprint in Chalmers's Poets, Vol. II. A tale somewhat similar occurs in the Novellino of Masuccio. (Ediz. s. d. p. 124. Nov. XV.)

1727, *The old wise Man and his Wife.*] This is the tale abridged by Le Grand (Vol. III. p. 177.) under the title, *De la femme qui voulut eprouver son mari.*

1965, *Virgil was whilom a clerk.*] The necromancer Virgil was almost as celebrated in the middle ages as Dr Faustus himself. His history is related in an English black-letter romance preserved in the British Museum, and entitled, "Virgilius. This boke treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he did in his lyfe-tyme by witchcraft and nigramancy, thorough the

help of the devyls of hell." It was printed at Antwerp by John Doesborche, in the year 1510. The first of the wonders related in the text is but a meagre tale, when compared with a somewhat similar one in the Gesta Romanorum, and abridged from that work by Warton (Dissert. p. xlii.) The tale of Cressus, or Crassus, is told by Gower, lib. v. (ed. 1810, p. 138.) The enchanted mirror, in the text (v. 2009.) is mentioned by that poet in the following terms:

> "When Rome stoode in noble plite,
> Virgile which was the parfite,
> A mirrour made of his clergie,
> And sette it in the townes eie,
> Of marbre on a pillar withoute,
> That thei be thyrte mile aboute;
> By dai, and eke also bi night,
> In that mirrour behold might,
> Her enemies if any were," &c.

A mirror, endued with the same virtue, is described by Chaucer. Mr Warton has bestowed much labour in collecting instances of similar tales of enchantment. (*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, I. 407, *et seq.*)

2201, *The Magpie.*] We have here the story of the Husband and the Parrot in the Arabian Nights. Almost the same tale is told by the prime vizier in the story of the King, his Son, Concubine, and Seven Viziers, translated by Mr Jonathan Scott. (*Tales, Anecdotes, and Letters from the Arabic and Persian.* Shrewsbury, 1800, 8. p. 63.)

2389, *On a dai thai com ther Merlin pleid.*] The discovery of Merlin, as related here, is so exactly similar to a passage in the romance of "Artour and Merlin," that it was evidently borrowed from thence. Vortigern had imprisoned his wise men till the boy could be found, whose blood, according to their prediction, was to undo the charm, by reason

of which the intended castle on Salisbury-Plain could not be constructed, and had sent three messengers into divers parts to search him out and murder him.

" On a day as ich you telle,
Tho ich thre sechers snelle,
That were y-sent fram the king
To hauen of this child findeing,
Comen al thre, bi cas,
Into the toun ther Merlin was.
Merlin in the strete tho pleyd,
And on of his felawes he trayd
That him seyde loude to :
" Foule schrewe ! fram ous go ;
Thou art al biyeten amis !
Thou n'ost who thi fader is :
Ac some deuel, as ich wene,
Thè biyat ous euer to tene."
Merlin seighe this and vnderstode
Tho thre it were that sought his blood
That tho riden ther forbi
That of this child herden cri.
He seighe that ich his hors withdrough.
Merlin schoke his heued and lough.
He was of fiue winter eld,
And he spac wordes swithe beld :
" Yuel thè bifalle thou conioun !
Thou hast y-seyd to loude thi roun !
Her cometh the kinges messanger
That hath me sought al this yer,
For to han min hert-blod ;
And it may don hem no gode.
Haste thai haue me to slen :
Ac, bi that thai me with eighen sen
Therto worth hem no talent,
And yif thai deden thai weren schent."
Messangers to him gan terne,
And he oyaines hem fast gan erne ;
And on hem Merlin lough forsothe,
And seyd to hem, " Welcometh bothe !
Now ye haue y-founden me,
That you was hoten for to sle
Er ye with me spak aught,—
Thus yo was bihoten and taught—
Mi blood to haue to that werk
That schuld be so strong sterk.

For mi blood no worth it the bet,
Neuer more the bet y-set:
Ichil proue leighers thai beth
That so bispoken mi deth.
Ac, certes, yiue ich were ded
The king no worth therof no red."
(Fol. 208. v. 1185-1232.)

2563, *The Sheriff's Widow and the Knight.*] This is the far-famed story of the Matron of Ephesus. The original occurs in Petronius Arbiter's Satyricon. The most popular version of it is that of La Fontaine (Contes, Ed. 1778, I. 168.) A very similar story is related in an ancient French fabliau, printed by Barbazan (Ed. 1808, tome III. p. 462.) Heywood borrowed the plot of his comedy, entitled "The Widow's Tears," from the story in Petronius; but the different translations and imitations are too numerous to be specified in this place.

2751, *Tale of Maister Gemes.*] From the circumstance of the faces before and behind (v. 2780.), it would appear that Gemes is a corruption of Janus. This is an highly absurd story, and is only to be found in few versions of the Seven Wise Masters. It is substituted in the place of a much better tale which has obtained, in different shapes, great popularity in many countries. An old knight had married a young woman of great beauty, who, by her singing, attracted the attention of the whole city of Rome. Three favourite knights of the emperor's court made, one night, each a private assignation with her, and each of them promised her one hundred florins for the gratification. She, however, informed her husband, and they mutually agreed to murder the knights and take away their money; which they accordingly executed. The woman then sent for her brother, who was one of the sentinels of the city, and pretending that her

husband had killed a knight for having attempted her chastity, prevailed on him to throw the dead body into the river. When he returned, she pretended to go into the cellar to draw some wine, but returned in great terror, exclaiming that the dead man was returned. The brother very courageously drowned the second knight; but being informed on his return, that the dead man had again made his appearance, he took the third body into the wood, and burnt it. It happened that, during a short absence from the fire, a knight appeared, and alighted to warm himself. The sentinel on his return, mistaking him for the dead man, a fourth time returned, seized, and threw the knight, together with his horse, into the fire. The sentinel went back to his sister, who gave him a quantity of wine, sufficient to intoxicate him. Some time after, a quarrel happening between the wife and her husband, he struck her. She exclaimed, that he wished to murder her as he had done the three knights. In consequence of this discovery, they were both apprehended, examined, and hanged. The first origin of this tale, and of its innumerable imitations, is probably, as Mr Douce observes (in his analysis of the same story, as it occurs in the Gesta Romanorum), the little hunch-backed tailor in the Arabian Nights. The ancient French poets composed five fabliaux upon the same ground-work, four of which are printed in the new edition of Barbazan, viz. *Des trois Boçus*, by Durand (Vol. III. p. 245), which comes nearest to the common original; *Du Segretain Moine* (I. 242); *Du Prestre c'on porte, ou la longue nuit* (IV. 20); and *d'Estourmi*, by Hugues de Piaucele (ib. 452). Abstracts of these fabliaux, as well as of the fifth, *Le Sacristain de Cluni*, may be seen in Le Grand's work (Vol. IV. p. 241—286). For the further imitations of these fabliaux, I refer the

reader to Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, Vol. II. p. 378, 379.

2909, *The two dreams.*] This story occurs, with some variation, in the Novelliero of Masuccio (P. IV. Nov. 40), in the Tartarian Tales of M. Gueulette, and in several French collections of novels. The circumstance of the two dreams at the beginning is truly oriental, and is common to several tales of the Arabians.

3563, *He vnderstode al fowles language.*] This is also an oriental fiction, and the Mahometans have the authority of the Koran, that the gift of understanding the meaning of the several voices of birds was possessed by Solomon in an eminent degree. In the 27th chapter, entitled "The Ant," Solomon is made to say, "O men, we have been taught the speech of birds, and have had all things bestowed on us: this is manifest excellence." He afterwards blames the lapwing, for having neglected to pay her court. She, however, soon makes her appearance, and informs him of having discovered the country of Saba, and the excellent queen thereof. The same bird was, according to the Arabian historians, very useful to Solomon, on his pilgrimage from Jerusalem to Mecca. Being in want of water to perform his ablution, he looked for the lapwing, "whose business it was to find it; for it is pretended she was sagacious enough to discover water under ground, which the devils used to draw, after she had marked the place with her bill." Sale's Koran, Vol. II. p. 223, note *i.* The 67th chapter of the Gesta Romanorum contains a tale of a woman, who also had the valuable property of conversing with the birds. Both Ben Jonson, in his Masque of the Fortunate Isles, and Butler have ridiculed this fiction, which was not considered as such by the mystical writers of the seventeenth century.—

Butler, when enumerating the wonderful acquirements of Ralpho, says:

> " He understood the speech of birds
> As well as they themselves do words;
> Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
> That speak and think contrary clean."

OCTOUIAN IMPERATOR.

V. 127, *Thou never segh no woman, But sche hadde a by-leman, That myght conceyue two children.*] We have here the opinion of the mother of Le Fraine (see Vol. I. p. 359.), that twins could not be produced by one man, repeated, which makes it probable that it really was an old wives' tale of the middle ages. Though the German romance of Octavian differs in many respects from the English one, the suggestion is made by the old empress there likewise.

481, *A chyld that ys of kynges blood, A lyoun struys hit for no good.*] Instead of assigning this popular reason, the German romance more piously attributes the mercy of the " beastyn king" to the interference of providence. In the romance of Bevis of Hampton the same superstitious notion, with an additional condition, is introduced. Josian, while awaiting the return of that hero in a cave, is surprised by the appearance of two lions, who speedily vanquish and devour the faithful squire Boniface. Upon this

" Josian into the caue gan shete
And the twoo lyons at hur feete,
Grennand on hur with muche grame,
But they no myghte do hur no shame ;
For the kynd of lyouns, Y wys,
A kynges doughter that maide is,
Kynges doughter, quene and maide both,
The lyouns myght do hur noo wroth."
MS. in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford.

497, *Graundyght.*] A mistake of the transcriber for Brandyght, which is mentioned in v. 1838, and undoubtedly means Brindisi, in the kingdom of Naples.

616, *Japhet.*] Probably Joppa. A romantic incident which occurs in the German, and, as I am informed by my friend Mr Conybeare of Christ Church, Oxford, also in the original French, is injudiciously omitted in the English version. During the voyage one of the mariners endeavours to commit violence upon the person of the empress, but the lion hearing her cries, seizes upon him, and tears him in pieces.

704.] Florent's predilection for hawks and horses is introduced to prove his noble birth ; and, for the same reason, his brother is made to undergo the ordeal of being preserved from the rage of the lioness on account of his regal descent. The minstrel no doubt wished his hearers to believe in the truth of his narration, and introduced these incidents to render the innocence of the empress perfectly clear.

910, *Gales,*] *i. e.* Galicia.

1887, *Sche swore her oth be Seynt Jame*
So hyght my sone that was take fra me.]

This singular rhyme strongly supports the opinion of Wallis, and of Tyrwhitt in his Essay on the Versification of Chaucer, that the final *e*, which is at present mute, was anciently pronounced obscurely, like the *e* feminine of the French.

SIR AMADAS.

V. 172, *This cors the yerthe he forbede.*] The law which gives the creditor the barbarous right of denying to the body of his debtor "the decent rites of burial," of which Massinger has made such an admirable use in The Fatal Dowry, probably originated, as Mr Gifford remarks, in that of Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, who, according to Herodotus, allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents as security for money borrowed.

GLOSSARY.

ABBREVIATIONS.

The number refers to that of the verse in which the word explained occurs.—A. Kyng Alisaunder.—C. Sir Cleges.—L. Lai le Freine.—R. Richard Coeur de Lion.—I. The Lyfe of Ipomydon.—AA. Amis and Ameloun.—SS. Process of the Seuen Sages.—O. Octouian Imperator.—Am. Sir Amadas.—H. The Hunting of the Hare.—*Sax.* Saxon.—*Fr.* French.—*Teut.* Teutonic.—*Lat.* Latin.

A, A. 7809, he. In the oldest copy of Sir Bevis, in the Auchinleck MS., " a" is continually used for he
Aar, A. 5033, ere, before
Abatyde, O. 1744, lowered, cast down
Abaye, A. 3882, at bay
Abelde, grow bold
Abeyen, Abigge, *see* Aby
Abite, A. 5611, bite to death
Abland, SS. 2462, blinded, made blind
Abone, R. above
Abought, about
Abought, suffered for, from Aby, *Sax.*
Abowed, bowed, did obeisance
Abowte, A. 3239, *see* Abought
Abrad, SS. 610, struck with barrenness

Abrayde, I. 1149, started, roused himself, *Sax.*
Abugge, A. 2971, Abuyn, *See* Aby.
Abyche, H. 179, Abig, suffer for, *rythmi gratia*
Abye, Abygge, suffer for
Abyt, abided, abode, staid
Ac, but, *Sax.*
Acast, SS. 600, cast away, lose
Accounsayl, R. 2140, counsel with
Achaunged, changed, altered
Acise, A. 1423, assizes, juridical establishment
Acketton, R. 375, a quilted leathern jacket, worn under the mail armour; sometimes used for the armour itself, *O. Fr.*
Acombred, A. encumbred
Acoost, R. 6548, 6792, Acost, A. on the sides, or flanks, à coté, *Fr.* So acost, A. 3466, so near. Feorre aboute and eke acost, A. 6027, far about and on all sides.
Acoysyng, A. 3973, accusing
Acremen, L. 176, ploughmen
Ad, SS. 489, hath
Adant, A. 2853, daunt, quench, mitigate
Adawe, R. 973, kill, execute; quasi, take away from the day or life, *see* Dawe
Adrad, adred, afraid, *Sax.*
Adreint, Adreynt, drenched, drowned, suffocated, *Sax.*
Aduentayle, O. 1153, the visor; sometimes that part of the helmet which could be raised to breathe more freely, *ventaille, Fr.*
Adyte, R. 1174, indite, write
Afatement, A. 661, address, ajustment, the action of dressing; *afaitement, O. Fr.* from *afaiter*, which also means teaching, knowing; *afeytar, Span.*
Afaunce, A. 732, affiance? Perhaps he means to say, "as to other men you have confidence, and can tell their fate."—D.
Afefed, AA. 2486, feofed, gave fiefs [to the abbey]
Afelle, A. 5241, fell, cut down, *Sax.*
Afeormed, A. 7356, confirmed, made fast, *Fr.*
Aferd, afeared, afraid, frightened, *Sax.*
Aferd (*aferir, O. Fr.*) That the contrais be aferd, A. 1813, that it be made the affair or business of the countries.—E.
Afere, A. 6148, contrive, *faire, Fr.*
Affye, A. 7347, trust, *Fr.*
Afiled, defiled
Afin, Afine, in fine, in the end, *afin, enfin, Fr.*
Afonge, receive, reach, undertake, seize, *Sax.* The spere n'olde him afong, A. 972, the spear could not reach his flesh on account of the thickness of his armour.

After, afterwards, according to; A. 5418, according to the shape of. After that they ware, A. 2503, according to their degree

Afye, Afyghe, trust, *Fr.*

Afyghteth, A. 6583, tameth, reduceth to subjection. *Affiés, affietés, O. Fr.* were subjects or tenants

Agaynsaying, R. 600, contradiction

Agelt, SS. 686, forfeited, *entgelten, Germ.*

Ageyn, Ageys, against, toward, *Sax.* Agaynes theo lady Olympias, A. 190, against her arrival

Agin, SS. 1410, begin

Ago, AA. 1585, Agone, AA. 681, gone away, *Sax.*

Agrame, A. 4279, Agramed, A. 3310, 4227, R. 1720, agrieved, angered, *Sax.*

Agref, A. 3785, to grief

Agrise, A. 3749, shuddering, 5369, trembled, were affrighted, *Sax.*

Agroose, Agrose, trembled, was affrighted

Ahygh, A. 6236, on high

Aighteden, eighth

Ain, AA. 2138, eyes

Aire, heir

Airen, A. 4923, eggs

Akale, SS. 1512, cool, cold

Akedoun, A. 2153, *see* Acketton

Akennyng, A. 3468, reconnoitring, discovering, *Sax.*

Aknawe, Aknowe, A. 3540, 3278, on knee, kneeling. And made mony knight aknawe, A. 3540, set many knights on their knees by unhorsing them

Aknowe, make known, confess

Al that, A. 2145, until that

Alangenes, SS. 1736, probably aloneness, *i. e.* single life

Alblastereres, Albristris, cross-bowmen, sometimes cross-bows. *See* the Notes, p. 303.

Alder, older

Alien, AA. 2194, 2330, anoint

Alight, A. 473, lighted, pitched

Alkens, SS. 3141, all kinds of, *Sax.*

All and some, R. 2284, altogether

Allegate, always, at all events, *Sax.*

Aller, the *Sax.* genitive of All

Allerfast, A. 1569, the first of all

Almatour, A. 3042, Almoner? Dunbar has the word almaser for the same meaning

Alond, ashore. Alond drowe heom, A. 435, withdrew themselves further inland, up into the country

Alonged, longed for
Alouris, A. 7210, passages, corridors, *aloir, O. Fr.*
Alowe, R. 4662, praises, approves of, *allouer, Fr.*
Also, Al so, (frequently) as
Alsone, as soon
Alsswith, as soon, as quickly
Altherbest, Altherformest, Althermost, &c. the best, formost, greatest of all
Aly, A. 4370, *allez, Fr.*
Amaied, dismayed, frightened
Amere. With sweord rydeu he dude amere, A. 4427, probably, he rode [through the ranks] with his sword bitterly, *i. e.* telly, wrathfully: *Ameir, O. Fr.* rude, bitter, hateful
Amered, SS. 2266, examined, proved innocent, *amerean, Sax.*
Amerrede, O. 1307, marred, spoiled, broke to pieces
Ameye, mistress, *amie, Fr.*
Amiture, A. 3975, friendship
Amideward, in the middle
Amonestement, A. 6974, admonition, *Fr.*
Amorewe, Amorwe, Amorn, in the morning
Amorayle, Amyrayle, admiral; Saracen commander, sometimes king
Amy, friend, mistress, *Fr.*
An, if, on, one. An hy, R. 809, on high
Analyng, A. 2166, probably a corruption of annihilating, *i. e.* killing
And, an, if
Anerne, A. 560, anon? Perhaps we should read *an erne*, i. e. he returned in the shape of an eagle
An-hong, hang, hung
Annye, annoyance, *ennuie, Fr.*
An-ondyr, O. 550, under, beneath
Anon right, right anon, immediately
Anoyed. Him anoyed, A. 876, annoyed himself, was annoyed
Anter, Antour, Antur, Am. 76, A. 3889, 4513, adventure, chance. Al your hyghe streynthe to honour power me hath made antur, A. 4512, 4513. Chance hath made me too poor to pay you proper honour.
Anvied, A. 1102, envied, enraged
Anuwed, SS. 2613, annoyed
Anyght, at night
Appaied, Apayde, pleased, content
Aparceiued, perceived
Aperte, open. Aperteliche, openly, *Fr.*
Apayre, R. 1984, detract, impair, calumniate, *Fr.* Apayryd, R. 7016, impaired, lessened

Aplight, Aplyght, R. 2265, &c. &c. complete, perfect; also, I pledge, I promise, and generally a mere expletive

Apon, upon

Appiny, H. 5, haply. There is an erasure in the MS. between the letters *n* and *y*, and the whole word is obscurely written

Aprise, A. 3529, SS. 1941, O. 1725, prize, reward, enterprize, fame, adventure

Aproue, AA. 803, prove

Aqued, R. 520, *read* A qued, a man capable of doing great mischief or harm

Aqueightte, A. 5257, shook, trembled

Aqueint, quenched, put out

Aquelle, quell, kill, *acwellan, Sax.*

Ar, ere, before; C. 35, 342, or

Arape, A. 4239, quickly, *raptim, Lat.*

Araught, SS. 895, taken away

Arawe, A rawe, in a row, on a rowe

Arbeset, A. 6765, strawberry-tree, *arbous, arboisier, Fr. arbutus, Lat.*

Areche, R. 7037, reach

Areden, A. 5115, tell, say; generally, to counsel, *Sax.*

Arere, raise

Aresede, SS. 915, raised, heaved up

Aresoned, A. 6751, spoke, addressed, *arraisoner, Fr.*

Arest, O. 1425, aredest, relatest

Arise, A. 3748, arisen. Ariseth here worschipes, A. 1069, cometh the restoration of her honour. Arist, A. 5458, arose

Arm, SS. 852, harm

Arme, A. 5729, weapon

Arnede, SS. 1594, errand

Arnement, A. 6418, SS. 2776, probably ink, corrupted from *atramentum*, Lat.

Arnyng, A. 2165, crushing, *arner, Fr.* enfeeble, strain, break the back of?—Cotgrave

Aroum, A. 1637, R. 464, certainly signifies at large, as Mr Tyrwhitt conjectures on the following passage of the House of Fame, Part II. line 32:

> "As this foule when it beheld,
> That I *aroume* was in the feld."

Aroun, around. More feor aroun, A. 6603, more far round, of greater circumference

A-rowe, R. 1787, in a row

Ars, A. 1546, art, science

Arsmetrike, SS. 185, arithmetic

Ars-table, A. 287, astrolabe; *see* A. 132

Arsoun, saddle, properly the bow of the saddle, *Fr.*
Arst, erst, first, sooner
Arwe, A. 3340, arrant. (Line 3821 of King Richard should stand thus: "Frensche men ar *narwe*," &c. *i. e.* covetous.)
Arweblast of vys, R. 5225, *arbalète à vis*, *Fr.* a cross-bow, the string of which was drawn by a screw.—E.
Ascent, R. 4289, ascending number
Aschore, H. 257, aside?
Aselyd, R. sealed
Asered, SS. 605, dried up, shrivelled
Asesse, R. 6311, cease (as a verb active), stop, *Fr.*
Asiweth, A. 2494, sueth, followeth
Askith, A. 6219, requireth
Askof, A. 874, 6986, in scoff, in derision; hence perhaps the vulgar expression, to look askew.—E.
Askyle, I. 2064, according to right; it is, however, a mere expletive in the line referred to
Asoyle, R. 1317, absolve, acquit, *Fr.*
Asoyne, A. 3201, excuse, impediment, *ensoïng*, *Fr.*
Asperaunt, A. 4871, bold, proud, *aspirant*, *Fr.*
Asschreynt, A. 4819, SS. 1485, deceived, cheated
Assise, A. 7074, commodities, things assigned, SS. 2490, established or legal customs
Assoyne, A. 1021, 1443, a lawful excuse for absence, *ensoïng*, *Fr.*
Astely, Am. 396, hastily
Asteynte, A. 880, atteinted
Astite, quickly, as quickly
Astore, together, in a heap, numerous, plentiful
Astoryd, stored, provisioned
Astromyen, A. astronomer
Aswelt, A. 6639, extinguisheth
Aswithe, as soon, quickly
Asyghe, A. 3879, essay
Asyse, O. 81, situation, rank, *Fr.*
Asytte, A. 1665, keep the saddle, not to be unhorsed
At, SS. 3824, that. *See* Dr Jamieson's Dict. *in voce*
Atake, AA. 2070, overtake, *Sax.*
At alle, I. 1369, entirely, altogether
Ate, SS. 2296, out of
Ateinte, SS. 1756, give a colouring to, *atincter*, *Fr.*
Atent, In lyghtte atent, Am. 372, on trifles
Ateynt, R. 4847, 6131, lost, fatigued, worn out, *atainer*, *O. Fr.*
At on, L. 279, 320, of one mind, agreed
Athrang, A. 3409, in a throng
A-thre, in three parts

Ato, asunder, in two
Atoure, A. 6834, about, around, *Fr.*
Atraid, SS. 1867, vexed, angered. *See* Tray
Atvinne, Atwen, Atweyne, in two, asunder
Atvix, betwixt
Atwot, SS. 1876, upbraided. To twit a person, is an expression still in use
Atyr, A. 7270, 7682, attire, ornaments, furniture, *Fr.*
Avenaunt, comely, graceful, beautiful, *Fr.*
Aventure, A. 7837, adventure, change, fortune
Averil, April
Avetrol, A. 2693, SS. 1107, bastard, *avoistre, Fr.*
Aveysê, A. 5261, careful, wary, *Fr.*
Aught, SS. 738, R. 2460, any thing, at all, *Sax.*
Aughtte, A. 6884, possessions, *Sax.*
Aviron, A. 2672, round about, *environ, Fr.*
Aunter, A. 299, adventure. Auntred, A. 4265, adventured, risked, *Fr.*
Auntre, R. 2460, on the contrary, on the other hand
Auoir, SS. 2205, possessions, wealth, *Fr.*
Avow, vow, *Fr.*
Avowé, A. 3160, avowed, acknowledged friend
Autere, O. 1312, altar
Autors, A. 4519, ancestors. The Bodl. MS. reads Anteces-sours
Autour, author
Avys, advise. Avysy, advised, *avisé, Fr.*
Avysed, A. 221, 6737, observe, look at, *Fr.*
Awaped, A. 3673, confounded, stupified, *Sax.*
Awe, own. Awe, R. 3566, awe, fear, terror
Aweighte, A. 5858, awoke, *Fr.*
Awreke, revenge, *Sax.*
Awter, alter
Axen, R. 6563, ask
Ay, A. 568, egg
Ay, Aye, ever
Ayê, A. 66, Ayee, Ayeine, Ayene, Ayenes, again, against, towards
Ayren, A. 4719, 6602, eggs
Ayse, ease
Az armes, to arms, *Fr.*

Bacyn, R. 2557, helmet, *see* Basinet
Bad, Badden, A. 1459, asked, prayed, *Sax.*
Bailye, A. 7532, government, deputation, *Fr.*
Balayn, R. 2982, seal-skin? *Balain, Fr.* a whale: but the

two animals could easily have been confounded together, as the whale frequently was with the narwhale. *See* Huel-bone

Balde, bold, *Sax.*

Bale, SS. 702, 705, sorrow, evil, mischief, &c. *Sax.*

Balè, H. 190, belly. Balyd, H. 187, bellied

Balles in heore hode, A. 6481, the balls in their hoods, or helmets, *i. e.* their heads. Balles out of hoodes soone they playde, R. 4524, cut off heads in helmets; a metaphor taken from the bowling-green

Balys bette, O. 989, abated harms or evils. *See* Bale

Bane, evil, mischief, misery, curse, death, *Sax.* Bannes, R. 1117, curses

Bannerere, standard-bearer, ensign

Bar, A. 2692, bore

Barbican, A. 1591, a parapet, or strong high wall, with turrets to defend the gate and draw-bridge, *Fr.*

Barm, L. 201, O. 273, R. 4767, lap, bosom, *Sax.*

Barnage, baronage, *Fr.*

Basinet, R. 403, Basnet, A. 2234, Bassenet, Basyn, A. 2333, a light helmet made in the form of a bason, and hence so denominated. *Bacinet, O. Fr.*

Bate, SS. 3579, 3581, boat

Batelar, A. 1433, warriour, *batailleur, O. Fr.* Batelyng, battle

Bath, both

Batt, A. 5832, battes, A. 78, clubs, *batis, O. Fr.*

Baudekyns, A. 202, 759, Baudekyn, R. 3349, *Fr. baudequin, baldequin.* It means tissue of gold, and sometimes a canopy, probably from being ornamented with the tissue. Every body has heard of the baldochins at St Peter's church. There is very good reason for supposing this word to have been formed from Baldach, the name given to Bagdat in the middle ages.—D.

Baudry, A. 4698, baudrike, sword-belt, *Fr.*

Bandoun, A. 3180, 5505, 7720, power, discretion, government, *Fr.*

Bawmed, embalmed

Bay, A. 4376, boy

Bay of bor, A. 200, baying boars, *i. e.* setting them at bay, hunting them down

Baylyd, boiled

Be, by. Be that, C. 58, by that time

Beatour, A. 4511, round about, *á tour, Fr.*

Bede, bid, pray, R. 671, offer, R. 5915, abide. Bedes, prayers

Bedene, altogether, together

Beek, A. 5188, beak, snout

Beeth, Beth, Buth, be, are

Befet, R. 762, buffet, blow, *Fr.*

Behalt, R. 1102, beheld
Beheet, behete, promised
Behelyd, R. 5586, covered, *Sax.*
Behest, Behight, promise, (both v. and subst.)
Be-hongyd, A. 201, hung with tapestry. *See* Notes, p. 294
Beinge, A. 223, condition
Beknawe, R. 1700, Beknowe, AA. 1279, make known. Beknew, A. 1810, known, recognised
Belamy, good friend, *Fr.*
Beld, L. 231, help, protect. Belde, bold
Belyve, afterward, soon, by and by
Bemen, A. 1850, trumpeters, *Sax.*
Ben, be, are. Ben, A. 4318, well, good, *bien, Fr.*
Bende, AA. 1133, bonds, bondage
Bendel, R. 2964, band, stripe, *bandeau, Fr.*
Beneme, Benime, take away, *Sax.*
Benison, Benzown, SS. 3485, benediction, *Fr.*
Beode, A. 3605, carry, *Sax.*
Beoknowe, *see* Beknawe
Beoryng, A. 8000, burying, funeral
Beoth, be, are, is
Berande, bearing
Berdes, AA. 15, birds, hence metaphorically young men
Bere, AA. 1122, bear upon, allege, accuse
Bere, A. 550, roar, noise, cry. *See* Jamieson's Dict. *in voce*
Berfreyes, A. 2777, wooden towers used in sieges, *befroi, O. Fr.*
Beriele, SS. 2598, burial, tomb. Beryng, A. 4624, burying
Bernes, bairns, children
Beryng, A. 484, lap. The Latin printed copy says *gremium.* Barm (which see) is still a provincial term with the same meaning.—D. On eorthe in the beryng, A. 2594, on the lap of earth
Beryse, C. 198, berries.
Bes, bese, be, *bis, Germ.*
Besans, A. 1572, golden coins, so called, because they were first coined at Byzantium or Constantinople; the value has been generally estimated at fifty livres tournois; but from a passage in Joinville, it is evident, that in his time it did not exceed ten sols; while, from other ancient writers, it seems to have been sometimes worth twenty. *See* Roquefort, *voce* Besan
Beseke, beseech
Besemyd, I. 354, seemed, appeared
Best, beast Bestyn kyng, O. 478, king of beasts
—— With best, A. 7333, in the best manner

Bestad, bestead, circumstanced
Beswyke, R. 5918, cheat
Besy, busy
Bet, better. Bet, R. 657, kindled. Ac they no might no wors beo bet, A. 1009, but she could not be worse treated.
Bet, A. 6028, bidding, instruction
Bete my bale, Am. 46, abate my sorrow. Bete his nede, A. 5065, abate his necessity
Bethe, both
Betrast, R. 4139, trust
Bette, O. 1073, rather
Bewreke, wreak, revenge
Bewreyn, Bewrye, bewray, betray, accuse
Bey, O. 388, bay. Beyst, O. 805, bayest
Beyghed, A. 4372, bowed, bent, *Sax.*
Beyghes, gems, rings, crowns, *beak, Sax.*
Bicache, catch, deceive
Bicchen, A. 5394, bitches
Bicleft, clipped, embraced, *Sax.*
Biclosed, inclosed
Bidde, offer, *Sax.*
Bide, abide, remain
Bidelue, dig, bury. Bidoluen, buried, digged, *Sax.*
Bifold, L. 172, folded
Big, build, *Sax.*
Bigge, A. 6707, buy
Bigradden, A. 5175, bewept, lamented
Biheueded, beheaded
Bihight, promised. Bihote, promise, *Sax.*
Biked, A. 2337, fought. Biker, fight, *Sax.*
Bilapped, wrapped up; AA. 1014, environed
Bilaue, remain. Bileft, Bileued, remained; A. 5311, dwelling
Bilayn aboute, besieged around
Bilef, quickly, suddenly
Biment, L. 298, bemoaned
Binim, take away
Biradieth, A. 3739, counselleth, *Sax.*
Birde, bride, young lady, damsel, *Sax.*
Birie, bury
Biscore, SS. 1287, perhaps we should read *bistore,* the same as *astore,* used as a mere expletive
Bisèn, SS. 507, besee, look about
Bisyhed, business
Biteche, deliver, recommend, give in charge to
Bithenche, bethink, think of, contrive
Biwake, SS. 2764, 2578, watch, guard

Biwite, A. 5203, know, *Sax.*
Biwraie, *see* Bewreyn
Biwope, SS. 1186, biwept, full of tears
Bigete, begotten
Blanis, A. 6292. (The Bodl. MS. reads *bleynes*)
Blasten, A. 5348, blowed, breathed
Blaun, R. 6526, white, *Fr.*
Blawen, blow
Blefede, O. 507, beleved, remained
Blent, A. 2109, started, shrunk, *Sax.*
Blere, R. 3708, blind. Bleryd, I. 1420, blinded
Blethliche, blithly, gladly
Blinne, cease, stop, *Sax.*
Blisted, L. 173, blessed. Blisteing, blessing
Blithe, glad
Blomen, O. 1330, 1406, trumpeters, horse-keepers, grooms?
Blyde, O. 109, blithe, glad, *Sax.*
Blyne, leave off, cease, *Sax.*
Blyssyd, R. 546, wounded, *blessé*, *Fr.*
Blyf, Blyve, quickly, *Sax.*
Bo, Am. 644, both
Bobaunce, O. 1550, boasting, *Fr.*
Bobbed, SS. 2246, cheated, deceived
Bocher, butcher
Boceleris, A. 1190, bucklers, shields
Bod-word, message, *Sax.*
Bode, R. 1359, message, offer, Am. 685, bidding, command. Bode our bede, R. 3592, bade our bidding, addressed our prayer. Boden, R. 1205, commanded. For boden bite ich woman, &c. L. 91, I blame every woman, as forbidden to speak harm of another?
Boiê, Boies, SS. 503, executioner, executioners, *Fr.*
Boilouns, SS. 2480, 2488, bubbles in boiling-water
Bois, SS. 420, wood, *Fr.*
Bol, Bole, bull
Boldith, A. 2468, emboldeneth
Bole-axys, O. 1023, pollaxes
Bolte, bolt, arrow, *Sax.*
Bon, R. 1625, *see* Boun
Bonair, Bonére, debonair, civil, courtly, *de bon air*, *Fr.*
Bonie, A. 3903, fair, valuable. This is probably the oldest instance of the use of this word. *See* Jamieson's Dict. *in voce*
Boon, R. 1540, good, fair, *bon*, *Fr.*
Boon ne lyre, O. 1119, bone nor skin. *See* Lere
Boost, boast, noise, *Sax.*
Boot, O. 329, bit

Bord, A. 1270, border of the shield, *Sax.*
Borde, table, *Sax.* Bordis eynde, A. 7362, end of the table. Stood to bord, R. 2531, 2543, stood on the board, or side of the vessel
Bore, born
Borel, A. 5475, a dress made of a kind of coarse woollen stuff of a brown colour, *burel, O. Fr.*
Bores, SS. 1156, pores
Borwe, AA. 420, *see* Bour
Borwe, borrow, pledge. Borwe, A. 4523, redeem, pledge, *Sax.*
Boschayle, O. 1607, thicket, wood, *Fr.*
Bost, A. 4068, R. 4237, boast, noise, *Sax.* Bostodyn, A. 2597, boasted
Bot, O. 1146, bit
Bote, but, unless, except, *butan, Sax.*
Bot, Bote, boot, remedy, recompense, *Sax.* He that is bot of bale, Am. 185, he that is remedy of evil (*i. e.* God)
Botemay, Botemeys, A. 6189, 6206, bitumen
Bothes, A. 3457, booths
Botileres, butlers
Botyng, *see* Bot, Bote
Bouk, A. 3254, 3946, body, *Sax.*
Bouked, A. 6265, protuberant, crooked
Boun, Bowne, Bound, ready, prepared, bound for, directed
Bour, Bower, chamber, house, *Sax.*
Bourde, O. 171, L. 9, joke, jest, game, *Fr.*
Bowchyer, O. 398, butcher
Bowes Turkeys, Turkish bows
Bowes, A. 4074, bows
Bowiers, bowyers, archers
Bownes, bones
Bowsumly, SS. 3459, buxomly, obediently
Boydworde, Am. 70, *see* Bod-worde
Boystous, A. 5660, O. 405, boisterous, rough, *Sax.*
Braide, SS. 1152, A. 5856, drew, pulled. Braided, A. 5856, struck, *Sax.*
Brandellet, R. 322, some part of the armour
Brayde, R. 411, struck. Brayde of, O. 336, tore off, bit off
Brayde, subst. R. 3954, start, R. 216, stir, confusion
Braydyng, A. 7373, spreading out, *abrædan, Sax.*
Breche, A. 2168, breaking, fracture
Bredale, marriage-feast, *Sax.*
Brede, bread. Brede, breadth. The schyppys brede, R. 2560, the deck of the ship?
Brede, R. 3613, A. 5249, roasted or baked

Brede, A. 3322, broad, A. 3252, extended, *Sax.*
Bregen, SS. 1261, break
Bregge, bridge
Breken, broke
Breme, Am. 171, brim, furious, *Sax.*
Brennyng, burning, *Sax.*—A. 4881, throwing out flames, Brende gold, R. 3349, burnished gold
Breny, *see* Bruny
Breue, O. 533, Breve, brief, short
Brewis, *see* Brouwys,
Breyd, Am. 726, start, rapid motion. In a breyde, C. 418, in a hurry, rapidly
Brid, A. 7997, bird, Bryddes, 5249, birds.
Bridale, *see* Bredale
Bride, A. 7626, bridle, *Fr.*
Brini, *see* Bruny
Broches, A. 6848, R. 2067, originally the clasp of a buckle, subsequently it was applied to the buckles themselves, and probably to all kinds of ornaments, *Fr.*
Brond, brand, sword. Roquefort, quite in the style of French etymology, deduces *brand* from *frangere*
Brond, torch, *Fr.*
Brone, brown. Brouneth, A. 2393, becomes brown
Brouke, R. 4578, brook, enjoy, use, *Sax.*
Brouth, AA. 2469, brought
Brouwys, R. 3077, broth, *Sax.*
Browe, H. 83, broad
Browen, brewed
Bruggen, bridges. Of hurdles of bruggen they made flores, A. 6104, they made floors of bridges with hurdles. E.
Bruny, A. 1869, breast-plate, cuirass; *birne, Sax. brunia, brunne, brinne, Teut. brugne, brunie, O. Fr.*
Bryddis, birds
Brygge, bridge
Brym, O. 931, eyebrows
Brymme, A. 5157, brim, border, margin, *Sax.*
Brynke, H. 58, bring
Bu, A. 5957, ox; *beuf, Fr. bos, Lat.*
Buchches, bunches
Bugles, A. 5112, buffaloes.
Burd, *see* Burde. When the burdes wawen alle, A. 1164, when all the beards wave, *i. e.* shake with laughter. This, and the preceding line, as Mr Warton observes, from a rhyme well known at this day. It occurs in Swift's Polite Conversation.
Burdis, SS. 717, turnament, Burdised, SS. 742, justed. *Bu-*

hurd, Teut. behordium, Lat. med. ævi., behourd, Fr. bohordo, Span. bagordo, Ital.

Burdys, R. 4317, boards, beams

Burias, burgesses, citizens

Bus, SS. 3150, behoves

Buske, prepare, make ready

But, *see* Bot

Buth, be, are

Bwon, boun, bound, prepared

By, A. 3174, for. By tha, T. 140, with that

Bybled, A. 3843, stained with blood

Bycache, A. 258, conceal, *cacher, Fr.* Bycaught, A. 4815, 4534, caught, entrapped

Byclupputh, A. 7146, clippeth, embraceth

Byd, pray

Bydagged, A. 5486, splashed

Bydeolve, A 8017, buried

Bygates, A. 2136, gettings, spoil, plunder

Bygge, A. 5494, buy

Byghes, A. 6694. *See* Beyghes

Byhest, promise. Byhoting, promising

Byholt, Byhuld, behold

Byker, A. 1661, fight, battle, quarrel, *Sax.*

Byknowe, A. 2964, acquainted with. Byknowne, A. 1140, acknowledged

Bylace, A 3357, caught, beset, *las, Fr.* a snare

Bylaue, A. 3541, Bylef, Byleve, remain, *Sax.*

Bylayn, R. 1119, lain by, copulated with. *See* Bilayn

Byleved, A. 4468, weak, wounded, *geleowan, Sax.* Perhaps it may merely mean that some remained or lay on the ground

By byleys, A. 4550, as an incitement? We should probably read with the Bodleian MS. By my leys, by my law, or religious faith

Bymenith, A. 7058, bemoaneth. Bymenyd, I. 744, Byment, pitied, bemoaned

Byname, A. 5875, took away, *Sax.* Bynomen that ilke men, A. 6198, took away from those same men

Byreved, A. 6601, bereaved, deprived.

Bys, be

Bysayen, A. 4605, served? The Bodl. MS. reads Byseighen

Bysemare, dishonour, reproach, derision, infamy, *Sax.* On bysemare, A. 648, in evil part

Byshett, shut up

Byspekith, A. 94, counselleth

Byswyke, A. 4609, deceive, *Sax.*

Bytake, A. 7532, give. Bytaught, I. 568, 888, gave, gave in charge to
Byweved, A. 1085, woven, wrought
Bywrye, A. 4372, Bywryghen, betray, discover

Calk trappen, A. 6070, chalk or lime-pits to serve for traps? The word caulk is still used for chalk in the north of England, *cealc, Sax.*
Caluz, A. 5950, bald; *chauve, Fr. kahl, Germ.*
Campeson, R. 376, *see* Gaumbison
Can, ken, know; began; frequently a mere expletive
Canel, A. 6794, cinnamon
Carayne, A. 6469, carrion
Careful, sorrowful
Carellys, C. 103, carols, dances, *Fr.*
Carf, carved, cut
Caries, A. 6695, carats, a standard of gold
Carolyng, dancing, *Fr.*
Carve, carved, cut
Caste, SS. 2105, purpose, contrivance. Cast, A. 3475, contrived. Hir heorte cast, A. 242, set her mind upon
Castelet, SS. 2754, turrets, small castles on the walls, *O. Fr.*
Catayl, R. 1407, a sort of vessel
Catel, catell, R. 1546, AA. 1855, O. 803, Am. 244, properly goods, valuable things of all sorts; but in these passages it evidently means money
Caufte, AA. 2455, caught
Cayser, emperor
Cayvars, A. 6062, ships deeply hollowed?—D.
Cee, sea
Cent, O. 1463, hundred, *Fr.*
Cert, Certes, certainly, surely
Chaffar, Chaffere, R. 2468, 2024, merchandise, goods, *Sax.*
Chaisel, A. 279, SS. 1814, an upper garment, *chaisel, O. Fr.*
Chalen, A. 4834, chill, cold
Chane, A. 2228, fell, *O. Fr.*
Chappyd, R. chopt
Charmed, enchanted, conjured
Charrey, A. 5097, carts, *O. Fr.*
Chast, A. 241, 1797, O. 219, chastise, correct, warn, instruct, *Fr.*
Chaumpe bataile, A. 2553, battle in the plain field, pitched battle
Che, H. she
Cheaps, R. 1897, numbers, *see* Chepe
Chek, O. 1746, checked, as in the game of chess; hence metaphorically, killed

Chelde, A. 5501, chill, cold, *Sax.*
Cheorlis, A. 6749, churls, rustics, *Sax.*
Chepe, O. 820, bargain. Chepe, A. 2656, Cheapside in London, Chepeye, O. 389, marketed, sold. Chepeing, AA. 1700, 1720, 1722, market
Chere, A. 798, I. 99, Chers, SS 404, countenance, face. All of on cheres, A. 1306, of one mind
Chese, chose
Chesoun, A. 3930, 4009, occasion, motive, *Fr.*
Chest, A. 7050, chaste
Chest, Cheste, A. 3565, R. 5143, O. 754, debate, anger
Chevynteyn, A. 3199, chieftain
Chike, SS. 2159, chicken, child
Childe, v. A 604, 610, to bring forth a child
Chinche, SS. 1244, stingy, avaricious, *Fr.*
Chirche-hawe, SS. 2625, churchyard, *Sax.*
Chis, A. 3294, chose
Chounge, O. 793, exchange
Chyn, Chyne, A. 3934, 3977, chine, back
Chystes, chests
Claraneris, C. 100, clarinets, or bells, from *clarain, O. Fr.?*
Clarrê, R. 3625, a compounded wine, *Fr. see* Notes, p. 310.
Clawes, scratches, strokes, *Sax.*
Cleoves, cliffs, rocks, *Sax.*
Clepe, Clepen, call for, require; call, name, *Sax.*
Cler, SS. 2242, polished, resplendent. Clers, clear
Clergy, learning
Cleven, cliffs, rocks, *Sax.*
Clew, clawed, scratched, *Sax.*
Clodys, O 329, clothes
Clong, R. 1385, clung, or fastened together?
Clotter, H. 211, clothier. Clottys, H. 92, clothes
Clout, R. 768, blow. Clowght, C. 264, to clout, beat
Clowen, A. 2765, cleaved, cut down
Cluppyng clipping, embracing, *Sax.*
Clynen, cliffs, rocks, *Sax.*
Cogges, R. 4785, a vessel of which the name may still be traced in the term cock-boat
Coinoun, A. 1718, coward, scoundrel, a term of reproach; *coyon, Fr. coglione, Ital.*
Cokedrill, crocodile
Cokkes bones, H. 117, 137, an oath very frequent in Chaucer, corrupted from God's bones. *See* Canterbury Tales, v. 12629
Cole, O. 800, colt. Cole brond, A. 6121, a coal burnt out

Colueren, A. 5405, culvers, doves
Colyeres, O. 495, colliers
Comburment, A. 472, 7765, incumbrance, molestation
Come, A. 275, 1146, coming, arrival
Comoun, R. 3106, the town? *La commune, O. Fr.* the burgesses of the city taken together, also a township
Compissement, A. 1345, compassment, contrivance, *Fr.*
Comustow, comest thou
Comyn, A. 6132, 7563, common, promiscuous, mutual
Con, Conne, Connon, Conon, know; be able; gan, began
Conande, Am. 700, covenant
Conceyved, A. 2204, behaved
Conjurison, conjurations, magic
Conseylynde, counseling
Conteke, contest, quarrel
Copiner, SS. 2225, lover, *Sax.*
Corant, A. 3461, running, *Fr.*
Cord, A. 411, accord
Corfu, SS. 1429, Corfour, 1456, curfew-time, *couvrefeu, Fr.* a clock which was sounded from seven to nine, evening, to warn the people to retire to their homes and extinguish their fires
Corn, choice, chosen, *Sax.*
Cornells, embrasures on the walls of castles, *Fr.*
Corneris, A. 7210, we should certainly read Cornellis
Corounal, R. 6219, the coronal or iron point on the head of a spear, *Fr.*
Corour, courser; *courreur, Fr.*
Corps, R. 1954, corse, body. Cors, A. 7386, course
Corsere, O. 811, a horseman
Corteysear, C. 13, more courteous
Corven, corvyn, carved, cut; A. 6088, cutting, *Sax.*
Costage, Am. 444, cost, expence, *Fr.*
Covent, L. 124, convent, *Fr.*
Couer of, Am. 752, defend from
Covertour, A. 7718, coverlet; A. 3213, covering, or perhaps armour for a horse, *Fr.*
Coverye, A. 7533, to take care of, *couvreer, O. Fr.* from *curare, Lat.*
Countours, R. 1940, counters, pieces of gold
Couth, O. 792, acquaintance; known. Make couth, make known. Cowde, I. 506, knew
Cowtte, H. 45, cot, cottage
Coye, O. 1344, 1345, decoy
Coyntise, A. 1431, dexterity, cunning; a studied queint dress
Cracheing, SS. 876, 878, scratching

Crafte, knowledge
Craken, *see* Reisons craken
Crakes, SS. 3532, croakers, crows, ravens
Crape, crept
Creaunt, R. 5319, craven, recreant
Creature, R. 3110, creator
Crieynges, A. 6843, prayers
Cristenyng, A. 8034, Christian faith
Croched, A. 7099, crooked, *crochée*, *Fr.*
Crokes, A. 6193, 4879, wiles
Crolle, A. 4164, curled
Crop, A. 621, craw, belly; A. 688, probably top, *croppa*, *Sax.*
Crope, crept
Crope, H. 208, Croupe, crupper. Croper, A. 3421, R. 388, the housings on the crupper
Crossed. He is crossed a pilgrim, R. 2121, he has taken the cross, which was the badge of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; *croisiés*, *Fr.*
Croude, A. 609, press down
Croudewain, AA. 1858, a cart
Croun, AA. 614, the circle of hair produced by the ecclesiastical tonsure
Croupe, A. 5186, craw, belly
Croys, cross, *Fr.* Croyseric, R. 1378, crusade, *Fr.* Croyssyd, *see* Crossed
Crud, AA. 1861, 1883, crouded, carted
Crye. Do make crye, I. 614, cause to make proclamation
Cubur, A. 2359, cover, *cubert*, *O. Fr.*
Culver, R. 556, dove
Cumpanyable, R. 3805, sociable, friendly, *Fr.*
Cungyr, conger
Cunnand, cunning, knowing
Cunne, *see* Con
Cuntrere, A. 4891, country
Curreye, A. 5118, waggon train. Curre, *O. Fr.* a kind of waggon
Curtayse, Curteis, courteous
Cusse, kiss
Cuyl, R. the posteriors, *cul*, *Fr.*

Dabbe, subst. A. 7304, a blow. Dabbe, *i. e.* to cut, thrust, knock
Daie, SS. 945, die
Daies-eyghe, A. 7511, daisy
Dalt his dale, A. 43, dealt out his dole
Dame, A. 5026, dam, parent

Dan, O. than

To Darie-ward, A. 1775, toward Darius. The meaning of these lines is probably, as explained by Mr Ellis: "Alexander placed his bailiff in Tyre to keep the town for him, and then proceeded speedily towards Darius; but was stopped on his way by many battles."

Darstow, darest thou

Darth, A. 3287, dare

Dashen, Dassche, to make a great show, to invade suddenly, to move quickly. They dasschen over into the feldis, A. 7381, they ride away to take their distance

Dathet, AA. 1569, cursed. Datheit, SS. 2395, a curse, an imprecation, the same as *O. Fr. deshait, dehait, dahet*

Dawe, A. 2256, day. Brought of dawe, A. 6091, brought, or taken from day, *i. e.* killed. Dawe, dawn, *Sax.*

Day and other and thrid upon, A. 5052, one day and another, and a third after that

Daynous, I. 1122, disdainful, *Fr.*

De, O. the

A Debles! R. to the devil! *au diable, Fr.*

Decayued, SS. 109, deceived

Dede, Deede, death, dead. Dedys, O. 1714, deaths

Dedwt, SS. 560, pleasure, *Fr.*

Dedyr, O. 1222, thither

Defaute, Defawte, A. 6, default, want, *Fr.*

Defence, A. 7237, prohibition, *Fr.*

Defoille, A. 2463, faint, *defaillir, Fr.*

Deghghe, die

Dele, R. 2220, share, part, *Sax.* Every dele, every part, all. A thousand delis, A. 172, a thousand parts, *i. e.* on all sides

Delf, dig, *Sax.*

Delfyns, dolphins

Delices, A. 6799, pleasures, delights, *Fr.*

Delivere, A. 2774, the proposition *of* or *from* is here implied in the first syllable of the word *deliver*. Delverid heom, A. 1319, rid themselves out of, passed out of

Demayne, A. 7561, possession, *Fr.*

Deme, O. 226, doom, judge, *Sax.*

Demene, R. 456, manage, *Fr.*

Demere, A. 7295, tarry, *Fr.*

Dempt, doomed, judged

Demeynith, A. 787, guideth, *demener, Fr.*

Demorraunce, A. 4123, demur, delay, *Fr.*

Denk, O. 1063, 1333, think

Denned, A. 3664, dinned, sounded. Mr Douce suggests that

it may rather signify *struck*, as the shipwright strikes on the nail; *dinegan*, *Sax.* *See* Jamieson's Dict. *voce* Ding.

Deol, lamentation, *deuil*, *Fr.* Deoleth, A. 2734, sorroweth

Departed, divided

De per deus, A. 7656, by God, *de-par-dieu*, *Fr.*

Derai, SS. 946, probably the transcriber's mistake for Delai

Deray, R. 502, 6481, 6603, disarray, confusion, noise, violence, fight, *desrois*, *Fr.* Deraye, R. 5456, Derayne, R. 7098, v. quarrel, fight for

Dere, harm, hurt, *Sax.* No that his no thyn no dere, A. 7296, that neither his men nor thine should be hurt. That feol Darie to lyves dere, A. 4531, that befel to the loss of Darius's life

Derenes, SS. 3144, attachment, love, *Sax.*

Derenge, A. 2534, derange; or perhaps throng, push, thrust

Dereyne, A. 7353, 7356, agreement, arbitration, *Fr.*

Derrere, I. 1796, dearer

Derye, A. 3657, 6191, hurt, harm, *Sax.*

Des, R. 1097, canopy, throne, raised seat; generally the high table elevated above the others, *Fr.*

Deschargid, A. 3868, deprived of the charge

Despens, dispence, expence, *Fr.*

Despout, SS. dispute

Desse, C. 361, *see* Des

Destaunce, R. 1670, 1763, 3252, O. 1523, 1821, pride, discord, treachery

Destrere, A. 851, a war or tilting horse, *destrier*, *Fr.* *dextrarius*, *Lat.* called so because it was not generally mounted except in battle or tournament, but led by the squire. The use to which it is applied in verse 801 of Kyng Alysaunder, viz. hunting horse, is improper, and the word is probably introduced for the sake of the rhyme

Destuted, A. 2199, destitute, wanting

Deuere, Devers, R. 5015, duty, *devoir*, *Fr.*

Deuoutement, O. 63, devoutly, *Fr.*

Devoyde, R. 1228, void, leave

Devyse, R. 594, espy, get a knowledge of

Deys, *see* Des. Deys, A. 3297, dice

Deyse, O. 1525, day

Dight, Dyght, described, divided, decorated, decked. Dight, 117, to act, address, or dispose one's self, *Sax.*

Discryghe, descry, understand

Discoverte, A. 7418, the uncovered part, *Fr.*

Disours, R. 3749, tale-tellers; *diseurs*, *Fr.*

Dispence, A. 3026, expence, A. 2616, necessaries of life, *O. Fr.*

Disray, A. 4353, clamour. Stedes disraying, A. 673, irregular fighting on horseback. Disray (*desrois, O. Fr.*) is opposed to *array.*

Distrene, A. 1679, destrain, enforce, *Fr.*

Do, cause; A. 4519, done, acquired. Do in, A. 3282, put in. Do, O. 872, tho, then

Doel, grief, *deuil, Fr.*

Doghte, O. 1574, thought

Dole, alms

Doluen, digged, buried, *Sax.*

Dome, doom, judgment. At his dome, A. 2606, under his jurisdiction

Don, A. 1216, R. 1193, cause, caused. Hy ne done thereof, A. 5460, they care nothing about it

Don, down

Doned, dinned, sounded, *Sax.*

Dongon, Donjoun, prison; SS. 1975, a tower

Dore, O. 649, thore, there

Dosele, SS. 1150, 1152, the faucet of a barrel, *dosil, duisil, O. Fr.*

Dotaunce, fear, doubt, uncertainty, *O. Fr.*

Doth heom, A. 856, do them; a Gallicism translated from the common phrase *se rendre*

Dotous, doubtful, *Fr.*

Dow, O. 836, thou

Dowayn, A mantle of Dowayn, A. 280, a mantle from Douay, a Flemish mantle

Downe, Am. done

Drad, adread, afraid, *Sax.*

Drake, Drakis, dragon, dragons, *draco, bas. Lat. draca, Sax.*

Drappe, O. 567, drop

Drawe, Hang and drawe, hang and quarter

Dreden, A. 7232, to make afraid, *Sax.*

Dregh, SS. 2660, suffered; *dreed,* Scotish dialect

Drenche, drown, *Sax.*

Dressed, A. 479, directed, *Fr.* Of he dressed necke and swyre, A. 1937, up he raised head and neck

Drew, O. 209, threw

Drewerye, A. 2214, friendship, love, *O. Fr.*

Dreynt, drowned, *Sax.*

Drit, A. 4718, dirt

Droff, R. 4315, threw

Drogman, interpreter, *Fr.*

Dromouns, (*dromones, Lat.* from δρομεις, *cursor*) swift sailing ships. This word very often occurs in old French romances. "En cele navie avoit soixante dix galies et autres

dromons chargiez et garnies de quanque mestier estoit à la vile deffendre." *Guillaume de Tyr*, fol. 215, 8vo. From this passage it would appear that *dromouns* were always ships of war.

Drough, Drowen, Drewen, Drw, Am. 74, draw, drew, drawn, *Sax.* Drowe ate, A. 1205, drew up, drew out

Druri, gallantry, courtship, merry life, *druerie, O. Fr.*

Drury, A. 4289, dreary, *Sax.*

Dryght, A. 6139, 6402, our lord, *drichten, Sax. trechtin, Teut.* No mon telle no myghte of here folk bote our dright, A. 6139, No one could count the numbers of their people but our lord.

Dryuen, A. 192, drive, urge, press forward

Drywery, A. 2999, *see* Druri

Dub. Thar body dubbeth, A. 4311, gird on their arms, *Sax.* Dubbyng feste, O. 1274, feast to celebrate the dubbing of a knight. Hir hed was gayly dubed, SS. 3233, *i. e.* dressed

Dudyn, did

Dunt, dint, blow

Dure, A. 575, endure, *Fr.* Dure, A. 6688, hard, cruel, *Fr.* Duresse, O. hardness, cruelty, *Fr.*

Durre, dare. Such him thretith no durre him seen, A. 1993, such as threaten him (at a distance) dare not look on him (when near)

Duyre, A. 3262, endure, *Fr.*

Duzeyn, dozen

Dwelle, remain. Gif he with tale dwelle, A. 225, if he hesitate long with his tale or account of himself

Dwon, H. 169, down

Dych, A. 6632, ditch; here the crater of the volcano is meant

Dyder, O. 237, thither

Dyght, *see* Dight

Dykke, A. 1028, thick

Dyll, dele, part

Dyng, beat

Dynt, blow, stroke

Dyren, endure

Dysours, A. 6990, tale-tellers. So in Dives' Pragm. 1563:

> " For players and mummers, garments and vysours;
> Cockscombes and hoods, and gay cotes for dyzours."

And in Gower's Confessio Amantis, Lib. vii.

> " And every *dyssour* had seyde."

Dystaunce, R. 1686, 3210, *see* Destaunce

Eche, A. 6026, to add, *Sax.*

Ederlyng, A. 1711, relations ; *edor*, *Sax. domus*. We should perhaps read Elderlyng
Eddren, A. 7028, address
Eem, Eme, uncle
Efft, Efte, often, afterward, again. Eftsone, soon afterwards, by and by
Egge, A. 1271, edge
Eggenges, O. 688, incitement, temptation, used in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, v. 10,009
Eghen, Eighen, eyes
Eghwar, A. 6754, ever
Eghte, SS. 2097, Ehte, A. 1507, Eighte, SS. 1101, goods, possessions, property, *Sax.*
Eire, heir
Ek, Eke, also, even
Eker, A. 6175, 6202, watercresses, *eacers*, *Sax.* It may in a more general sense mean weeds
Elboryn, A. 7851, probably, as Mr Douce conjectures, the celebrated wine of Albano, so frequently mentioned by Pliny
Elde, R. 6236, age. Elde, adj. old, *Sax.*
Elderynges, O. 806, Eldryngis, A. 4948, parents, ancestors, *Sax.*
Ellis, else, otherwise, *Sax.*
Elne, ell
Eme, uncle, *Sax.*
Emoten, A. 6566, emmets
Emperales, O. 1911, imperials, a coin
Emprise, SS. 2507, undertaking, O. 770, number
Enantyr, R. 484, against
Encheson, occasion, cause, reason
Encombrement, Encumbrere, incumbrance, molestation
Ender day, other day. This endrys yere, I. 850, the other year
Endlest, A. 57, eleventh
Engyneful, Engynous, crafty, cunning
Enherited, A. 7153, gave the inheritance of —— to ——
Ennesure, A 5543, game?
Ensaumple, example
Ensemblè, R. 3754, company, *Fr.*
Ensoyne, R. 1467, excuse, *ensoing*, *Fr.*
Entaile, SS. 2671, place, stead
Entaile, A. 4672, R. 5669, sculpture. The term is best explained by the following quotation, where *entailleres* means sculptor or engraver:

" Pigmalion fust entailleres
Pourtraiant en fust et en pieres,
En metaus, en os et en cires,
Et en toutes autres matires."—*Roman de la Rose.*

Entailed, for carved, is used by Chaucer

Entent, understanding. Entented, attended to

Enteyle, O. 1020, workmanship, *Fr.*

Entermetyd of this dome, A. 4025, took part in, interfered with this judgment; *s'entremit de ce jugement, Fr.*

Entyrement, I. 1541, interment

Eorneth, A. 2732, runneth, *Sax.*

Eorthliche, earthly

Er, O. 1808, former. Er, ere, before

Ermyng, A. 1525, grieving, the participle of *yrmian, Sax.*

As Ermes, O. 1629, *aux armes, Fr.*

Ern, O. 196, eagle

Ernen, A. 5003, earn, take, overtake, *Sax.*

Erst, before, *Sax.*

Ertow, art thou

Est, O. 1369, host

Estellacioun, A. 589, astrology, *O. Fr.*

Estre, A. 5467, 5468, Esteris, being, condition, *Fr.*

Evensonge, vespers, *Sax.*

Eventour, adventure

Evenyng, A. 3008, equal, *Sax.*

Everich also, &c. A. 3730 to 3734, each of his companions in the same manner attacked his opponents, in such a manner that, &c.

Euerilkane, Everylkon, every one. Everydele, every part

Evetis, A. 6126, efts, a kind of lizards

Evorye, ivory

Eye. For love ne eye, R. 602, Neythyr for love neythyr for eye, R. 1476, for love nor fear. We stode swilke eye, R. 3609, we stood in such fear

Eyghe, Eyghuen, Eyghnyn, eyes. By eyghe, A. 7267, by sight

Eyghte, A. 3885, possessions, *Sax.*

Eyre, heir

Fable, R. 3806, idle discourse, *Fr.*

Face. No face it is, R. 2256, it is no harm, of no consequence

Fachoun, falchion, sword, *Fr.*

Fagh, H. 223, faught

Faire. The thridden dale and faire, A. 5161, a good third part, rather more

Faired, A. 212, 213, Fairehed, beauty:

" Of gent faired, lewd and lerid,
Geven hire pris of the myddel erd;"
i. e. Both unlearned and learned (all mankind) gave her the price of beauty above all the world

Fairye, A. 6924, enchantment, fairyism

Falewe, fallow. Falewe, adj. R. 4807, high, eminent? from *faloise, O. Fr.* eminence, height?

Falle, A. 7183, 7186, felled down, made to fall

Faloun, R. 4310, felon, wicked, *Fr.*

Famen, foes, *Sax.*

Fane, R. 3893, banner, *Sax.*

Far, R. 817, Fare, AA. 516, 552, 702, behaviour, condition, ado. With all that fare, A. 7982, is a useless expletive. Fare, Faren, behave. Fared, Farn, Ferd, AA. 1466, behaved. Farand, I. 282, behaving. Farestow, farest, behavest thou. Fare, Faren, go, pass; A. 2441, as they (the deer) go. Fareth, A. 236, passeth, goeth away. Farant, A. 3460, walking, *Sax.*

Farly, *see* Ferley

Fase, foes

Fast, R. 1800, festival

Fattys, R. 1491, vats

Favasour, *see* Vavasour

Fawe, O. 307, fain, glad, *Sax.*

Fawte, fault, want, *Fr.*

Fay, faith, *Fr.*

Fayn, glad, joyful. Thyn fayn, A. 3392, thy best

Fazoun, fashion, appearance

Fedde, A. 3064, faught, (for the rhyme's sake)

Fedeme, Fedme, fathom

Feer, fire

Feide, A. 97, feud, war; or perhaps a league, from *foedus, Lat.*

Feildyn contraye, A. 3398, in flat country; or perhaps we should read *in field yncontraye, i. e.* encountred, met, *encontrè, Fr.*

Felawrede, fellowship, company, *Sax.*

Felde, A. 3492, felt

Fele, Feles, many. Twoo so fele, R. 3128, twice as many. Fele sithe, many times, *Sax.*

Fellich, felly, cruelly

Felun, felon, wicked, cruel, *Fr.*

Fen, A. 3965, 4087, AA. 1383, earth, mire, mud, *Sax.*

Feng, caught, received, *Sax.*

Fensable, R. defensible

Feo, A. 7973, fee, land of inheritance

Foel, Feole, many, *feala, Sax.* fell, cruel, *Sax.* Feol, A. 379, befel, happened, *Sax.*
Feondes, fiends, enemies
Feorne, A. 6356, distant, far, *Sax.*
Fer, Fere, A. 6441, fire. To the fer, SS. 1765, 1774, for the fire
Ferd, A. 6673, power, force
Ferd, I. 1419, Fere, R. 3177, terrified, afraid
Ferde, A. 5579, host, army, *Sax.*
Ferde, A. 1572, flowed, *faran, Sax.*
Fere, AA. 2412, fair. In fere, together, in company. Fere, companion, wife. Fendes fere, O. 905, the devil's companion, *Sax.*
Ferede, Ferhede, Ferrede, R. 1920, 2775, 2278, people, companions. Ferhede, A. 3060, companionship
Ferly, Ferliche, wonder; wonderfully, strange, *Sax.*
Fern, Wel fern, O. 477, well-faring, upright, true men
Ferrest, farthest
Fers, R. 2599, fierce, strong, *Fr.*
Ferth, fourth
Fesched, fetched
Feste, A. 184, SS. 475, fist; SS. 3993, fastened
Fete, R. 3024, fit, proper
Feverel, February, *Fr.*
Feutè, Fewtè, fealty, *Fr.*
Feylo, fellow, companion
Feyntise, invention
Ficicion, physician
Fil, Fille, fell, befel. Fille, A. 19, many, *Sax.*
Fin, end, *Fr.*
Firther. No mowe they firther ben to don, A. 4318, they cannot well advance farther. The Bodl. MS. reads *wel to done*
Flagel, R. 6682, flagelet, *Fr.*
Flang, flung, rushed
Flatt, R. 5265, stroke with the flat side of the sword
Fleen, R. 6926, fly. Fleigh, flew
Fleme, A. 4341, flight. Flemeth, A. 3548, flyeth, *Sax.*
Flemed, SS. 3474, flamed, burnt
Flen, A. 1734, flay
Flemne, fly, *Sax.* Fleoth, flies
Flet, Flett, fleet, quick
Flette, A. 1105, 1807, the flat, the ground; A. 2378, field of battle
Fley, Fleyd, Flodeden, A. 2441, fled, flew
Flome, flood, sea, river, *flumen, Lat.*

Flon, Flone, A. 785, R. 2189, arrows, *Sax.*
Floryng, R. 5868, florin, a coin
Flour, Maisteris flour, A. 421, flower of science
Floyne, O. 1486, 1671, a species of vessels
Flum, A. 3402, 6404, Flun, river
Flumbardyng, A. 1788, 6700, a fiery character; (*flambardus, Lat.*) from *flambard*, a flaming coal, a torch. In more modern times, the word spark was substituted. The will o' the wisp was, for the same reason, denominated *flambars*, in *O. Fr.*
Flyght, A. 1634, flight of arrows
Flyng, proceed rapidly, rash
Foddyng, (*fadung, Sax.*) distribution, division, partition, disposition. 'Twelve foddyng to thes yere,' A. 48, twelve divisions of the year. Perhaps the reference is to the signs of the zodiac being called houses in astrology; and this explains the ensuing line, 'The yere to lede,' *i.e.* lead, guide
Fode, AA. 57, 557, man, person. Frely fode, Am. 580, well-bred person. *See* Rits. Rom. III. 380.
Foder, A. 645, burthen, *Sax.*
Foisoun, plenty, *Fr.*
Fol, Fole, foolish. Folen feste, SS. 2748, feast of fools
Fon, Foon, foes
Fond, Fonde, R. 1249, 3776, 4402, AA. 29, 551, 1869, try, meet with, receive, *Sax.* sometimes a mere expletive. At that half fondeth heom to doute, A. 3431, on the side of the river where they lay, they experience no fear
Fonge, receive, take, *Sax.* Fongeth, A. 6469, feedeth
For, A. 3295, fur
Forbare, R. 419, forbore, lost
Forbarre, R. 3514, bar, prevent from coming in
Forbarnd, A. 7559, burnt, *Sax.*
Forbot, Am. 694, forbid
Forbrent, O. 216, burnt, *Sax.*
Forby, A. 5487, past, *Sax.*
Forcarf, R. 1926, cut
Force, R. 1383, strong, *Fr.*
Forcer, SS. 2038, chest, *forcier, O. Fr.*
Forcrased, SS. 724, crazy, mad
Fordo, undo, destroy
Fordryvon, Am. 470, driven
Fordytte, R. 4170, the ditch undone, filled up
Fore, Hem fore, A. 1657, for them all. At one fore, A. 2355, at one faring or going, at once
Foreheued, forehead
Foreship, the forecastle of the ship
Forewarde, R. 604, covenant

Forfare, I. 884, destroyed, *Sax.*
Forfered, afraid, terrified, *Sax.*
Forflytte, Am. 381, flited, scorned, scolded
Forgette, R. 297, part of the armour. Probably the transcriber's mistake for Gorget, or Gorger, armour for the neck
Forgo, I. 1428, spare, lose
Forheeded, A. 1366, beheaded
Fornole, concealed, *helan, Sax.*
Forlet, R. 379, A. 2889, lost, abandoned, *Sax.*
Forleyn, R. 924, 953, lain by, copulated with
Forlok, Am. 373, misluck, ill fortune?
Forme, SS. 1424, former. Forme fadir, A. 1292, forefather
Formerwarde, Formewarde, A. 7786, 5733, vanguard
For-prest, prest down, fallen down. For neigh hy weren bothe for thurst astrangled and eke for-prest, A. 5098, for they were nearly strangled, and also fallen down for thirst
Forsake, A. 748, leave, omit, *Sax.*
Forsoole, Forsoth, truly
Forswelte, A. 7559, killed, *Sax.*
Fort, A. 7710, strong, *Fr.* SS. 239, before; SS. 1335, for to, till that
Forth, A. 5200, forwards
Forthenke, grieve, blame. Forthoght, blamed, R. 2423, grieved
Forthers, A. 4980, further on
Forthy, for that, therefore, *Sax.*
For-to, A. 5363, 5399, till, *Sax.*
Fortop, O. 933, hair on the forehead
Forwakyd, tired with want of sleep
Forward, covenant, agreement, *Sax.*—vanguard
Foryelde, I. 841, yield, requite, reward, *Sax.*
Fotehote, Fothot, R. 1798, 2095, SS. 843, O. 1224, on the instant, immediately. *See* Tyrwhytt's Chaucer, ed. 1798, 4to. Vol. II. p. 442.
Fother, A. 1819, 6467, R. 1732, literally a weight of 19 cwt. hence metaphorically a great number or quantity, a burthen, *Sax.*
Foul, A. 2524, fowl, bird. So foul on treo, A. 3551, as a bird on a tree, *i. e.* living in idleness
Founde, A. 4003, found guilty. Founden wyght, A. 4607, foundling. Fornde, Am. 52, go
Fonntstone, R. baptismal font
Fourte, R. fourteen
Fowayle, R. 1471, 1475, fuel, provisions
Fowre so gud, Am. 351, four times as good

Franche, SS. 3012, language in general, in the same manner as Latin was frequently applied
Frasched, R. bruised, cut to pieces, *froisser, Fr.*
Frape, R. 2513, 4546, strike, smite, *Fr.*
Fraught, freight
Frayel, R. 1549, a frail, a basket for packing figs in, *fraiau, O. Fr.*
Fredde, SS. 1514, felt, *freddan, Sax.*
Freeholdande, R. 1259, freeholder
Freet, A. 7114, devoured, *Sax.*
Freke, A. 2161, worthless fellow, *Sax.*
Fremd, strange, foreign, *Sax.*
Frendeleser, more friendless
Frendrede, Freondrede, Freondhed, friendship
Freo, A. 3317, free, liberal, noble
Frere, friar ; AA. 16, brothers, *Fr.*
Fret, A. 703, devoured. Freten, devour, *Sax.*
Freyns, L. 225, French
Frise, A. 1372, perhaps Frise, Friezland, which is mentioned as being under Darius's dominion, in another part of the romance
Frith, wood, forest
Frome, A. 5356, perhaps wilderness ; *frau, fros, O. Fr.* uncultivated ground, heath
Fronst, A. 1630, wrinkled, *fronser, Fr.*
Froyt, fruit
Frusche, A. 1814, crush, *froisser, Fr.*
Fryst, first
Fuatted, A. 6447, flatted. The same in both MSS.
Fultrust, R. 4172, trussed full, filled up
Funston, L. 222, baptismal font
Furchure, A. 4995, 6316, the legs, properly the place where the thighs part, *fourchure, Fr.*
Fure, A. 4223, fire, flame
Furford, A. 3814, *fur fryde, Sax.* The only shadow of meaning I can assign to these two lines is, that Alexander had made him a long passage through the enemy, by the point (ord) of his spear.—E.
Furneye, furnish
Fuysouns, plenty, *Fr.*
Fygeres, A. 5784, figtrees, *figueir, Fr.*
Fyke, R. 4749, to move in an unconstant, undeterminate manner. See Dr Jamieson *in voce*
Fyle, A. 880, O. 293, vile, or foul
Fyn, Fyné, A. 7897, finish, *Fr.* Fyn, A. 6625, subst. end. Fyning, A. 8016, ending

Fynder, Beheldeth me therof no fynder, A. 4794, do not look on me as the inventor
Fynne, Am. 700, fine, true; or perhaps finished, concluded, *finé, Fr.*
Fynt, finds

Gabbe, A. 4967, tale, story, lie; A. 1805, gab, prate, mock, deceive. Gabbuth, A. 1805, prateth, jeereth, *gabir, O. Fr. gabbare, Ital.*
Gade, SS. 2638, Gadelyng, A. 1733, idle vagabond, *Sax.* To sone thenketh the lowe gadelyng, A. 4063, the idle vagabond thinks it too early to rise
Gaderyng, R. 3229, gathering, engagement
Gaff him to, R. 245, addicted himself to. Of him nought gaf, A. 3896, gave no heed, paid no attention to him
Gage, A. 7236, defiance
Gahchyd, R. 827, gashed, scratched
Gale, A. 2548, 7008, song, story; A. 2047, noise; R. 3546, prayer; *galan*, literally, to sing, *Sax.*
Gamenen, A. 5461, play, joke
Ganely, R. 4017, readily, the word is still used in the north of England
Gandes, SS. 3957, wiles, mischievous designs
Gangle, A. 7413, make a noise, *jangler, Fr.*
Garde, caused, from *gar, Sax.*
Gare, R. 6409, ready, the word is used by Gawin Douglas. *See* Yare
Gare, AA. 1353, sword?
Gargaze, A. 3636, neck, throat, mouth, *gargate, O. Fr.*
Garniment, garment
Garsouns, A. 2505, pages, *Fr.*
Garte, caused
Gavelock, javelin, spear, *Fr.*
Gaumbison, A. 5151, a stuffed doublet, worn under the armour, *O. Fr.*
Gayned, R. 4643, availed
Gede, yede, went
Gef nought therof, A. 875, did not care about it
Gefthe, gift
Geltif, SS. 856, guilty
Gendryth, engendereth
Gene, H. 266, given
Genner, A. 57, January, *Jenner, Germ.*
Gent, neat, pretty, gallant, *Fr.*
Geoter, A. 6735, caster, *jetteur, Fr.*
Ger, make, cause, *Sax.*

Ger, Gere, manner, furniture, geer
Gerdoles, girdles
Gert, caused, made; O. 333, gave
Gert, R. 1086, 4014, pushed, pierced
Gest, C. 472, &c. play, song, romance, story, description, actions, deeds
Gest, O. 75, guest. Gest-halle, L. 258, hall for the guests in a nunnery. Gestnyng, A. 1779, Gestuyng, A. 1161, feasting
Getarnys, guitars, *Fr.*
Geth, L. 142, SS. 1295, goeth; in the latter instance for helpeth
Gif, if
Gilofre, A. 6796, cloves, *girofle, Fr.*
Gilowre, SS. 3954, beguiler. Gilry, SS. 3957, guilery, deceit
Ging, A. 1509, army, *Sax.*
Ginne, engine, tool, contrivance
Gird, A. 2272, girdle. The Linc. Inn MS. reads *gurdil*
Gladsum, C. 30, pleasant, *Sax.*
Glede, flame, fire, burning coal, *Sax.*
Glent, R. 5295, 1076, glode, glided, felt
Gleo, glee, mirth, *Sax.*
Gleomen, A. 1152, Glevmen, A. 5256, minstrels, *Sax.*
Glode, R. 5306, glided, fell
Glose, R. 3806, flatter, *Fr.*
Glouted, R. 4771, pouted, looked surly; a provincial word in Scotland and the north of England to this day
Glyt, glides
Gnave, Gnowe, gnaw, gnawed
Goande, going
Godeman, SS. 3869, landlord
Godes, R. 4375, goads, whips?
Godhede, goodness. The meaning of line 7058—7060 is—"Alexander bemoaned (pitied) them, that they had not manhood added to their other goodness (good qualifications)
Godus, A. 762, gods
Gomes, AA. 1308, men
Gonfanoun, banner, standard, *Fr.*
Gong, SS. 1217, privy, *Sax.*
Good, And we of all good distresse, R. 2764, and we have distress (want) of all goods (articles)
Gorgen, A. 5625, devour, eat, *Fr.*
Gorger, A. 3636, R. 323, armour for the throat, *O. Fr.*
Gorisoun, AA. 2449, page, young man, *garson, Fr.*
Gos, go
Gossibbe, L. 42, fellow godfather

Gounfanoun, *see* Gonfanoun
Gowles, O. 1481, gules, red
Gradde, Gradden, Grade, Graden, cried, cry, scream, *Sax.*
Graith, SS. 3670, ready. Graithly, readily
Grame, AA. 657, sorrow, grief, anger, *Sax.* Hou godes grame come to toune, SS. 2703? Grame, AA. 214, angry, grim
Gramercy, grant mercy, great thanks, *Fr.*
Gras, SS. 658, grace, *Fr.*
Grattes. The grattes maysters yede him beforne, Am. 306, he had in his youth the greatest masters to teach him courtesy
Grave, Am 241, inter, bury, *Sax.* Grauen, buried
Grave, A. 3155, graven, engraved, carved
Gravkyng, A. 5413, graying, dawning, *Sax.*
Grayd, L. 329, SS. 3873, *see* Graithed
Gre, Grec, degree, prize, first rank, *Fr.*
Gred, A. 64, declare; R. 481, cried, *Sax.* Gredeth, A. 142, screameth. Gredyng, AA. 6634, lamenting
Grede, SS. 1802, lap; A. 4187, 4196, breast of the mantle, *greada, Sax.*
Gregeys, Greek, *Fr.*
Greithe, Greithen, get ready, prepare, *Sax.*
Grenn, H. 159, grin, snarl
Grented, A. 5846, grunted
Grep, R. 4737, gripe, lay hold of
Gres, grease. Grese, I. 370, game
Grete, I. 1789, 1527, much, many
Grete, AA. 1530, we should probably read *greue, i. e.* grave
Greted. The lady greted with yonge bon, A. 452, the lady became great with a young child. Bone is often used, particularly in scripture, for the whole man
Greth, grace, peace, *Sax.*
Grette, Am. 708, cried. Gretten, A. 5696, greeted
Grevyng, R. 6584, grieving, troublesome
Greyde, O. 1227, prepared
Greyt, Am. 750, grace, favour. *See* Grith
Greythith, A 4136, prepare, *Sax.* Greythyd, R. 1496, ready
Grifhoundes, greyhounds
Griffouns, R. Greeks
Grille, AA. 657, 1275, horrible
Gripes, A. 4880, griffons
Griputh, graspeth
Grist, A. 3295, a species of gray fur, *Fr.*
Grislich, grisely, dreadful, *Sax.*
Grith, Gryth, R. 746, 1617, 2234, 4685, O. 1786, grace, *Sax.*
Grom, Groom, man-servant

Gronne, A. 12, grunting
Grope, A. 1957, gripe, lay hold of
Grusle, R. 2144, gristle
Gruf, R. 4339, gravel?
Gryngen, A. 4443, grind
Gryp, Gryyp, A. 6345, O. 447, griffon
Grys, shudder, tremble, *Sax.*
Gryth, *see* Grith
Guddevon, Am. 110, goon even. Gud sette, A. 6267, well set
Gult, gilt
Guode, good. Guodhede, AA. 2493, good heed, goodness
Guodded, A. 2374, spotted, stained
Gurd, girt, smitten, *Sax.*
Gwinris, A. 7244, guides, *guignour. O. Fr.*
Gwon, gone, go
Gye, A. 7925, guide, govern
Gylyng, guile, beguiling
Gymmes, A. 3132, 6694, gems
Gyng, A. 922, R. 4978, army, *Sax.*
Gynne, engine, contrivance, craft (In A. 607, the astrolabe of Nectanabus is alluded to)
Gynours, engineers
Gyoures, A. 4810, guides, *guyer, O. Fr.*
Gypon, O. 1029. a short cassock, *Fr.*
Gyrdyl-steed, R. 6784, the place where the girdle is put on, the waist
Gysarme, A. 2307, O. 1614, hand-bill, halbert, ax, *O. Fr.*
Gynes, O. 222, fetters

Ha, H. art. a, an
Habbe, Habbeth, have. Habbe, A. 2793, hold, *habban, Sax.*
Habide, SS. 3150, abide
Habitacle, R. habitation, *Fr.*
Had, O. hath
Haile, A. 7036, wholesome, *Sax.*
Haileth, SS. 1541, aileth
Hailsed, embraced, greeted, *Sax.*
Hait, happy, joyful, *O. Fr.*
Hak, O. 1217, ac, but. Hak, SS. 587, hew, *Sax.*
Hakenay, C. 245, a horse for travelling, *Sax.*
Hakes, Am. 55, hawks
Hale, whole, well. Hale, v. cure, *Sax.*
Halen, A. 992, 1416, hawl up
Half, side, part. In bothe half, on both sides, *Sax.*
Halle, A. 2327, all

Hals, neck, throat, *Sax.*
Halt, A. 6619, holds. Halt, SS. 541, probably *hulp*, helps
Halve, part, side. Halvendall, A. 7116, half, *Sax.*
Ham, O. them, *Sax.*
Hame, skin, *see* Hanms
Han, hence. Han, A. 6757, have
Hans, To gode hans, A. 1571, 2935, in great quantity; *hansa*, multitude, *Goth.*
Har, hair. It hath wytt or har, A. 5025, it has wit or sense before it has hair
Hardes, R. 1871, hurdles
Hardye, Hardieth, A. 1264, 6925, 3343, make hardy, embolden, encourage, *Fr.*
Hare, O. 1092, their
Harme, About his harme, A. 2824, for the purpose of doing him harm
Hart, heard
Has, A. 5564, as
Haselrys, A. 3293, hazle-bush, *Sax.*
Hat, A. 3270, hot. Hat, O. 1819, was called, *Sax.*
Hater, A. 4264, 7054, attire, cloathing, *hatron*, *Sax.*
Hanms, A. 385, skin, *hama*, *Sax.*
Haumudeys, A. 1707, probably corrupted from *aumonière*, *Fr.* a purse. *See* the Notes, p. 299
Haunte, R. 4761, pursue
Hawberk, mail-armour, *Fr.*
Hawen, hawthorn-berries. Haw-tree, hawthorn
Hayd, O. 119, hath
Hayll, whole
Hayward, A. 5756, probably a person set to guard the hay while laying in the fields
He, A. 5206, 5280, 6885, they; L. 161, 178, she
Hebben, have, *Sax.*
Hedde, hid
Heden, heathen
Hedlyng, A. 2261, C. 355, headlong
Heeld, held, retained
Heet, commanded, *Sax.*
Hef, A. 2297, heaved up. Open hefd, SS. 206, bare-headed, *Sax.*
Heft, SS. 259, command, restraint; *haft*, *Germ.* captivity. *Haeftling*, *Sax.* a captive
Hegliche, highly. Hegth, high
Hegge, hedge, *Sax.*
Hei, A. 5625, they
Heigheing, On heigheing, L. 214, in haste, *Sax.*

Heind, hand
Heir, A. 6495, hair
Hel, R. 6045, hill
Helde, R. 346, beheld; R. 791, hold
Helde, SS. 336, be covered, disappear, *Sax.*
Hele, A. 6885, 7659, hide, conceal, *Sax.*
Helen, A. 4959, caves, *Sax.*
Helieth, A. 1048, hide, or perhaps drink healths?
Helte, SS. 2140, poured, filled
Helue, SS. 384, haft
Helyd, R. 7005, covered, *Sax.*
Hem, them. Hemselves, themselves, *Sax.*
Hen-ay, R. 2841, hen's egg, *Sax.*
Hende, civil, courteous, *Sax.* Hendely, courteously
Hende, R. 1206, AA. 1583, 1593, near. Hende, R. 4033, hent, seized
Henge, hung
Hent, take hold of, receive, caught, received, *Sax.*
Heo, he, she, they. Heom, them, him. Heore, their, *Sax.*
Heolyng, A. 6188, covering, *Sax.*
Heote, ordered, *Sax.*
Hepe, To Hepe, on a heap, crowded
Her, hair, their, her, here. Her flok, A. 5411, the flock of them
Herbegage, I. 1349, lodging, harbouring, *Fr.*
Herber, garden, arbour
Herberowe, dwelling, lodging, *Sax.*
Herd, herdsman; AA. 501, relation, tale, from hearing?
Herdestow, heardest thou
Here, their; A. 5221, hire, reward; A. 2101, army, *Sax.* With great heres, A. 5265, in great numbers
Herethe, O. 1689, praiseth, *Sax.*
Herne-panne, R. 5293, brain-pan, scull, *Sax.*
Herste, L. 162, hearest
Herte, hurt
Herteles, heartless; R. 4410, without compassion
Hery, O. 1059, cry out, praise, *Sax.*
Heryng, A. 6589, heron
Heste, command, *Sax.* That n'ul no Phelippes heste, A. 1330, that will not obey Philip's command
Hestris, A. 7611, condition, state, *estre, O. Fr.*
Hete, Am. 440, promise, *Sax.*
Hethenesse, country of the Heathens, *Sax.*
Hething, SS. 91, Am. 18, contempt, *Sax.*
Hette, commanded, named, was called, *Sax.*
Heuer, SS. 1135, ever

Heved, head, *Sax.*
Hext, A. 7961, highest, *Sax.*
Heyen, eyes
Heying, R. 707, haste, *Sax.*
Hi, I, they, *Sax.*
Hide, skin, *Sax.*
Hightli, A. 6884, promised, *Sax.*
Himpe, SS. *see* Ympe
Hilde, AA. 2302, covered, *Sax.*
Hilt, A. 1270, the handle of the shield
Hing, hung
Hint, AA. 1325, hit
Hirten, hurt
His, SS. is
Hit, it. Hit was, A. 379, was this
Hiwe, A. 5678, hew, colour, *Sax.*
Ho, A. 6218, who
Hobeles, O. 1598, a species of light horse
Hod, hood, cap, helmet. Of his hod, A. 216, his cap off
Hokerfulliche, L. 61, full of frowardness, *Sax.*
Hoket, A. 7000, plaything, *hochet*, *Fr.*
Holde, A. 2912, fidelity. Of his own holdyng, AA. 3302, vassals who held their lands of him
Holdyn, I. 1849, beholden
Hole, O. 1355, concealed, *Sax.* For hole, A. 7349, wholly
Holt, grove, wood, *Sax.* Holtes hare, AA. 507, hoary, grey, dark woods
Hom, Am. H. them
Hond, O. 1530, hound
Hond, Honden, Hondyn, hand, hands. On honde, to hand. Hond-habbing, A. 4204, SS. 691, taken with the stolen goods in hand, taken while perpetrating the crime
Honde, hend, courteous
Honde, A. 2066, disgrace, *honte*, *Fr.* Or, perhaps, "An honde nam" means, made an engagement (by giving his hand) to kill Alexander
Honest, A. 684, noble, honourable, *Fr.*
Hongi, hang. Hongon, hung
Hont, A. 6531, haunt
Hool, whole
Hoped, SS. 2812, thought, *Sax.*
Hor, Am. their
Hordes, A. 932, points of spears, *Sax.*
Hore, A. 5031, adj. hoary. Hore, A. 6752, subst. a hoary old man. Hore, A. 1597, v. become hoary, *Sax.*
Hostell, A. 7171, lodging, *Fr.*

Hote, Hight, commanded, *Sax.* Hoten, called, *Sax.*
Hote, heat
Hove, R. 301, 325, hover, stay, *Sax.* Houeden, hovered
Houen, A. 5889, heaved
Houle, A. 6331, owl
Houndes, A. 6000, Anthropophagi are here meant
Hountis, O. 891, hunt
Hour, O. 869, our
Hous, A. 619, constellation
Hout, out
How, care, uneasiness, *Sax.*
Howen, own
Hower, R. 1714, probably (rythmi gratia) for hire, possession, as indeed the P. C. reads
Howsewold, household
Hoyd, R. 557, hovered, abode
Hudde, hid
Huel-bone, R 62, whale-bone, probably mistaken for the ivory of the narwhal's horn, *see* Notes, p. 350.
Hul, Halle, hill
Huld, Hulden, held
Hur, H. her
Hus, Am. H. us
Hurdices, A. 2785, Hurdys, R. 3969. 6127, hurdles, scaffolds, palissades, ramparts, fortifications; *hourdiez, hourdis, O. Fr.*
Hy, Hye, they, she, *Sax.*
Hye, In hy, in hye, in haste. Hyee, I. 1017, quickly
Hyde, A. 458, usually a measure of land; here in general a field, *Sax.*
Hye, A. 4750, fare, *see* Hy
Hyghe, hasten, *Sax.* Hyght, was called, *Sax.*
Hynd, A. 5200, Hyndforth, A. 4710, backwards, *Sax.*
Hynde, hende, courteous, *Sax.*
Hyne, O. 673, hind, fellow, servant, *Sax.* plur. Hynen, Hynys
Hynkyng, H. 93, hanging, *Sax.*
Hyr, ther
Hyyeth, O. 1771, highest
Hyyng, A. 149, 159, haste.

I, prefix, *see* Y
Jangelours, A. 3426, minstrels, tale-tellers, jugglers, *Fr.*
Jangelyng, R. 975, prating, *Fr.*
I-blent, blinded
I-borewe, SS. 826, born
I-browe, brewed

Ich, I, *Sax.* Icham, I am. Ichaue, I have. Ichil, I will. Ichim, I him, I to him
Ich, each. Ichchone, Ichone, each one, all. This ich day, This same day. In ich an ende, L. 68, on every side, every where
Jeste, R. 32, history, romance. Jestis, A. 412, actions
I-heryd, O. 866, 992, praised, blessed, *Sax.*
I-lade, laden
I-leued, believed
Ilka, Ilke, each, same, *Sax.* Ilkane, Ilkone, each one. Ilkadele, every part
I-lowe, lied
In, R. 702, inn, lodging
Inche, SS. 1205, read *nithe*, envy, *Sax.*
Increpyng, A. 2168, piercing the skin, *quasi*, creeping into it
Insame, together, *Sax.*
In-tane, Am. 149, taken up so much money on our estate
Inwith, SS. 126, within
Jogoleris, jugglers, *Fr.*
Jolif, jolly
Jornay, day's work, enterprise, *Fr.*
Joster, *see* Justers
Josyng, SS. 92, rejoicing, still used in the Scotish dialect
Joute, R. 1520, battle, company for justing, *jouste*, *O. Fr.*
I-plyght, I pledge, I promise, generally a mere expletive
Iren hat, A. 1629, helmet
Irour, anger, *O. Fr.*
Irrous, A. 330, enraged, impassioned, *Fr.*
I-schape, R. 3779, shaped, created, made
I-serued, SS. 975, deserved
I-sode, boiled, *Sax.*
I-speled, SS. 542, saved?
I-tan, taken
I-traid, betrayed
Juel, evil
Juggeth al his weorren, A. 1538, judgeth the event of his wars
Justers, A. 1400, 1867, horses for justing, or tourneying
Justis, R. 27, *see* Jestis
I-yelt, yielded, requited

Kalange, Am. 157, challenge
Kantell, O. 1113, corner
Kape, SS. 3523, 3879, sleeve of the coat, *see* v. 3882
Karpe, talk, prate
Kaucyon, caution, pledge, security, *Fr.*

Kayes, keys
Kedde, O. 1135, show, *Sax.*
Keld, O. 1063, killed
Kem, O. 1552, came
Ken, O. 671, kine, cows
Ken, R. 1398, 1949, kenne; O. 580, show, make known, teach, *Sax.* Ken and Kyghth, O. 1822, relations and acquaintances. Kenyng, knowing
Kende, nature, relationship, race, *Sax.*
Keovere, A. 4703, recover, obtain, *Fr.* Keovered, A. 4267, recovered, raised himself
Kep, Kepe, care, heed, notice
Kernell, O. 1115, battlement, *Fr.*
Kervynge, cutting, sharp
Kest, cast, kissed
Kete, A. 3049, kite
Kett, cut
Kevercheves, kerchiefs, *Fr.*
Kit, cut
Kith, Kithe, show, make known, *Sax.*
Knape, SS. 1312, knave, man-servant, boy, page, *Sax.* Knave-child, a male-child
Knawe, Be Y knawe, A. 724, make known to me
Knet, knit, tied
Knohches, notches, bunches
Knowe, A. 6490, knee
Knowleching, knowledge, mark to discover by, *Sax.*
Knutte, A. 2133, knights; A. 2251, knit, tied
Knyf pleying, A. 1044, *see* Notes, p. 297
Kokes, O. 122, cooks
Konioun, A. 7748, rascal, *Fr.*
Konne, know, *Sax.* More fayn he wolde konne, A. 6945, he would fain know more
Kourith, Ac nede coward byhynde kourith, A. 2053, but necessarily (of course) a coward cowers (hides himself) behind (the battle)
Korounе, crown
Kouth, Kowth, could, knew, known
Koyntise, A. 6255, contrivance, *Fr.*
Ku, A. 5956, cow. Kuyn, A. 760, cattle, *Sax.*
Kun, SS. 60, know, give, *Sax.*
Kyghthe, show, *Sax.*
Kynd, Kynde, A. 5964, R. 3499, kin, line, descendants, *Sax.* A. 4475, sort
Kyndlyng, A. 5680, conceiving
Kyngriche, Kynryche, kingdom, *Sax.*

Kynrede, A. 6421, kindred, family, nation, *Sax.*
Kyrnelles, R. 3845, battlements, *Fr.*
Kyt, Kyttes, Kyttith, cut
Kytted, A. 4344, caught

Laak, A. 5062, lake
Lache, catch, *læccan*, *Sax.*
Lacke, H. 141, beat; lick is still used in many counties
Lad. Weore they lad othir y-bore of heore lond heo weore lore, A. 6498, were they led or borne out of their land, they were lost or destroyed, *i. e.* they cannot subsist but in their native land
Laff, Laft, left, remained, *Sax.*
Laiked, SS. 3310, liked, pleased
Laith, AA. 1914, loathly
Lake, SS. 1212, please
Lakkyng, A. 3844, seems to mean licking (blood), as the poet speaks of spears bathing in blood. The Bodl. MS. reads *liklakyng*
Lant. Gold is but a lant lone, Am. 416, goods or possessions are but lent loans, only lent to man
Lappes, AA. 988, the skirts or flaps of the coat, *Sax.*
Lare, lore, learning, AA. 356, teaching, instruction
Large, SS. 1251, 1266, liberal, *Fr.*
Largeness, A. 6879, liberality, *Fr.*
Laroun, A. 4209, thief, *Fr.*
Lathe, A. 7722, loathing, disgusting, *Sax.*
Latimere, Latymer, R. 2473, 2491, interpreter, *latinier*, *Fr.* A. 7089, guide
Latin, frequently (as in SS. 2396, 2486), used for language in general, even that of brutes
Latoun, a kind of mixed metal of the colour of brass, *Fr.*
Lauen, A. 3853, hills, *Sax.* *See* Lowe
Lauer, à laver, R. 3417, *Fr.* to wash before dinner, which custom was universally observed
Laught, A. 685, caught, *Sax.* A. 1109, left
Launceyng-, A. 1613, throwing lances
Launche, SS. 1904, throw, place
Laund, I. 383, an unploughed plain, *Fr.*
Lauor, O. 1299, laver, vessel to wash in, *Fr.*
Lay, A. 5211, song, a metrical composition. In ancient German, a *leich* means a song or metrical composition, and is used exactly in the same manner as *lay* in *Fr.* and *Eng.* So in the poem of King Rother:

"Do nam der recke Dieterich
Eine harfin, die was erlich,

Und schleich hinden den vmmehan:
Wie schire ein *leich* darvz clanc."—v. 2512.
" Lude das *leich* clanc."—v. 2522.

Lay, law, religion, *Fr.*
Lazer, leper
Lech, C. 409, liege
Leche, physician, *Sax.* Leche-craft, the art of medicine
Lechour, A. 3916, blockhead. It was formerly used in this sense as well as its more obvious one. It was also applied to a parasite, a meaning that applies very well in the present instance. *See* l. 3974, &c.
Lechure, A. 6306, lechery
Lede, Lond or lede, C. 412, land or people, *Sax.*
Ledron, A. 3216, a leper, any mean person, *O. Fr.*
Leef, dear, *Sax.* Was me never leef, A. 4659, I never delighted in
Lees, Leesse, O. 133, lye, lying
Leffe, I. 2294, beloved, wife, leman
Lefliche, A. 4020, free to choose
Left, O. 919, believed. Leffte, R. 5337, 6807, remained
Legge, Leggeth, lay, lay down, *Sax.*
Leghe, Leighe, lye, lyed. Leyghth, AA. 838, lyes
Leif, believe
Leighster, L. 106, lyer
Lek, O. 1205, leak. Lek, SS. 929, 1537, lock, shut
Lele, loyal, true
Lem, A. 6848, gleam of light, brightness, *Sax.*
Leman, Lemon, love, sweetheart, concubine, wife, *Sax.*
Leme, limb
Lend, C. 120, I. 486, 768, stop, remain, stay
Lengore, L. 157, longer
Lente, O. 615, landed, stopt
Leof, Leove, leve, dere, *Sax.* Leovere, dearer
Leore, A. 1122, Ler, Lere, A. 3953, loss
Leose, Leosen, lose
Lerde, R. 1343, Lerid, Leryd, learned, *Sax.*
Lere, A. 799, 3758, skin, complexion, *Sax.*
Lese, O. 767, lash
Lesse than, I. 1615, unless. Maketh less, extinguishes
Lesse, leash, *Fr.*
Lest, Lesste, listen, hear, *Sax.*
Lesyng, losing; lying
Let, Leteth, Lette, hinder, leave, hinderance, *Sax.* He lette mony wyves child, A. 2477, he hindered many wives from childing, causing them to miscarry; or, perhaps, he left many

of his men (children of women) behind. Lettynge, hindering

Lettrure, A. 3516, 6317, letter, writing

Leve, A. 2906, lover

Leve, believe. Leved, R. 3435, left, omitted

Lete, A. 5812, left

Levere, A. 21, rather, *Sax.*

Leuely, lovely

Levery, R. 4029, wages, *Fr.*

Levours, R. 1935, leaver

Levyd, R. 6440, lived; remained, *Sax.*

Lewid men and lerid, A. 2, R. 3100, ignorant and learned men, clergy and laity, every body, *Sax.*

Lewtè, loyalty, *Fr.*

Ley, law, religion, *Fr.* Here mete ley, I. 664, lay down before them their meat, food. A fallow ley, H. 15, a piece of fallow or lay ground

Libbard, leopard

Libbe, Libben, live. Libbuth, liveth, *Sax.*

Liche, A. 3482, body, *Sax.*

Ligge, lay, lay down. Ligeth, R. 2273, lies

Light day, I. 1404, clear day, open daylight

Light, alight, pitch; I. 2136, grow light; adv. lightly, quickly

Line, linen

List, SS. 2046, cunning, artifice; *list, Germ.*

Listow, liest thou

Lite, little

Lith, SS. 571, alighted

Lith, Lithe, lies; inf. A. 2798, lighten, ease, soften, *Sax.*

Litherliche, SS. 972, wickedly, *Sax.*

Liueray, AA. 1659, Livrere, AA. 1640, Liversoon, A. 1011, ration of food; *livraison, Fr.*

Logges, A. 4295, lodges, *i. e.* tents

Loke, A. 150, 5021, look after, take care of, guard. Loke me, A. 365, take care of me. Lokeden, A. 5743, toke care of, kept. To loke that was his owe, A. 1823, to guard or look after his own possessions

Loke, A. 6516, AA. 492, locked or shut up

Lome, O. 1944

Lond, A. 6170, we should read *folk*. In lond, I. 1112, on the ground, an expletive. God of lond, A. lord of the world

Lone, C. 131, loan, gift

Long on Jac Wade, H. 185, caused by him (a phrase still usual in the north of England)

Longith, A. 139, lengthens

Lonse, lance
Loof, R. 71, a sea term, still in use
Looketh, guards, takes care of
Loop, Lopen, Lopon, leapt
Loos, *see* Los
Lore, O. 651, teach, *Sax.*
Lore, Lorn, Loron, lost; A. 698, destroyed
Los, Lose, praise, commendation, fame, *O. Fr.*
Losangere, Losenger, R. 3690, A. 7736, flatterer, liar, prater, *Fr.* Losengrie, flattery, lying
Losards, R. 1864, 1875, cowards
Lost, A. 7057, lust
Loteby, SS. 1443, companion, lover
Lothliche, loathly, shamefully. Lothlokest, A. 6312, loathliest, most loathsome
Lotynge, A. 6203, struggling, striving together; *lutter, Fr.*
Love-drewry, A. 7610, courtship
Louer, SS. 1799, lord, *Sax.*
Lough, Lowgh, Lowe, C. 505, laughed
Loure, Louren, look sad, discontented, *Sax.*
Louted, SS. 711, bowed, made obeisance, *Sax.*
Lowe, A. 4348, 5364, hill, *Sax.* C. 516, flame, *Sax.* A. 721, deep. AA. 836, lied. Lowen, SS. 799, lied
Lowede, R. 22, lewd, unlearned, laity
Loweth, A. 5146, lowers, goes down
Lowgh, low
Lowte, *see* Louted
Luffand, loving, kind
Lumbars, A. 6063, probably ships of heavy burden, transports, in opposition to dromondes, swift sailing ships, or men of war
Luste, A. 1916, listening. Lustneth, listen
Luttis, C. 101, lutes
Lybb, live, *Sax.*
Lybbard, Lyberde, leopard
Lyf, A. 3885, either *lieve*, dear, or else, as life itself
Lyffte, Of gold wel twenty mennys lyffte, A. 3352, as much gold as twenty men could lift
Lyg, Lygges, Lygkes, Am. 192, lie, lies
Lyghe, A. 3458, light
Lyght, A. 277, lay; C. 69, little
Lyghten, A. 6801, alighted. Lyghtyng, A. 793, alighting
Lym, A. 420, glue. He that was take of deth was lymed, A. 5701, he that was taken prisoner was sure of death, as a limed bird, *i. e.* caught with bird-lime?
Lymes, A. 8025, limbs

Lynde, linden-tree
Lyng, I. 1014, linger
Lyre, C. 153, face
Lyste, choose
Lyte, little
Lythe, R. 2480, 3480, light, soft, gentle, *Sax.* v. cherish, *lithian, Sax.*
Lyvereyng, A. 7171, delivery of provisions, *Fr.*
Lyves, A. alive, living. Lyves mon, A. 9, living man

Ma, more
Mace, A. 6257, masonry, *Fr.*
Mace, club
Mæsters, A. 6719, employment, *mestiers, Fr.*
Maideues, meadows
Mahons, Mahoun, Mahomet
Maied, A. 7328, mead, meadow
Maignè, attendance, company, followers, army; A. 1312, main power, strength. Evel maignè to hire was schape, bot tho that myghte the deth aschape, A. 1119, she had few attendants; only those that might escape death
Maister, A. 6112, master-town, metropolis
Maisterlyng, master
Maistrie, Maistres, A. 5591, maistery, skill, superiority, science, *Fr.*
Make, A. 3314, mate, fellow, companion, *Sax.*
Male, A. 5477, portmanteau, package; SS. 1034, a bagful, *Fr.*
Maleaperte, A. 3260, in evil part, foully, pert, *Fr.*
Malese, A. 7366, uneasiness, *Fr.*
Malicious, A. 3323, artful, *Fr.*
Mall, H. 91, club, "such as thei beten clottys withall." Mallus, H. 140, plur.
Malt, A. 6638, melts, *Sax.*
Maltalent, R. 3272, 3668, ill will, *Fr.*
Mane, moan
Mangle, A. 7412, mingle, *mêler, Fr.*
Mangnelis, Mangonels, a warlike machine for throwing stones, generally used to batter down walls; sometimes (e. g. A. A. 1203,) the stones themselves are so called, *Fr.*
Manhed, A. 7059, manhood; L. 235, relation of consanguinity
Manrede, A. 4665, dependents, vassals, *Sax.*
Mansell, R. 351, *see* Masnel
Manships, Do up your manships, R. 1848, rouse your manhood, your courage

Mantal-les, A. 204, without a mantle
Mar, more
Marchalsye, O. 1387, horsemanship
Marche, A. 3019, border, frontier
Mare, more, greater
Margarites, A. 5683, pearls *Fr.*
Markys, R. marquis
Marows, H. 247, friends? (Wives are mentioned in the next line)
Marschalle, O. 1432, keeper of horses, the original meaning of the word
Martyn apen, A. 6464, martin-cats, a kind of apes
Maryn, R. sea-coast, *Fr.*
Marys, marsh, fen, *Fr.*
Mas, Mase, A. 7838, R. 370, club, *mace, O. Fr.*
Mase, SS. 3267, makes, make
Masnel, R. 5660, mace, club
Mat, O. 1206, dejected, *Fr.*
Matel, A. 6242, metal
Matynges, A. 261, deadly contests, in opposition to plays mentioned in the same line; from *mater, O. Fr.* to kill; or perhaps *metynges, i. e.* dreams
Maugre, Maugry, subst. misfortune; adv. in spite of, *Fr.*
Mawe, A. 1260, stomach, *Sax.*
Mawmetis, idols. Mawmettes, R. mosches. Mawmentrye, idolatrie, Mahometanism; O. 1306, temple for the idols
May, maid, *Sax.*
Mayn, force, strength, *Fr.*
Maytyr negromancien, R. 5490, master of negromancy or magic, *Fr.*
Me, A. 1605, 1658, men; often used in the same way as the French *on*, and the German *man*
Mech, much
Mecly, mekely
Medlay, Medlè, multitude, quarrel, battle, *Fr.*
Medwe, meadow
Meigntenaunt, immediately, *Fr.*
Mekyll, much, *Sax.*
Melche, She was melche, L. 196, she had milk
Meles, R. 2219, males, packages, goods, *Fr.*
Melith, mix, *mêler, Fr.*
Melle, R. 2640, mill
Menage, A. 2087, family, *O. Fr.*
Mene, bemoan. Meneyng, SS. 2858, moaning, sorrow
Menè, followers, train. Mened, SS. 2970, attended
Meneson, SS. 1132, dysentery, *menoison, Fr.*

Meneuere, A. 5474, miniver, the fur of the ermine, and that of the small weasel *(menu vair)*, mixed, *Fr.*
Menge, R. 1552, mix. Mengeth, AA. 1173, manges, makes leprous
Menkinne, mankind
Mensager, messenger
Menske, decency, honour, manliness, *Sax.*
Menstracie, minstrelsy
Meollen, A. 4442, mills, *Sax.*
Mercy, A. 7506, thanks, *Fr.*
Mere, R. 5498, a mare
Mervailes, Merueslynges, wonders, *Fr.*
Merure, SS. 2798, 2809, mirrour
Mesanter, Messantoure, misadventure, *mesaventure, Fr.*
Meschance, misfortune, *Fr.*
Mese, mess, dish, dinner
Mesel, AA. 1259, leper, *Fr.*
Messaner, AA. 1711, probably corrupted from *mesiau, mezéau, O. Fr.* a leper; or perhaps *messanter*, unfortunate
Mest and lest, greatest and least
Mester, sort, kind, employment, *Fr.* With the mestre, A. 5466, with the most? The words seem to form a mere expletive
Met, meat, dinner
Met, v. dreamt, *Sax.* Metyng, a dream
Metcliest, fittest
Meyntenaunt, at the present time
Meyrys, O. 505, the mayor's of the town
Meyster, *see* Mester
Michel, AA. 248, muchness, greatness, *Sax.*
Mid, with, *Sax.*
Mididoue, SS. 1368, 1442, the sense seems to be, at midnight. Mr Ellis's explanation, "secretly, *mithene, absconditus, Sax.*" only applies in the last of these two passages
Misfare, subst. misfortune. Misfared, R. 1823, misbehaved
Misgelt, SS. 1697, yielded amiss, done amiss, committed
Mislering, misteaching, evil teaching
Miss, R. 7066, missing
Missay, R. 2012, Missegg, L. 61, revile, abuse,
Misteris, professions, *mestiers, Fr.*
Mit, might
Mistydde, mistided, mischanced
Moble, R. 6460, furniture, *Fr.*
Mode, anger, wrath; I. 2281, mind, spirit. It is used in the latter sense by Wyntown. Modde, C. 54 fashion, dress, *Fr.*

Molde, mould, earth, R. 2007, the crown of the head, *Sax.*
Molest, A. 5443, molestation
Mone, R. 4636, relate, rehearse. In old mone, A. 1281, in old sayings or proverbs
Monnyliche, manly
Mon-quellyn, A. 3352, man-killing
Mont, mount, hill, *Fr.*
Moot, R. 6708, movement on an instrument, *motette, Fr.*
Moppe, SS. 1414, 1416, fool. To mope, is used by Shakespeare in the sense of exhibiting marks of stupidity
More, A. 5169, greater. More and less, greater and smaller
More, moor, bog. By the dymming of the more, R. 6977, by the staining (with blood) of the moor or ground
Moretyde, A. 4106, morrowtide, morning, *Sax.*
Mornand, mourning. Mornestow, mournest thou
Morwe, morning. A few morwe, A. 4509, a few mornings (days)
Mote, may; SS. 3422, moot, contend
Mounde, A. 2277, helmet; A. 5592, 7400, value, amount, power. All the mounde, SS. 1928, explained by Mr Ellis (Metr. Rom. III. 58), all the world, all your wishes gratified
Mountance, Mountas, Mountenance, amount, value, *Fr.*
Mowe, Mowen, Mowne, may
Muche, A. 3010, great, numerous. Muchehed, A. 7352, magnitude, *Sax.*
Muchul, mickle, many, great, *Sax.*
Muray, A. 6244, wall, *Fr.*
Mury, merry, A. 193, mirth
Muster, H. 101, muster-roll
Muthe, A. 1638, army, *muete, O. Fr.*
Muylyn, mules
Mychel, great, *Sax.*
Myddelerde, A. 1, 42, the earth, world, *middan-eard, Sax.*
Myde, A. 7996, 8021, amidst, with, *Sax.* In soth witness halde him myd, A. 4780, truly bore witness with him (*i. e.* Aristotle)
Mydouernon, A. 5216, half after noon, *i. e.* between noon and vespers, three o'clock
Mydward, middle, *Sax.*
Myghtow, might thou
Mylt, O. 245, mild, merciful, *Sax.*
Mynoris, A. 1218, miners, *Fr.*
Mysdone, A. 5334, misdo, harm, *Sax.*
Mys-say, R. 1277, revile, *Sax.*
Myster, Mystyr, need, necessity, work, business, *Fr.*

Mystrye, mastery, command

Na, none
N'ad, N'adden, ne had, had not
Nake, naked
Nam, Name, took, *Sax.* N'am, ne am, am not
Nammo, no more
Nankins, SS. 2882, no kind of, *Sax.*
Nar, N'ar, ne are, are not
Narwe, R. 3321, narrow, covetous, *Sax.*
Nas, N'as, was not N'ast, hast not. N'ath, hath not
Natheles, nevertheless, *Sax.*
Ne, Neo, not, nor, *Sax.*
Negh, Neghe, adv. near, nearly; v. to nigh, come near; O. 650, 655, nine
N'el, N'elle, will not
Nempnid, named
Neoteth, A. 3767, ne wotteth, knoweth not
N'er, N'ere, were not. Nere, R. 6526, black, *Fr.* Nere, L. 212, never. Ner, R. 768, violent? Me thinketh longe that n'er er, SS. 312, it appears long to me that that ne were, *i. e.* did not happen
Nese, nose
Nessche, A. 63, SS 739, soft, *Sax.*
Nethebour, neighbour
Neuyn, SS. 3444, name
Neweltè, C. 214, novelty
Neweynge, C. 372, New-year's gift
Neyghe, O. 536, nine
Neyt, cattle
Nice, foolish, *Fr.*
Nick, AA. 2176, deny
Nigramance, the black art, magic, *Fr.*
Nightward, SS. 2621, nightwatch
N'ill, will not. N'is, is not. N'iste, ne wiste, knew not, *Sax.*
No, nor, not. No had beo, had not been. No mo, A. 6024, no other. No weore, A. 7362, were not, if there were not. No wer, A. 7124, no where. Nomon, no man
Noblais, Nobleys, nobleness, excellence
Noise, A. 3274, tumult, dispute
Noither, Your noither, AA. 852, neither of you
Nom, took, *Sax.*
Nonekins, no kind of, *Sax.*
Nones, For the nones, on the occasion, for the purpose
Noricerie, nurcery, *Fr.* Noryes, A. 4730, foster-children
Not, N'ot, N'ote, N'o te, ne wot, knew not.

Note, Notes, nuts. Notemugge, A. 6792, nutmeg
Note, More to harm than to note, SS. 992, more harmful than useful, or needful; *note*, need, use, *Sax.*
Notheless Alisaunder, A. 3658, without the intervention of Alexander
Nother, neither, other. No mai ther go no nother guile? AA. 950, may there not be another guile or trick?
Nouth, Nouthe, R. 2404, A. 7747, nought, nothing; SS. 614, now
Nownes, In the nownes, H. 266, for the nones, for the occasion?
Nowtte, H. 160, note, cry
Noye, annoy
N'ul, N'ulle, will not. N'ultow, wilt thou not. N'uste, knew not
Nye, O. 145, eye
Nyghen, go near, approach, *Sax.*
N'ylle, N'ylleth, N'yllthow, *see* N'ul
Nyme, take, *Sax.* Throwing and nymyng, A. 1614, dismounting knights and taking them prisoners
N'ys, is not
Nyse, R. 2786, foolish, *Fr.*
Nyth, A. 4813, night
Nythyng, A. 2054, malicious, envious, mean, *Sax.*

O, Oo, one, on, of; R. 1391, own; O wer, A. 5629, any where
Odame, A. 2081, brother-in-law, *eidam, Germ.* (*see* v. 2349)
Of, A. 5576, off, from
Of-clepith, calls for
Of-dawen, A. 2265, recover, as it were day up, dawn
Of-drad, afraid of
Off-took, R. 4367, took by aim, hit
Of-gradde, inquire of, *see* Grede
Of-kende. And howe vnknow they were of-kende, AA. 14, How they were unknown (indiscernible) one from the other
Of-send, send off, send for
Of-slyve, C. 211, slip or tear off
Of-sygh, A. 6060, saw, perceived
Of-tolde, spoken of
Off-sythes, many times, *Sax.*
Oither, either, or
Olifaunt, elephant; A. 1182, ivoryhorn, *olifant, O. Fr.*
Olyuers, A. 5785, olive-trees
Omang, Omell, SS. 2811, among
On, one, an
Onane, anon

Onde, envy, *onda, Sax.*—A. 3501, breath, life, *ond, Sax.*
Onence, SS. 2872, against
Onethe, scarcely, *Sax.*
On-live, Brought on-live, R. 2059, killed, took away from life, on being here corrupted from off
Onther, O. 609, under
Oo, one, once
Or, Ore, ever, ere
Ord, point, *see* Horde. Both by the grayn and at orde, A. 6437, both along the edge and at the point
Ore, A. 67, grace, favour, happiness, from *O. Fr. heur, bonheur, felicitè*, which is derived from *Lat. hora.* See Rits. Rom. III. 263
Ore sa tost, A. 1941, now then quickly all, *Fr.* Oretost, aly, aly, A. 3819, now all go, or march, *Fr.*
Orfreys, embroidery, *Fr. aurifrigium, Lat.*
Orgles, A. 191, organs
Orgulous, A. 2006, R. 272, proud, splendid, *Fr.*
Orguyl, pride, *Fr.*
Orpedschype, A. 1413, courage. Orped is used by Robert de Gloucester and Gower
Os, Am. 389, perhaps a corruption of or else
Ospryng, AA. 48, offspring
Ost, host. The grete ost, A. 3732, the main army. Ost, A. 3018, east, east-frontier
Ost, A. 905, Ostage, I. 936, 1294, lodging, dwelling, hostel
Ote. God ote, SS. God knows
Oth, o'th', on the
Other, either, or, or else, each other, *Sax.*
Otvain, AA. 286, asunder, *Sax.*
Ovenon, On ovenon, A. 2234, on his coming up to him, *en avenant, Fr.*
Over, A. 419, ever. Ouer than, A. 5878, after then
Overbod, SS. 1731, remained after, overlived, *Sax.*
Overhed, A. 7396, a cut over the head in fencing
Oversegh, SS. 1130, looked over, saw
Ovirraughte, R. 2555, reached
Our, L. 15, o where, any where
Ours, SS. 2276, hours
Out-braid, suddenly, drew out
Oute-bishett, shut out, turned out
Outelyng, A. 4915. The sense of the two lines is evidently this: 'These nations are solitary, shut out from communication with others, and committed entirely to their own care for themselves, their own government.'
Outerlyche, A. 220, utterly

Outher, either
Outraye, R. 3891, 2713, fly out, run out of the ranks, *Fr.*
Out-spat, spit out
Out-wryghe, A. 6483, discover, *Sax.*
Ovyrtwart, overthwart
Ow, you
Owe, Stod him non owe, SS. 1887, he did not stand in awe, was not frightened with
Owen, To heore owen, A. 4367, *i. e.* harm, which word is understood
Owghtte, A. 1675, owed
Owy, L. 296, away
Oyè, again
Oyinge, R. 279, yawning, gaping. *See* l. 276
Oysers, A. 6186, osiers

Paced, A. 2192, passed
Paddokes, A. 6126, toads
Paied, apayed, content, *Sax.*
Pais, peace, *Fr.*
Palfray, a horse used for parade and for travelling
Palle, fine cloth, principally used for the garments of persons of high rank, generally of a purple colour, *Fr.* Undur palle, A. 7733, under the pall, or cloth spread over the bed
Palmers, pilgrims to the Holy Land
Pans, pence; A. 1572, furs, *panes, pannes, O. Fr.*
Parage, rank, kindred, *Fr.*
Paraunter, peradventure, perhaps, *Fr.*
Parayle, O. 1680, apparel, arms; *Fr.* R. 1645, nobility, men of rank, *pareille, Fr.*
Pardè, A. 5569, by God, *par Dieu, Fr.*
Parmafay, by my faith, *Fr.*
Pars, A. 664, probably grammar: the verb to *parse* is still in use. *See* the Proces of the Seven Sages, v. 181
Parted them, A. 1392, divided amongst them
Partrik, partridge
Pas, A. 7804, paces. Turned his pas, A. 7837, turned back again, *retourner sur ses pas, Fr.*
Pask, easter
Passand, passing, used as a superlative
Passed, past. No hadde nought passed theo halven dall, A. 7116, had not above half his army left. *See* the following lines
Pates, R. 1832, boats, vessels
Paunes, A. 2800, heads, *Sax.*
Pautener, A. 1737, R. 2512, vagabond, libertine, *O. Fr.* *See*

Roquefort's Dict. de la Langue Romane, where (II. 319) there is a curious collection of the different senses to which the word was applied

Pay, Paye, Payd, Payed, Payyd, content, agreed, agreeable, *Fr.*

Paylouns, pavilions, tents, *Fr.*

Paynym, pagan ; R. 612, the country of the pagans

Pays, A. 1630, R. 4095, pitch, *Fr.*

Pekke mod, SS. 262, grow angry, pick a quarrel

Pel, L. 172, Pelle, O. 319, Pellis, A. 6697, fur, furs

Pelers, pillars

Pelt, SS. 384, (?)—SS. 751, put, O. 595, pushed

Penci, C. 177, thought, *Fr.*

Pencel, a banner, *Fr.* Pencels are described to be 'flagges for horsemen,' in MS. Harl. 2358, relating to justs and tourneys.—P. The pencel or pennon differed from the banner, which was square, in being long, and tapering to the end. When a banneret was created, the long end of the pennon which he wore as knight was cut off. Hence the French proverb, *Faire de penon banniere*, applied to a person passing from one dignity to another

Peolour, A. 4129, puelre, furred robe, *Fr.*

Peopur, A. 7032, pepper

Peoren, A. 1516, Pers, Peers, equals, companions, *Fr.*

Perage, rank, *Fr.*

Perche, A. 2459, prick, spur

Perdos, A. 6709, pards, leopards

Pere, *see* Peoren. Peres, pears

Perfiteli, perfectly

Pers, A. 4987, generally sky, or bluish-grey colour. Here it must mean some kind of stuff, on account of the epithet scarlet being applied to it

Person, A. 3295, parson

Pertyng, A. 2906, departing

Pes, peace

Pesen, peas. A pese nys worth thi riche sclaunder, A. 5959, thy rich renown is not worth a pea

Pesens, A. 3697, gorgets, armour for the neck, *Fr.*

Pet, Pett, pit, A. 7495, put, filled

Petur, Am. 119, St Peter!

Petusly, piteously

Peys, A. 1620, R. 4129, pitch, *Fr.*

Peytrel, R. breast-plate, *poitrail*, *Fr.*

Pilche, SS. 473, a fur mantle, *Sax.*

Pilt, L. 136, put, placed

Pinnote-tree, SS. 544, a red-stocked or round-leaved vine, *Fr.*
Pirie, SS. 555, perry, pear-tree
Piropes, A. 5682, a kind of red precious stones
Plain, AA. 1911, play, sport
Plate, A. 5151, iron-glove, *O. Fr.*
Plate, flat, *Fr.*
Playned, complained. Pleint, complaint
Pleightte, A. 5859, plucked
Plenere, O. 1785, complete, full, *Fr.*
Plight, Plyght, v. pledge, promise, *Sax.* Plightten, A. 5831, plucked
Plumten, A. 5776, 5778, plunged
Pokyd, R. 5937, pushed, urged, provoked? Perhaps a mistake in transcription for "tho kyd," then kythed or shewed, the Saxon *th* having been mistaken for a *p*
Pol, head. Pollid, A. 216, cropped
Pomon, A. 4374, lungs, *Fr.*
Popetis, puppets
Poraile, A. 1229, the poor people; *porail, pauvraille, Fr.*
Porculis, portcullis
Porture, carriage, behaviour, *Fr.*
Porvè, purvay, provide
Postè, O. 1950, power, *Fr.*
Poudrè, A. 2180, dust, *Fr.*
Pouerte, poverty, *Fr.*
Pouke, R. 566, puck, spirit, fairy
Poune, A. 2770, head, *Sax.*
Pount tournis, SS. 743, point or place to behold the turnament, *Fr.*
Pouren in the walken, A. 5799, poor men (*pauvres, Fr.*) on the road sides, in fact fakeers
Poustè, Powstè, power, *Fr*
Power, A. 4513, AA. 92, poor, *pauvre, Fr.*
Pray, A. 2595, press, crowd, *rythmi gratia*
Prayd. I. 90, invited
Prechid, A. 2042, preched to, spoken to, cheered up
Preke, spur, ride, *Sax.* Prikeand, riding
Preovest, A. 6891, most approved, *Sax.*
Pres, Prese, crowd, multitude; to press, to crowd. Him for to preche wold scho noght prese, SS. 3428, she would not hurry or press to speak to him
Present, I. 1750, presence
Preue, prove, try
Prest, ready, prompt; pressed, thronged
Prick, Prike, *see* Preke
Pris, prize, reward, *Fr.*

Prisons, A. 2513, R. 3361, prisoners
Prowe, I. 51, 588, profit, advantage, *Fr.*
Pryme, R. 747, the first quarter of the artificial day, *Fr.*
Prynces, A. 4727, probably the transcriber's mistake for traitors
Prys-mestier, O. 1194, principal trade or craft, *Fr.*
Prys-toures, largest or principal towers
Pud, A. 6488, budded
Puere, AA. 2413, power
Pull, Hit pull, H. 40, bring down the hare
Pulte, A. 2301, A. 1921, put, placed
Punge, A. 1728, 1760, a purse, (*see* v. 1798) so explained on the margin of the Linc. Inn MS. The Bodl. has the same word
Purchaceyng, A. 5196, provisions, necessaries of life
Purchas, A. 4549, acquisition, plunder, SS. 695, *procurement*, *Fr.*
Purueiaunce, O. 41, preparation
Pusen, *see* Pesens
Put, pit. Heorte put, A. 2250, 4457, pit of the heart: we still say the pit of the stomach
Putayle, R. 1286, 4291, the multitude, common people, *Fr.*
Puteyn, SS. 1639, harlot, used both for males and females, *Fr.*
Puyr, very, real, clear, *Fr.*
Pycches som, A. 4913, some kinds of pitch
Pyght, pitched, stuck, fastened
Pyke, R. 611, pilgrim's staff
Pylche-cloute, R. 2625, a rag of a hide or fur-cloak
Pylt, R. 4085, put, placed
Pyment, A. 4178, a kind of claret, or wine mixed with honey and spices. So in the romance of the Bataile of Troye:

There was pyment of clarrè. *See* Notes, p. 310.

Pyne, C. 332, pin which fastened down the lid of the pannier. Pynnes, A. 7666, pins with which the windows were fastened?
Pypyn, A. 3256, windpipe
Pytè, A. 7269, pityful state
Pytte, put

Quadth, quod, said
Quaire, SS. 177, Quarré, Quarrey, square, *quarré*, *Fr.*
Quecche, A. 4747, do harm, mischief? Probably altered from Quede or Quethe for the rhyme's sake
Qued, A. 4237, R. 1266, harm, evil, *quad*, *Teut.* SS. 756, A. 5619, wicked, evil, bad, difficult
Queint, Queintè, SS. 2374, quaint, cunning, skilful, *Fr.*

Quelle, kill, *Sax.*
Queme, R. 3432, I. 28, please, *Sax.*
Quene, R. 3971, as Queint, skilfully, *rythmi gratia*
Quer de lyon, R. 6268, Coeur de lion
Querelles, square-headed arrows; also square stones shot from mangonels and other engines
Quert, Hale and in quert, SS. 3862, healthy and joyful, *en-coeur? Fr.* Al quert, SS. 771, covered, *tout covert, Fr.*
Quethe, AA. 2470, harm, mischief, *Sax.*
Queyntaunce, A. 6173, acquaintance
Queynteys, Queyntise, quaintise, cunning; devise, appearance; courtesy, *cointise, O. Fr. see* Queint
Quinre, A. 5609, some kind of poisonous animal
Quistron, A. 2511, means, as Mr Tyrwhitt had very skilfully conjectured, a scullion. The prose French chronicle of the Brut of England, which was translated by Caxton, describing the incident that furnished Warner with his very beautiful story of Argentile and Curan, says that King Edelf married Argentile, " à un quistron de sa cusyne." This Caxton renders by " a knave of his kychen."—D.
Quite, Quytte, requite
Quitement, R. 2002, completely, entirely
Quoynte, quaint, well instructed, polite, *coint, Fr.*
Quybibe, A. 6796, cubebs, a spice resembling pepper
Quyghtt, C. 63, quit, liberate, redeem
Quyk, A. 5743, alive
Quyte, R. 490, quit
Qwede, A. 8020, bequest, from bequeath
Queyntise, courtesy
Quysteroun, O. 154, *see* Quistron

Rabben, A. 4983, turnips, *rabe, rabbe, O. Fr.*
Rabyte, R. 2323, O. 1078, war-horse; from the following passage in Veldeck's Æneid, it seems to refer to the sex of the horse as well the term *chastellan*:

Eneas der Troyan
Gesaz vff ein *chastellan*
Das in ritterlich truc,
Iz was starc vnd snel genuc.
Tvrnus saz vff ein *ravit*
Daruffe hub her den strit.

i. e. Eneas the Trojan sat upon a *chastellan*, which bore him like a knight (nobly), and was sufficiently strong and quick. Turnus sat upon a *rabyte*, upon which he commenced the battle.

Rach, R. 4358, rushes, used for the thatch mentioned v. 4361

Rade, A. 6165, counsel, advice, *Sax.*
Rade, O. 305, Radly, *see* Rathe
Rage, A. 4336, madness, rashness, *Fr.* AA. 1945, mad
Ran, SS. 2723, saying, *see* Dr Jamieson *in voce* Rane
Randoun, at random, violently, swift, *Fr.*
Rape, SS. 1631, O. 337, haste, hurry, violence. Toke in rape, O. 312, ravished
Rappyd, R. 2537, struck, thumped; R. 2206, hurried away
Ras, Little ras, A. 7830, little race, short time
Rase, R. 2206, rage, *Sax.*
Rathe, R. 5001, soon, early, quick. Rathly, quickly, soon. Rathly res, O. 1787, with a quick course, rapidly
Raught, reached
Real, royal
Recet, L. 278, lodging, abode, *Fr.*
Rech, C. 531, enrich, adorn
Recheth, A. 7317, careth, *Sax.* Recheles, reckless, careless, *Sax.*
Red, Redde, Rede, counsel, advice; to counsel, *Sax.* Red me red, SS. 1913, advise me with thy counsel. Y can no rede, AA. 948, 983, I know of no counsel
Redde, Reyd, Am. 88, 175, countenance, cheer, *Sax.*
Rede, A. 4649, R. 1586, explain, tell, relate
Redid in the berd, A. 2944, reddened in the beard, *i. e.* their cheeks grew red with anger
Rees, O. 137, rage, *Sax.*
Refft, bereft
Reche, reck, care
Reisons craken, A. 6991, crack, discourse. We still crack jests
Reke, R. 1811, O. 182, reckon with, counsel, consider
Relegyne, Am. 275, religion, *i. e.* the secular and regular clergy
Reles, C. 208, relish
Remes, I. 588, realms
Reme, A. 3740, 3347, make room, *Sax.*
Ren, run
Renay, renounce, abjure, *O. Fr.*
Renge, R. 525, 563, ranks, *Fr.*
Rente, R. 422, taken from him, bereft. Rent with the bronde, R. 2527
Reod, A. 6433, reed
Reouth, ruth, pity, sorrow. Reowly, A. 6907, rueful, pitiful, *Sax.*
Rerde, roaring, noise
Reremayn, A. 7395, a back stroke, as opposed to the front stroke on the target, *arriereremain, Fr.*

Res, SS. 2391, rage; I. 1831, to rage, *Sax.*
Resed, AA. 2065, rose
Resoun, R. 117, 165, speech; R. 997, advice, *Fr.* Areson, A. 1139, to reason, *Fr.*
Respounde, answer, *Fr.*
Resse, R. 4165, hurry, haste, *Sax.*
Resset, A. 603, place of refuge, *recette, Fr.*
Reste, To rest-ward, A. 5338, toward rest, going to rest
Rette, Al the lore in him Y rette, A. 7247, all the loss of men I impute to him, *O. Fr.*
Return, Saun return, A. 600, without escape, *sans retour, Fr.*
Reveryng, A. 678, rivering, *i. e.* flying hawks at herons and other river fowl. *See* Notes, p. 295
Reuist, SS. 3356, fetched suddenly, *raptus, raptim, Lat.*
Reume, SS. 2468, put away, remove
Reumed, A. 4238, spoke of, from *reoman,* or *hreman, Sax. clamare, incessitare*
Reuthe, ruth, pity. In A. v. 4114, it seems to be used, *rythmi gratia,* for reserve
Reweliche, rueful, pityful
Reyn, Falle by a reyn, A. 1311, allayed by a rain
Rialte, C. 73, royalty, splendid living
Ribaud, A. 1578, ribald, libertine, *Fr.* The meaning of this and the preceding line, as explained by Mr Ellis, is, "The teller of a true tale (*gesta, Lat.*) is often disliked, while the relater of a tale of ribaldry feasteth on tripe."
Ribaudy, ribaldry, *Fr.*
Riche, A. 4744, realm, *Sax.*
Rigge, back, *Sax.*
Rightwise, righteous
Riis, Under riis, AA. 136, under a bush, a mere expletive
Riputh, ripeneth
Rist, A. 2163, arose
Rit, rode
Riue, SS. 3550, arrive
Roches, Rocheris, A. 5167, 7090, rocks, *Fr.*
Rochys, O. 953, roaches
Rod, R. 5257, riding; perhaps rede, consultation
Rode, L. 263, Rody, A. 164, ruddiness, complexion, *Sax.*
Rode, C. 119, 300, the cross, *Sax.*
Rody, ready
Rof, Roff, R. 504, 2284, rove, split
Roite, rout, followers
Rometh, A. 7207, 7625, dwelleth from, *rum, Sax.* room
Rominde, roaming
Ronnon, run

Roo, R. 7135, repose, *ruhe, Germ.*
Roowte, O. 59, rote, a musical instrument similar to the modern mandolin or hurdygurdy
Rope, In his rope, A. 6298, perhaps in his rape, in his possession; or perhaps we might read, "in his *cope*," *i. e.* in his head
Rote, SS. 1072, practise, deed, *Fr.*
Rotelande, A. 1871, rattling. Rotled, A. 930, rattled
Rother, rudder. Rotheres lunge, A. 4719, the lungs of some animal
Rove, A. 513, roof
Roverted, A. 7895, returned to life, *Lat.*
Rought, cared; part. of *recche, Sax.* to care
Roun, Roune, speech, tale, cry; O. 461, roar. In short roun, A. 806, in few words, literally in short speech
Rouncy, I. 1646, O. 1938, a common hackney horse
Roupe, SS. 1185, outcry, lamentation
Route, R. 4229, snore, *Fr.* R. 4304, roar, make a noise
Rowe, R. 3407, raw; A. 5769, R. 4661, rough
Rowght, C. 261, row
Rown, R. 2142, whisper
Roynyd, R. 1083, roared
Rug, back, *Sax.*
Rughher, A. 5956, rougher
Ruwet, A. 3699, a rouette, probably a sort of buglehorn, so called from its winding shape
Rybaud, A. 3297, vagabond, libertine
Ryneth, A. 4976, raineth
Rystc, rest
Ryt, rode
Ryth, right
Ryvage, A. 6079, O. 1643, Ryve, A. 4090, shore of the sea, or of a river, *Fr.*
Ryue, O. 1271, rife
Ryuede, O. 542, arrived

Sad, A. 5587, solid, serious, steady. Sadly, truly
Saffer, saphir
Sain, say
Sakles, SS. 3959, innocent, guiltless, *Sax.*
Sakret, A. 6777, sacred. Sakeryng, R. 222, blessing the host
Sakyn, A. 1884, kill, *Sax.*
Salc, A. 7430, glad, content; O. 59, AA. 444, hall, *Sax. Fr.*
Saler, R. 1099, salt-cellar
Salod, Am. 112, saluted. Salue, saluted
Saltou, shalt thou
Same, Samen, In same, together, *Sax.*

Samned, gathered, assembled
Samyt, A. 1027, R. 66, a rich silk, *Fr.*; A. 2095, a robe of samyt
Sand, *see* Sond
Sare, sore
Saresyn, Saracen, Pagan. Sarezynesse, country of the Saracens, *Fr.*
Sarke, R. 4553, shirt, *Sax.*
Sarten, certain
Sate, seat. Saten, sat
Saueliche, safely. Saueliche com other sende thi sond, AA. 1447, we should probably read Ganeliche, quickly
Sauer, Am. 72, savour, smell
Saughte or wrothe, R. 2615, quiet or angry, in which sense Souch is still used in Scotland
Saun, Sauns, without. Sauns fable, without a lye, truly
Sauour, AA. 459, Saviour
Saut, assault, *Fr.*
Sawdon, sultan
Sawe, saying, words, speech
Sawtrè, Sawtrye, C. 102, O. 69, psaltery, a musical string-instrument
Say, A. 252, 6824, 6682, saw, examined
Say, A. 454, R. 2347, tell, inform
Saygyng, A. 61, signs, *i. e.* predictions relating to land, water, &c.
Saylyng, A. 676, 7392, assailing
Sayne, say
Scaloun, O. 1313, shilling
Scathe, harm, damage, *Sax.*
Schaftes, lances
Schake, A. 4253, fly, move rapidly; *sceacan, Sax. fugere.* God schak, A. 232, with good speed. Thei went a nobull schakke, H. 96, they went at a great rate
Schalt, A. 1096, shouldest
Schamliche, shamefully
Schappe, H. 38, shape. Schappe, Schapput, H. 115, escaped. Schape without a scorn, Am. 49, escape without being scorned or despised
Schar, shore, cut
Schawe, A. 6109, O. 355, thicket, wood, *Sax.*
Scheete, O. 1494, shoot
Scheltroun, R. 5629, Scheldtrome, Scheldestrome, O. 1505, 1595, army, host, probably formed in the form of a tortoise, *schild-truma, Sax.* See Dr Jamieson, *in voce* Schilthrum
Schenche, A. 7581, pour out, drink, *scencan, Sax.* Schenchith,

A. 4482, probably the same as *schenkit*, in the following lines of Gawain and Gologras:

Thair spers in splendris sprent
On scheldis *schenkit* and schent.

Pinkerton explains it *burst*, and Dr Jamieson, agitated, shaken, from the German *schwenken*. Neither of these explanations, however, is satisfactory. The word *schencheth* in the text, may perhaps, *rythmi gratia*, stand for *schendeth*, *i. e.* ruins, destroys

Schend, put to shame, defame, ruin, slay, kill, *Sax.*

Schene, shining, splendid, fair, *Sax.*

Schent, A. 7113, destroyed; R. 1131, put to shame, undone. Schentschepe, R. 4986, shame, punishment, *Sax.*

Scheome, shame

Scheotte, shut

Schepe, A. 3577, ship. Schepynges, shipping, ships

Scher, cheer

Schereue, SS. 2547, 2564, sheriff, count

Scherk, R. 3632, sark, shirt, *Sax.*

Schette, A. 1806, shot, pushed. From he shette, A. 2309, shot away from

Schewere, A. 18, example

Scheyd hur way, H. 168, showed the way they had gone

Schildre, SS. children

Schillede, SS. 1380, sounded, *Sax.*

Schippe, A. 1107, skip

Schof, shoved

Scholdron, shoulders

Schond, shame, *Sax.*

Schop, AA. 1042, created, *Sax.* Hit schopen thê, A. 6970, have destined it so for thee, *Sax.*

Schore, sheared, cut, *Sax.*

Schoure, A. 3722, scour, ride quick

Schoutes, R. 4785, schuyts

Schrede, AA. 1045, shroud, dresse, clothe, cover

Schrewe, infamous, ill-natured person, *Sax.*

Schrilleth, A. 777, soundeth shrilly

Schroff, R. Shruved, A. 6828, shrove, confessed, *Sax.*

Schryppe, O. 1357, a pilgrim's scrip

Schuldren, shoulders; A. 6612, backfins

Schust, shouldest

Schyde, A. 6421, R. 1385, billet of wood, *scide*, *Sax.* *scheit*, *Germ.*

Schylle, O. 535, 563, 752, shrill

Schyngil, A. tiles, or rather wooden roofs, *Sax.*

Schypful, He had thryttene schypfull been, R. 2882, he (the

Mate-griffon, or rather the materials of it) had formed the cargo of thirteen ships
Schyr, R. 2646, clear, fair, *Sax.*
Schyue, O. 1022, shaped, fitted?
Scill, SS. 3750, skill, right
Sclaundre, A. 741, 5993, slander, report, fame, *Fr.*
Sclavyn, R. 611, a pilgrim's mantle, *esclavine*, *O. Fr.*
Sclyces, slices
Scoff, A. 5461, joke
Scole, A. 1450, school, university
Scoppe, A. 5777, scoop, leap, *Sax.*
Score, SS. 1019, twenty years of age
Scomfited, discomfited. Scoumfyt, Scounfithe, discomfiture
Screde, O. 1676, shroud, dress
Scrike, shriek, cry out
Scrowe, scroll, writing
Scille, SS. 941, shall
Secheth, A. 4735, visits, *Sax.*
Sedde, R. 47, said, spoke to, importuned
Sedewale, A. 6793, setwale
Sef, O. 747, safe, proper, advisable
Segedyn, A. 2672, besieged
Segge, say
Segghen, Segh, saw
Segh, SS. 187, seat. Seght, O. 1885, seated
Seignours, A. 1458, master, lord, *Fr.*
Seilde, Seilden, A. 3298, seldom, *Sax.*
Seise, infeft, put in possession of, *Fr.*
Selcouth, seldom known, strange, wonderful, *Sax.*
Sele, SS. 3483, bliss, prosperity, *Sax.*
Seler, cellar
Sem, Werk of sem, O. 1865, sowing
Semblabel, like, comparable, *Fr.*
Semblaunt, appearance, countenance, manner, fashion, *O. Fr.*
Semblyd, assembled
Semely, Semly, seemly, comely, fair, *Sax.*
Sen, since, after, *Sax.*
Send, C. 420, saint
Sene, O. 1386, seven
Senas, A. 477, senate
Sendel, A. 1963, R. 3965, a rich thin kind of silk of which standards were frequently made, particularly the celebrated *oriflamme*
Seolk, silk
Seolle, A. 3724, Seolve, self, same
Seon, see. On to seon, A. 545, to look upon, *Sax.*

Seone, seven
Seothe, sith, since
Sere, SS. 3769, sore ; SS. 3728, several, many ; Am. 728, sir. *See* Weode
Seres, R. 3567, sirs, lords
Serjeant, soldier, companion, servant, workman, *O. Fr.* Seriaunce, AA. 1894, serjants
Serued, deserved
Sese, SS. 42, see. Sese, C. 297, cease. Sessed, SS. 781, ceased, stopt. Sese, R. 2160, put in possession. Sesyd, infefted. Sesyng, A. 8015, possession, seisin
Sethe, Sethenis, Seththen, sith, siththence, since, after, *Sax.*
Seue, seven
Sewe, follow, pursue
Sextou, SS. 362, seest thou
Seygh, saw
Seyn, since ; A. 135, say
Seyngle, R. 1067, single, alone
Seyntes, A. 6763, holy, *Fr.*
Seys, cease
Seysouns, A. 5251, time, *Fr.*
Seystow, sayest thou
Seyt by, Am. 370, thought of, still a common phrase
Seyth, O. 153, saw
Shame, I. 435, be ashamed
Shelde, R. 2054, shoal, coast, *rythmi gratia*
Shent, R. 2237, put to shame, *Sax.*
Shete, shoot. Shetynde, A. 4896, shooting
Shewer, A. 4795, witness
Shone, Won his shone, I. 978, a phrase similar to winning the spurs, which a young knight was said to do when he atchieved his first gallant action. *See* Ritson's Romances, III. 341.
Shoneth, A. 4919, shunneth
Shoten, A. 5968, shot, pushed, driven
Shooff, R. Shove, I. 1640, shaved
Shouen, shoved
Shreden, cloathed, *Sax.*
Shrette, R. 2045, shroud, sails. Perhaps we should read Sprette, *i. e.* the bowsprit
Shrightte, A. 5738, skrietched, screamed, *Sax.*
Sibbe, family, relations, *Sax.*
Sichen, SS. 1268, saw
Siclatoun, a rich kind of stuff which was brought from the east. So in Partenopex de Blois:

" S'esgarde vers soleil levant——

Par la li poile Alixandrin
Vienent, et li bon *siglaton.*"

Sig, Siggen, say
Sigyng, A. 1662, sieging, besieging
Signifiaunce, meaning, testimony, *O. Fr.*
Sike, Sikir, sure, *Sax.* Sikir pas, A. 7066, by a secure pass.
Sikeli, Sikerliche, surely
Sinatour, senator
Sith, Sithe, since. Many sithe, many times. Sith, sees
Sithen, A. 5722, scythes
Siwen, Siweye, A. 4751, sue, follow
Skalouns, R. 6834, shillings
Skappe, Am. 313, escape
Skarschliche, A. 1012, scarcely, scantly
Skeet, R. 806, 1104, readily, quickly, soon, *Sax.*
Skekkyng, A. 3563, battle; *skec*, contest, Rob. of Glouc.
Skele, skill
Skere, AA. 843, sheer, free, clear, quit
Skete, A. 3049, R. 5488, early, quickly
Skile, Skill, cause, reason, right, art, *Sax.*
Skirmed, A. 7386, skirmished, *escrimer, escaramoucher, Fr.*
Skit, quickly
Sklaueyne, O. 394, *see* Sclaveyne
Sklaunder, A. 5497, fame, renown, *Fr.*
Skriche, scriech, cry out
Skuyeris, A. 6022, squires
Skyfte, Am. 644, 656, shift, arrange, deal out, divide
Skyke, A. 6076, Skyking, A. 6142, 6276, contest, fighting
Skyl, Skylle, *see* Skile
Skymyng, A. 1616, skimming or gliding along like wild-fire? I suspect we should read Skyrmyng, *i. e.* fighting
Skyrme, A. 662, fence, fight with the sword, *escrimer, Fr.*
Skyrmyng, A. 672, fencing, fighting, skirmishing
Slake, extinguish; C. 80, go silently, *schleichen, Germ.* Slake a boor of beer boost, R. 3837
Slang, A. 5538, slung himself, leaped
Slape, sleep
Slatyng, A. 200, slaying, *rythm. grat.*
Slaueyn, O. 1357, *see* Sclaveyn
Slaught, slay, slaughter
Sleeth, Slen, Sleth, slay
Slegh, O. 1135, sly, cunning
Sletten, A. 2262, slid, fell
Sleynt, AA. 2279, slipped. Sleynt him in the lake, AA. 2073, drenched him in the water of the castle-moat
Slider, AA. 1842, slippery

Slike, such like, such
Slo, Sloo, slay. Slowen, slew
Slong, slung, flung
Slow withinne, A. 3886, slow of spirit
Slowe, A. 6075, sloughs, morasses
Slyke, R. 5497, *see* Slike
Smale, To laugh smale, A. 7239, to laugh a little
Smart, Of tale beo smart, A. 4160, thou art quicker or lively of speech. *See* Notes, p. 310.
Smerte, smart, pain
Smerthe, O. 853, smartly
Smete, smote
Smot, A. 494, rushed, hastened. The use of the word is noticed by Lye, *see* Dict. Sax. *voce* Smitan
Smulleth, A. 6793, smelleth
Snache, A. 6559, pierce, *Dutch*
Snel, quick, quickly, *Sax.*
Snywith, A. 6450, snoweth
So, R. 138, as
Soden, boiled, *Sax.*
Sogates, SS. 2855, thus, in such a manner
Soget, SS. 458, subject, *Fr.*
Soile, A. 7926, assoil, absolve, *Fr.*
Soht, soth, truth, *Sax.*
Sojour, stay, sojourn, *sejour*, *Fr.*
Sok, Soken, O. 473, A. 6119, sucked
Soket, A. 4415, a blade, *O. Fr.* from soke, a share of a plough. —E. The word *sæcg*, *Sax.* a sword, supplied both the French and English languages. Yet Ptolemy, in the text, seems to wound Octiater with the banner, for he would hardly use a sword at the same time. So that, perhaps, soket may only mean the steel point of the banner.—D. The pensel was generally affixed to a lance, and this was probably the weapon employed
Sold, should
Someris, sumpter, or baggage-horses, *Fr.* A. 5109, here the burden put on the baggage-horses or mules seems to be meant
Sompter-man, Am. 194, the man who had the care of the sumpter-horses
Somoun, summons
Sond, message, messenger, *Sax.* Godes sond, God's messenger, the Messias
Sonder, asunder. Sondres, A. 3303, sundry, different
Sones, A. 1183, sounds
Soole, soul

Sopos, suppose
Sore, Sorwe, Sorn, AA. 2033, sorrow. Sore, C. 443, sir
Sot, A. 6636, soot
Soth, truth. Sothfastly, truly
Sotile, C. 102, citole, which see
Sotoned, Akketoun, A. 5150, An acketton, (which *see*) made in the manner of a *soutane*, *Fr.* explained by Cotgrave, a long and loosse coat or cassocke, such as churchmen wear under their gownes
Souchede, SS. 1438, suspected. Souchy, L. 269, suspect
Sovne, A. 98, sound
Sounde, L. 51, 86, health, safety, *Sax.*
Soure, A. 7002, turn sour
Sourmoucie, A. 595, predominancy, *surmontement*, *O. Fr.*
Sowpy, O. 755, supper
Sowter, H. 205, shoemaker
Sparhauk, O. 704, sparrow-hawk
Sparie, A. 2624, spare
Sparlyre, O. 330, Spawdeler, R. 5285, armour to cover the shoulders, *espaliers*, *O. Fr.*
Speciale, A. 3288, R. 2352, particular friend: *specialis* was used in this sense in the middle ages
Speke, Of to speke, to be spoken of
Spell, SS. 2, tale, history, *Sax.*
Sperid, SS. 2948, shut up, *Sax.*
Speruer, Spervyr, A. 7141, sparrow-hawk, *épervier*, *Fr.*
Spill, kill, destroy. Spilleth, A. 1719, spoils, degenerates
Spir, SS. 3816, 3832, inquire, *Sax.* Spired, A. 2569, inquired
Spise, SS. 2311, despise
Splentes, R. 4979, splints, armour for the legs and arms, applied in the same manner as splints
Spon-newe, A. 4055, span-new, newly spun. This is probably the true explanation of spick and span new. Ihre renders sping-spang, *plane novus*, *in voce* fick-fack.—D.
Sporn, spurs
Spousy, espouse
Sprad, AA. 1317, were spread over
Spreden, spread
Spreot, A. 858, Sprette, O. 601, bowsprit
Sprittest, A. 979, spittedst
Spreuere, O. 702, *see* Speruer
Springal, R. 1818, 4346, machines for casting stones and arrows, *espringalle*, *Fr.*
Spusseayl, L. 334, marriage, *Fr.*
Spyrie, A. 2995, " A spiry sort of a place," in vulgar cant, signifies, I believe, a gay or splendid description of people,

and the phrase is often used at Eton.—P. Perhaps the word is corrupted from Spreith, Spree, signifying in Scotch a multitude. If this be the meaning, the comma at the end of the line must be omitted

Spysory, spicery, place for keeping the spices in, *Fr.*

Squeymous, L. 62, Squoymous, squeamish

Sschench, SS. 562, draught, *Sax.*

Staat, R. 1132, estate, establishment, law

Stable, A. 7445, firm

Stabult, H. 109, established, ready

Staff-slyngeres, R. 4454, soldiers who throw stones out of slinges fastened to a staff. Staff slings are mentioned in Chaucer and Lydgate

Stake, A. 2835, stroke

Stalworthe, stout, brave, courageous, *Sax.*

Standard, A. 1995, standard-bearer, *Fr.*

Stang, stung

Stapel, SS. 201, post

Stapte, O. 1435, stepped

Starf, died, *Sax.*

Stark, strong, *Sax.*; H. 256, stiff

Stat, Up his stat, A. 2268, from the stead or place where he lay?

Stave, R. 64, rudder?

Stede, place, *Sax.* Stede inne thine, SS. 1207, in thy place

Steegh, A. 5826, Steigh, A. 5868, Stegth, Steghth, SS. 905, climbed, mounted, mounteth, *Sax.*

Steke, stick, pierce, *Sax.* R. 4282, stuck. Ac why Y have this unliche steke, A. 69, probably *steke*, as Mr Douce conjectures, is the participle of *to stake*, and then the meaning of the passage will be, But why I have this only hazarded or explained, ye shall hear me afterwards account for

Stelene, of steel

Stelendelich, A. 5080, by stealth

Steored, A. 2779, bestirred

Steorne, A. 511, stern. Steorne mon, A. 508, astrologer, *Sax.*

Steorve, die, *Sax.*

Steovene, A. 6846, prayer, *Sax.*

Sterd, That of bestes loked an sterd, SS. 894, that looked after and managed the beasts or cattle

Stere, O. 1717, bestir

Sterk, strong; stark, thoroughly

Stern, Sterre, star. Sterre, A. 4437, thorns? *stræt*, *Sax.*

Sterve, die

Steryd, R. 5020, bestirred

Stet, A. 4146, stayed

Sti, SS. 712, place. The word occurs in Sir Tristrem, p. 151.
Stick, A. 1258, sticked, pierced. Stike, A. 4725, pierce, *Sax.*
Stikilliche, A. 219, eagerly, with emotion; *sticel*, *Sax.* stimulus
Stilliche, silently, *Sax.*
Stint, stop, leave off
Stirt, started
Stithe, AA. 1303, firm, strong
Stod the dont, A. 3709, stopped the dint or blow
Stode, O. 795, stud
Stoke, Stokyn, I. 1863, shut, *Sax.*
Stokkes, sticks
Stole, A. 4714, robe of royalty, *Fr.*
Stont, stands. That no stont none doute, A. 2648, that they stood in no doubt or fear
Stonye, stun, astonish
Stoor, store
Storuen, A. 5082, died, *Sax.*
Stouer, Stoveris. A. 1866, provision, fodder; *estovoir*, necessaries, *Fr.* The word is still used in Essex and other counties
Stounde, L. 206, hour; time, *Sax.* Oft stoundys, O. 893, many times
Stoure, fight, battle; adj. strong, *Sax.*
Stowe, A. 1209, stole
Straught, O. 959, stretched,
Strawed, A. 1026, strewed
Stremes, I. 1938, streamers, pendants
Stren, Streon, SS. 574, 1059, stock, race, progeny; A. 511, child, *Sax.* Streoneth, A. 7057, conceive, bear children, *Sax.*
Streorren, A. 1537, stars
Stroie, Strwe, SS. 2756, Struys, O. 482, destroy, destroys
Strond, strand, shore
Strykkyd, struck
Strype, R. 3399, strip
Stubbe, I. 1270, stump, stake, *Sax.*
Stude, stead, place, *Sax.*
Stupte, O. 1141, stooped
Sty, SS. 3295, staircase, *stiege*, *Germ.*
Styd, Am. 166, steed, horse
Stygh, climb, *Sax.*
Styked, sticked, pierced
Stylle, R. 177, modest
Styndyd, H. 237, stinted, stopped. Stynte, stop
Styrte, R. 3272, start, fall
Styvour, A. 2571, an ancient wind-instrument, perhaps pecu-

liar to the Cornwall of Bretagne. The romance of Cleomades thus speaks of it:

Harpes et rotes et canons
Et *estives* de Cornouaille.

It is also mentioned in an ancient life of the Empress Matilda, cited by Du Cange:

"Tympana cum cytharis, *stivis*que lyrisque sonant hic."—D. According to Roquefort it was a kind of trumpet or a bagpipe

Styward, steward
Suanes, R. 199, swains, male children
Suffer, R. 3253, forbear, *Fr.*
Sumdel, some deal, some part, *Sax.*
Sumpteris, A. 6023, attendants on the baggage
Sunnes, R. 2635, perhaps fire-works, or engines in the shape of suns, made of Grecian fire
Surcot, O. 1180, upper coat or kirtle, *Fr.*
Susten, AA. 119, sustain, maintain, *Fr.*
Sustreon, sisters
Suththe, sith, since, after
Swa, so
Sway, A. 2801, noise, *swey*, *Sax.*
Swaynes, swains, youths. A. 141, here it seems to be applied to squires
Swe, H. 151, sue, follow
Swelte, R. 4030, died, *Sax.*
Swerd, A. 5950, swart, black, *Sax.*
Swere, neck, *Sax.*
Swete, Lost the swete, R. 6992, perhaps lost the *suite*, or regular train of the army, stayed behind
Swetyng, A. 913, love, leman
Sweuen, dream, *Sax.*
Swhe, L. 261, so
Swier, SS. 2950, squire
Swithe, quickly, *Sax.*
Swoghened, A. 5877, swooned
Swoke, O. 566, suck. Swokyn, O. 308, sucked
Swoll, swelled
Swonand, swooning
Swonke, R. 3762, laboured, *Sax.*
Swored, A. 975, neck, *swere*, *Sax.*
Swote, sweet. Swot reed, O. 1022, 1045, sweat-red?
Swowe, swoon
Swte, suite
Swyche, such
Swyke, R. 4081, fraud, deceit, trap, *Sax.*

Swynke, labour, *Sax.* Ther aboute n'ul Y swynke, A. 541, I will not give myself the trouble to describe the entertainment
Swyde, O. 305, Swyght, quickly, immediately, *Sax.*
Swyers, A. 3394, squires
Swyre, neck, *Sax.*
Sybbe, relationship, *Sax.*
Syde, O. 110, sithe, time
Sye, C. 370, Syen, Sygh, saw
Sygaldrye, A. 7015, empty nonsense. *Sigalé* is explained by Lacombe as synonymous with *eventé, evaporé*
Sygge, say, *Sax.*
Syghth, O. 1824, sith, since
Syghte, A. 6880, sighed. Syghthyng, sighing
Syke, L. 119, sigh. Sykyd, R. 931, sighed
Syke, sicken. Syke things, R. 2839, sick persons
Syment, cement
Synyght, Am. 590, sevennight, week
Sythe, Three sythe, R. 2096, three times
Sythyn, sith, since, after
Sytolyng, A. 1043, playing on the *citole,* a sort of harp or dulcimer, *Fr.*
Sytton, sat
Sywen, follow

Tabard, A. 5476, a short mantle worn by soldiers and ecclesiastics, *O. Fr.*
Taboures, drums, *Fr.*
Tail, A. 2217, slaughter, *taill, O. Fr.*
Taile, A. 2133, cut to pieces, *tailler, Fr.*
Taisand, SS. 1978, poising, holding ready for throwing
Taketh, A. 4829, reacheth. How schal Y take on myn amour, A. 422, how shall I manage my love
Takyl, R. 1392, tackle, things belonging to, or necessary for, *Sax.*
Talant, A. 1280, disposition of the mind, pleasure, good will, humour, *Fr.*
Tale, A. 7007, talk, speech, *Sax.* The tale of heom all he nam, A. 6915, he took the speech of all, conveyed the general opinion
Tale, A. 5617, R. 2316, count, number, account, *Sax.* To give no tale, R. 4344, to make no account of
Talent, A. 1559, R. 3074, *see* Talant. Al to talent, al to their wish, *à talent, à plaisir, Fr.*
Taleth, A. 1415, cry, speak, *Sax.*
Tallyng, A. 5932, tilling

Talt, pitched, *see* Teilde
Tame, I. 363, probably *tane*, take, *rythmi gratia*
Tane, Am. 149, possession
Tapnage, In tapnage, A. 7131, 7540, secretly, mysteriously, *en tapenage, O. Fr.* Tapenage, a place of confinement
Tar, there
Tare, A. 4722, tore ; we still say, as fast as they could tear
Targe, R. 2790, tarrying
Targe, A. 2785, R. 4355, a combination of shields like the Roman tortoise, on which the assailants mounted to attack those on the walls
Tase, takes
Taste, Tasty, SS. 1048, AA. 1401, touch, feel, probe, *taster, Fr.* Tastyng, A. 3043, trying
Taught, O. 869, betaught, gave
Taylard, R. 724, 2112, a term of reproach, the etymology of which seems to be explained in v. R. 2113
Te, Tee, L. 49, R. 5137, SS. 785, go, draw towards, *teoghan, Sax.* AA. 1599, thee
Teilde, A. 1975, pitched tents ; *telde, Sax.* a tent
Tem, R. 6913, Teme, race, family
Temde, Am. 497, 509, teemed, emptied
Temped, SS. 2893, intimidated, afraid ; *timeur, Fr. timor, Lat.* fear
Ten, Tene, harm, dispute, anger, grief, *Sax.* I. 1760, to grow angry
Ten so glad, ten times as glad
Tence, A. 3025, cause of dispute, *O. Fr.*
Tentes, SS. 35, attends, hears
Tenure, tenour, contents
Teo, A. 719, Teon, A. 6954, *see* Te
Ter, there
Ternes and quernes, R. 2009, thrusts in fencing, or blows with the broad-sword
Teste, A. 7112, head, *Fr.*
Teth, teeth. Thries set teth, A. 7112, three rows of teeth
Tha, those
Thai, though
Than, O. 553, den
Thankyng, In much nede is great thankyng, A. 4065, men in distress are profuse in thanks
Thar, Am. 513, dare need
Tharf, AA. 935, dare
That, A. 4656, they that; A. 7543, till that. Thatow, that thou
The, generally, for distinction's sake, marked with an accent

thus, *Thè*, thee ; also thrive, sometimes marked *Thê*; also frequently, (*e. g.* R. 2630), they
Thede, dwelling ; A. 7959, R. 6518, land, kingdom, country, *theod, Sax.* A. 96, power, strength, from *thydan, Sax. comprimere*
Thedom, SS. 587, thrift, growth, *Sax.*
Thee, thrive, *Sax.*
Thefende, O. 594, defend
Thegh, thigh
Thei, though
Thenche, think
Thenne, thence
Theo, the, than, when
Theofliche, A. 4902, like a thief
There, O. 812, dear
Theran, Couthe theran, L. 196, could thereof, was able to suckle the child
Theremyd, A. 1160, therewith
Theretille, thereto
Therst, O. 205, 287, thirst
Therwhiles, meanwhile
Thester, R. 4906, the eastern? Perhaps "Thefter stede," the-after, or hindmost place
Thewe, Undur thewe, A. 1406, reduced to subjection, *theowe, Sax.*
Thewes, A. 7495, manners, qualities, *Sax.*
Theygh, though ; A. 7461, tho, then, when
Thilk, this or that, same, *Sax.*
Thir, those
This, (often) these
Tho, then, when ; those
Thof, Thoffe, though
Thold, O. 634, told
Thole, Tholie, suffer, *Sax.*
Tholmod, patient, *Sax.*
Thon, then, *Sax.*
Thonged, SS. 154, thanked
Thonking, thanking, reward. Heore thonkyng, they mowe be siker, Y schal yelde wel this byker, A. 1660, they may be sure I shall yield them their reward for this fighting well
Thonryght, downright
Thor, Thore, there
Thorlith, A. 2394, thirleth, pierceth, *Sax.*
Thoth, O. 598, doth
Thoughte of, SS. 2286, suspected
Thousyng, thousand

Thour, through
Thralle, slave, peasant, *Sax.*
Thrawe, throw, time. Thrawes, A. 606, throws, pains. Thraweth, A. 5673, throw
Three, Of three, into three pieces
Thresewold, H. 260, threshold
Thretyng, threatning
Thridde partys, A. 6859. Thriddendale, A. 5161, third part. Thridborro, H. 199, magistrate in a village
Thrie, thrice
Thring, throng, press
Throwe, A. 1822, pain. The word is now only used in the plural. In a throwe, On a throw, R. 2888, in a heap
Thrust, Thurst, thirst
Thrynge, throng
Thurled, A. 2415, *see* Thorlith
Thuse, these
Thus gat, SS. 2823, in this manner
Tide, time. Two tides of the nightes, A. 5327, two of the divisions into which the night was divided. According to an ancient book in the lower German dialect (Speygel der Leyen, *i. e.* the mirrour for laymen, Lubeck, 1496) the twenty-four hours were divided into prime, tierce, sext, none, vesper, fall of night, and metten (*i. e.* nightly mass)
Tight, AA. 1697, promised
Tight, R. 4709, Tit, Tite, soon, quickly. Tit, betide
Tire, attire, dress
Tithang, tithing, news
To, too; SS. 3470, Am. 33, 36, till
To-berst, burst
To-brent, burnt
To-cleff, To-cleueth, A. 5674, clove, burst in two
To-coon, A. 573, dissolved, *Sax.*
To-drawe, To-drowe, A. 6118, To-drough, O. 200, drawn, tore asunder, quartered
Toeth, A. 5723, teeth
To-flatt, A. 5833, flattened
To-fore, before
To-frapped, R. 2205, struck, smote to pieces, *Fr.*
To-frete, devour, *Sax.*
To-froche, A. 1887, crushed, *see* Frusche
To-gnowe, gnawed
To-hewe, hewn to pieces
Tok, A. 1177, Toke, A. 3935, I. 782, betook, delivered, gave
Tokneth, betokens

Told him of Olimpias, A. 1101, this seems to mean that Lifias accused her to Alexander
Tole, A. 815, the tool, instrument, *i. e.* the sword. The Bodl. MS. reads perhaps better *colere*
To-lonst, A. 1631, lanced, *i. e.* pierced with javelins
Tome, SS. 3, a curious alteration of the word *time* for the sake of the rhyme
Took in mynde, R. 667, was offended
Toon, the one
Toppe, A. 5186, head
Torellis, turrets, small towers, *Fr.*
To-rent, R. 1075, To-ronde, A. 7881, rent, tore to pieces
To-reve, To-rofe, To-rove, rove, split asunder
Torforth, A. 3205
Tornay, tournament
To-saue, AA. 1624, saving, except
Toss, R. 4278
Tossches, tusks
To-tereth, tear to pieces
Tou, thou
Tourneys, Whyt tourneys, R. 2856, livres Tournois of silver. A livre Tournois was a small money coined at Tours. The Parisian livre was surrounded by fifteen fleurs de lis, that of Tours by twelve only. The former was worth 25 sous, the latter 20 only
Tout entour, A. 7801, all around, *Fr.*
Towh, A. 2454, 6241, tough
Towrelles, R. 1841, *see* Torellis
Toxe, A. 6213, tusk
To-yede, went asunder
Trace, Tokyn a trace, A. 7771, retired, from *traxir*, *O. Fr.*
Traid, SS. 523, Trayed, A. 3046, Trayde, R. 1824, 1995, angered, enraged
Trayn, SS. 680, anger
Trappe, A. 3421, Trappen, Trappure, trapping, horse caparison
Trayeres, R. 4785, long boats, resembling trays or troughs
Traystes, trusts
Tre, Tree, timber. Tre-castel, R. 1859, 1866, castles or battering machines made of wood. Trene rynde, A. 6187, bark of trees
Trendelyd, R. 4506, trickled
Trent, SS. 2370, to-rent, tore to pieces
Trepeiettes, R. 5225, a species of catapulta, *see* Du Cange in v. *Trebuchetum*
Tresond, practised treason

Tresteles, R. 102, Trestes, SS. 3874, trestles
Treye, AA. 1572, trouble, *Sax.*
Trist, L. 291, trusted
Trogh, A. 6889, tree
Trolè, Am. 460, truly
Tronchon, A. 3745, the wooden part of a broken spear. Tronsoun, SS. 819, piece, fragment, *Fr.*
Trouage, Trowage, tribute, *Fr.*
Troué, A. 7465, hole, *Fr.*
Trough, A. 6773, 6829, Trowe, A. 4770, 6762, tree
Troye, H. 2, trow, trust
Trusle, R. 2143, *rythmi gratia* for trust
Trussen, A. 7006, make ready; literally to load the horse with the baggage, *trusser, O. Fr.*
Tryacle, A. 5071, a remedy for poison, powerful in the estimation of our ancestors; corrupted from *theriaque*
Trye, O. 1467, tried, experienced; R. 6450, tried, found of the standard of gold
Tryffe, Am. 570, thrive
Tryse, At a tryse, I. 392, in a trice
Tuely silk, R. 67, 1516, probably from *toile de soie, Fr.* silken stuff
Tuez, kill, *Fr.*
Turnyng, A. 195, 674, tourneying, justing
Tussh, A. 5189, Tushes, Tuxes, A. 6546, Tuxlys, O. 929, tusks
Tweol, twelve
Twoo, to
Tyde, Tydde, Tyddes, R. 1696, betide, happened. Tydes, R. 4694, belongs. Tydys, R. 3056, tidings
Tyffen, A. 4109, to ornament, probably from *tyfran, Sax.* to paint. The word still remains in the distant provinces
Tyght, R. 1556, 6492, intended, promised; A. 4485, gone, led, *Sax.*
Tylde, *see* Teilde. Tylde, Am. 375, reckoned, *Sax.*
Tymbres, timbrels
Tyne, loose. Tynt, lost
Tyranne, A. 7599, tyrants
Tyre, attire
Tyte, R. 2515, soon, quickly

Uaile, A. 4653, bewailed
Vair, A. 1001, SS. 2158, truly, *Fr.*
Vauassour, SS. 1666, Vauyssour, O. 1613, Velasours, A. 3395, generally copyholders, an inferior kind of gentry, *Fr.*
Vaumpes, SS. 843, shoes, to vamp shoes is still to clout them
Vawmeward, R. 4025, vanguard

Vawtes, A. 7210, vaults
Vche, each. Uchon, each one
Veire, A. 5676, truly, *Fr.*
Velasours, *see* Vauassour
Velony, villainy
Venèry, hunting, game, *Fr.*
Venge, Al we shall us venge fond, R. 1835, we will all try to revenge ourselves
Venkud, vanquished
Ventayle, vizor
Venu, R. 1074, jump, leap, *Fr.*
Venyme, A. 2860, envenomed
Veolth, filth
Verament, Verannent, truly, *Fr.*
Verd, SS. 612, fared
Verger, A. 1920, orchard
Vertuous, A. 5244, large, vigorous, *Fr.*
Veser, vizour
Vessel, R. 1488, all the appurtenances of the table, *Fr.*
Vetuse, A. 7948, old, *vetus, Lat.*
Veyre, A. 5679, truth
Vice, SS. 1415, wicked one
Vie, SS. 1028, envy
Vigour, A. 1524, figure
Villiche, vilely, shamefully
Viltè, villainy, *Fr.*
Vis, countenance, *Fr.* In vis, in the face
Vnbelde, SS. 620, grow less bold or strong, decay
Vnderade, SS. 297, Underntide, the third hour of the artificial day, nine of the clock in the morning
Underfengen, Underfong, R. 743. Underfyng, A. 5532, Undurfonge, A. 7061, undertake, receive; received, *Sax.*
Undergo, AA. 603, understand, be informed of
Undergyngeth, A. 3683, undergo, contrive
Vnderlout, SS. 2838, under servant
Undersette, SS. 2101, under-prop, *Sax.*
Undoing, SS. 2352, explanation, *Sax.*
Vnhele, uncovered, made known, *Sax.*
Vnhende, uncourteous
Unkek, SS. 955, unopened
Unkowth, unknown
Vnlek, unlocked
Unleventhe, R. eleventh
Unliche, A. 69, only
Unlossom, A. 6423, unlovesome, unlovely
Unplye, A. 8000, open, unfolded

Vnskere, AA. 780, unfold, discover
Unskyl, R. 541, want of skill
Unstokyn, unshut
Vnswade, O. 302, unswath, take off the swaddling clothes
Unthanks, R. 2208, ingratitude, *Sax.*
Vntold, O. 821, uncounted
Unwexe, R. 2844, decrease
Unwrain, AA. 783, Unwreu, A. 7033, Unwreone, uncover, discover, unfold, *Sax.*
Unwrast, Unwrest, A. 878, SS. 1919, R. 872, vile, base, *Sax.*
Unwyvvely, R. 6744, unwifelike, ungently
Voche - - - saffe, Am. 570, Vouchsave, frequently divided in this manner
Voidud, cleared, voided
Volatyle, R. 4225, birds
Von, C. 313, wone, usage
Up, A. 228, R. 3875, upon
Upberande, bearing or holding up
Uphent, caught up
Uppurest, A. 7068, uppermost, situated furthest up the country
Uprape, start up
Uprisynde, rising up
Up-take, taken up
Vt, out
Vyf, O. 1231, five
Vygoure, A. 7689, figure
Vyliche, vilely
Vynnes, A. 6591, fins
Vys, A. 5954, face, visage, sight, *Fr.*
Vytaile, provisions and necessaries of all sorts

Wail-awo, wellaway
Wait, Waite, watch, centinel, *guaite*, *Fr.*
Waiteth, R. 1733, thinks on, intends
Wallyng, A. 1622, boiling, *weallan*, *Sax.* Still a provincial word in Scotland and the north of England
Walmes, SS. 2461, (Balls, in the black-letter prose tale,) "A little boil over the fire."—Bayley. Evidently connected with the former word
Wandlessour, I. 387, probably corrupted from Vavassour, which *see*
Wane, Good wane, SS. 2818, in good manner, gallantly
Wanne, A. 6363, when
Ward, Wardith, Wardy, guard; Wards, R. 1765, charge. That us off our warde fel, R. 2684, which contributed to our de-

fence. To thè ward, A. 4005, towards thee. To Porsward, A. 4556, towards Porus, &c.

Ware, R. 636, aware. Men that traveld in lande of ware, C. 16, in land of war, or, perhaps, that travelled through the country with ware or goods, pedlars

Warentmentis, A. 7443, garments, military apparel, *garnemens, Fr. Warniamentum* is often used in this sense by Latin writers of the middle ages

Warie, A. 4727, beware of, guard from

Warischt, SS. 1097, recovered, *Fr.*

Warre, ware

Warryd, R. 6500, Am. 20, abused, cursed, *Sax.*

Warysoun, Warsoun, A. 2512, booty, reward, help, cure

Was, L. 312, whose

Wast, A. 2420, belly, *Sax.*

Wasten, Wastyn, waste

Wate, R. 6043, to bear upon?

Wate, SS. 3975, subst. wile, harm, blame

Watte, knew. Noght all the sothe watte, Am. 319, no one ever knew the truth of all things

Wawe, Wawen, A. 1164, wag, wave, shake, *wagian, Sax.*

Wawe, A. 5018, subst. waves

Wax, grow, *Sax.* Wax more to the fulle, A. 4165, larger grown, of a larger size

Waxed, R. 783, smeared with wax

Way, A. 7646, away

Waytes, Wayts, R. 2281, watch, sentinels, musicians, *guaites, Fr.*

Wechche, SS. 1628, wake

Wed, A. 882, pledge, pawn, *Sax.* To wede sett, C. 62, Weddeseyt, Am. 32, lent out on pledge, mortgaged

Weddurs, weathers, tempests

Wede, Weden, clothing, *Sax.* Iron wede, armour

Weel, R. 4786, goods, necessaries

Ween, suppose, *Sax.* Withouten ween, R. 5358, not on mere supposition

Weffe, R. 5291, cut. *See* Weved

Welde, A. 4554, wield, govern, possess, *Sax.*

Wem, Wemme, AA. 2406, R. 1090, scar, *Sax.*

Wende, weened, supposed, *Sax.*

Wende, go, *Sax.* Wendyng, going. Wende ne might, SS. 1035, could not go. Went, A. 1136, gone

Wene, suppose, guess, *Sax.*

Wenne, SS. 2581, winning, possession

Weod, weed. The weod to serc, A. 796, to dry the weeds for the purpose of burning them

Weorred, A. 2780, defended, *Sax.*
Werament, truly
Werch, work
Were, A. 5336, Wereth, A. 5295, defend
Werhedlyng, R. 2011, head of the war, commander
Wering, growing
Werlde, world
Werne, A. 7557, warn, take warning from
Were, R. 577, worse. Deth werres, A. 1207, deadly weapons or engines?
Werren, wars. Werry, to wage war. Werrende, Werrynges, warring, engaged in war
Werye, A. 3533, 6768, guard, defend, *Sax.* Weryng, A. 2798, 7393, defending
Wessail, R. 4506, wassel, rejoicing
West, A. 238, shows, *wesan, Sax.* *See* Notes, p. 294
West, R. 819, knowest, *Sax.*
Weterly, SS. 3173, utterly
Wetherwynes, A. 5105, enemies, *Sax.*
Wette, wete, know
Weved, Wevyd, A. 3807, 3839, R. 3000, 6083, cut off, divided from. Chaucer uses it as a neuter verb in the sense of to depart
Wex, Wexen, grew, became, *Sax.* Wexe, wax
Weyd, Am. 363, pledge, *Sax.*
Weye, Wel or weye, A. 3449, weal or woe
Weyes, A. 6754, wisdom?
Weyte, Am. 440, wight, brave, gallant
What, SS. 336, while, till
What, Whate, A. 6137, 2639, 5534, quickly, *hwat, Sax.*
Whatsom, SS. 3055, whatsoever
Wheym, SS. 3271, who
While, A. 735, will
Whilem, whilom, once, on a time
Whiles, A. 7131, meanwhile
Whilk, which
Whitter, whiter, fairer
Whonyng, O. 636, dwelling, *Sax.*
Whyt, wight, bold, *Sax.*
Whyte, O. 280, wite, know
Whytyd, R. 3231, bribed with silver
Wichss, SS. 2519, show, make known, *wisan, Sax.*
Widder, against, *Sax.* A. 3156, besides
Wide and side, SS. 1687, everywhere. Wide-whar, SS. 238, far on every side

Wight, strong, active, powerful, *Sax.* person, *Sax.* AA. 247, weight. SS. a small part, *Sax.* A. 2925, roused, awaked. Wightty, A. 5362, a small space of time. Wightes, plural of wight, strong, powerful. Wightlyeh, boldly, strongly, actively. Wightness, A. 5001, boldness, activity

Wikke, wicked

Wil, SS. 1644, while

Wild, L. 85, willed

Will, C. 136, well

Wilthow, Wiltow, wilt thou

Wis, L. 236, show, teach, *Sax.* Y wis, I know; generally an expletive. As wis, AA. 1292, 1295, as certainly

Wise, a sage, a wise man. In water wise, A. 5148, expert in the water, *i. e.* at swimming

Wissen, A. 7208, show, direct, instruct, *Sax.*

Wit, SS. 2840, Wite, Witen, know, *Sax.*

With, A. 3823, against

With that, With thi, on condition that

With-clepe, A. 1301, With-say, protest against

With-say, refuse, deny, challenge. Withseith, A. 7235, denies

With-sette, R. withstand

With-stent, withstood

With-sterte, R. 5390, withstand, *ryth. gr.*

Withthe, A. 4714, halter

Witterlye, AA. 2261, utterly

Witherwynes, R. 6012, enemies, *Sax.*

Woch, Woch hit save, Am. 352, I vouchsafe it

Wod, Wode, madness, a mad trick, mad; I. 1144, to grow angry, mad, *Sax.*

Wodewale, A. 6793, generally a bird, but here a plant, probably the wild thyne, *wudufille*, *Sax.*

Wogh, O. 1050, crooked, bent, *Sax.*

Woke, O. 612, weeks

Wol, R. 1280, 1284, well, very

Wold, A. 6716, R. 5695, AA. 2081, government, management, possession, *Sax.*

Wolden-eighed, A. 5274, wall-eyed, as we still say of a horse.

Wollith, willeth

Wombe, A. 6622, belly

Wombelyng, A. 5674, womb

Won, Am. H. one

Won, R. 3548, plenty, R. 6789, use, practise, *Sax.*

Wond, Wonde, AA. 550, 2098, R. 228, 258, wait, stay, leave, *Sax.*

Wone, I. 2051, dwelling, *Sax.* A. 6285, 7460, habit, usage, custom, *Sax.* R. 3747, plenty. Much wone, A. 1468, great

numbers. Ne were thou wone be gode and mild, SS. 672, (*see ib.* v. 990), thou wert not wont to be otherwise than good and mild

Wonet, wont

Wonye, O. 528, dwell. Wonying, dwelling, *Sax.*

Woonde, Am. 33, owand, owing

Woot, *see* Wot

Wopen, wept

Wordely, worthy

Wore, Worn, were

Worht, SS. 2694, *see* Worth

Worm, A. 37, serpent

Worst, SS. 1458, wast

Worth, A. 315, 402, I. 1443, shall be, *Sax.* sometimes it is used for was. In like manner, *ert* is employed in old French both for *erit* and *erat*. Worth ther non, A. 1676, there shall be none. To worth, A. 6707, up to their value

Worthly, worthy

Wot, knows, *Sax.* God wot ther wold non bot I, Am. 117, God knows none would (watch the corpse) but I

Wouche saffe, I. 1381, 1389, vouchsafe

Wough, Wouhgh, Wowgh, Wowhe, A. 3074, harm, wrong, villainy, *Sax.*

Wowe, A. 7517, woe

Wowes, R. 1081, walles

Wrake, A. 6581, R. 1562, 2254, revenge, wrong, *Sax.*

Wrapped, rapped, smote

Wrawe, SS. 1742, peevish, angry, *Sax.*

Wrawled, I. 1835, brawled

Wreche, vengeance, *Sax.* Wreche, wretched

Wreighe, AA. 2333, covered. Wren, Wreo, cover, defend, *Sax.*

Wreiing, disclosing, discovering

Wreke, revenged

Wrenche, R. 4050, SS. 438, stratagem, wickedness, cunning, *Sax.*

Wrengand, ringing

Wrethed, SS. 3461, enraged. Wreththe, incense, enrage

Wrethen writhen, A. 5723, much twisted together

Wrieth, A. 1992, destroyeth, *Sax.*

Wright, AA. 1129, for No wright, read Now right

Writes, A. 1338, writs, letters

Wroke, revenged, *Sax.*

Wrong, A. 333, rung, wrought; A. 6447, awry, twisted

Wroth, A. 4528, rueful, pityful; A. 544, astonished, afraid

Wrothlich, wrathfully

Wrye, discover, betray; Wrye, A. 2786, Wryen, cover, defend, *Sax.*
Wryeng, A. 3514, wraying, treachery, *Sax.*
Wunne, R. 1296, won, conquered
Wurthe, R. 488, shall, be, *Sax.*
Wyde and syde, A. 6016, 6593, wide and far; Syde is long, *Sax.*
Wyght, brave, strong, powerful, *Sax.* Wyghtyore, A. 2396, braver
Wyght, Wyghthede, strength. And toke that he hadde wyght among heom alle threo hundred knyghtes, A. 2725, and supposed he had the strength of three hundred knights among them
Wyke, A. 4608, dwelling, station, *Sax.* O. 1030, weak, slender
Wykys, O. 1497, weeks
Wyle, Am. 245, well
Wyndas, R. 71, windlas
Wynne, R. 3286, gain, winning. In wynne, R. 2601, gain the harbour
Wypte, wept
Wysse, show, *Sax.*
Wyste, knew, *Sax.*
Wyt, Wyte, R. 1672, 777, blame
Wytherhyngs, R. 1423, *see* Wetherwynes.
Wytterly, R. 66, utterly

Ya, A. 3571, yea, yes
Yaf, gave. Als he yaf nothing therof, A. 6933, as if he gave no attention to it
Yald, yield
Yare, R. 1185, ready, readily, quickly, *Sax.*
Yarke, prepare, *Sax.*
Yarwe, R. 6751, alert, nimble, in which sense Yare is still used in the north
Yate, Yatte, gate
Y-blent, blinded
Y-bore, born
Y-cleped, called
Y-coled, A. 2686, armed, *colla*, *Sax.* a helmet
Y-corn, chosen, *Sax.*
Ydle, A. 4840, isle
Y-do, done; A. 147, put to the sword
Y-doughth, A. 5906, grown strong, recovered
Ye, eye. Ye, Yee, yea, yes
Yede, went, came, *Sax.*
Y-eornd, A. 4357, run, *Sax.*
Yef, if

Yeld, A. 2959, *see* Yilde
Yeldith, A. 7199, take back from
Yelp, cry, prate, boast, *Sax.* Yelping, boasting
Yeme, R. 3451, I. 27, take care of; A. 7415, attend. Yemyng, A. 4916, care, keeping, custody, governing, *Sax.*
Yengthe, youth
Yenith, A. 485. By the story in the original, this word must mean "lays an egg." To yean, is, in the modern English, to bring forth young, but is only applied to quadrupeds
Yeoden, went, *Sax.*
Yepe, A. 1193, put?
Yerde, SS. 142, sceptre
Yerne, R. 557, 2271, briskly, eagerly, *Sax.* O. 965, hasten
Yerthe, earth
Yeve, given
Y-fast, A. 2419, fastened
Y-feet, O. 237, fetched
Y-feled, felt
Y-fere, together, *Sax.*
Y-flawe, flayed
Y-flewe, fled
Y-foiled, A. 2712, crushed, stamped, *fouloir, fouler, O. Fr.*
Y-fonge, received, *Sax.*
Y-glywed, A. 6180, glued
Yghe, eye
Y-grope, A. 6627, found out, searched, *Sax.*
Y-gult, gilt, golden
Y-gurd, girt
Y-hatered, A. 5920, victualled. *See* Hater
Y-hote, named, commanded, *Sax.*
Y-hud, A. 2403, hid, concealed
Yif, if
Yilde, A. 2955, tribute, *Sax.*
Y-knawe, A. 7051, have carnal knowledge of
Y-kud, A. 3359, shewed, known, *Sax.*
Y-kyt, cut
Y-lat, A. 1776, hindered
Y-laye, laid
Yle of water, A. 6172, lake
Yliche, Ylike, like, alike
Ylke, same
Y-loui, beloved
Ymagoure, A. 7688, imagery
Y-meynt, A. 6795, mixed, mingled
Ympe, progeny, child, sucker of a tree
Yn, inn, dwelling

Y-nempned, named
Y-note, A. 59, noted, called
Ynowh, enough
Yolden, yielded, requited
Yole, Am. 140, Christmas
Yongelyng, Yonling, youth, *Sax.*
Yonke, young
Yore, R. 343, ready, prepared, *Sax.*
Yores, Am. years
Yorne, O. 561, hastened; H. 126, long
Yoten, R. 371, AA. 2024, cast
Youen, gave. Youet, A. 5932, gives, *Sax.*
Y-passed, A. 5460, passed over
Y-plight, I pledge, I promise; generally an expletive
Y-pyght, A. 6705, pitched, stuck in, fastened
Yre, R. 6217, Yrne, iron
Y-schad, A. 2772, shed, dashed out
Y-schape, A. 6980, destined, *Sax.*
Y-schuldred, A. 4968, shouldered. Honden, in the preceding line, means the whole arm
Yse, A. 5749, iron, *Sax.*
Y-shote, A. 5953, shut, stuck
Y-shred, A. 6819, shrouded dressed
Y-siwed, sued, followed, *Fr.*
Y-stabled, established
Y-steke, O. 185, shut up
Y-steot, A. 2768, fastened, *Teut.*
Y-swawe, A. 2379, swooning, dead
Y-swerred, A. 6264, necked, *Sax.*
Y-swounge, O. 2, swinged, scourged
Y-swowe, A. 2262, swooning
Y-syth, sees
Y-thewed, A. 3209, limbed, *Sax.*
Y-tielde, Y-tolde, A. 5901, tielded, pitched, *teld, Sax.* a tent
Y-tolde, counted, *Sax.*
Yut, yet
Y-war, aware
Y-whet. None bettre bores y-whet, no bear's teeth are better whetted, *i. e.* sharper
Y-wis, I know, most frequently used as a mere expletive, sometimes signifying certainly, *Sax.*
Y-woxe, O. 670, grown, *Sax.*
Y-wrye, coveted, *Sax.*

VARIOUS READINGS.

Various Readings and Mistakes in the MSS. corrected in the Text.

SEVEN WISE MASTERS.

V. 134, Here the copy in the Auchinleck MS. begins.—This line stands thus in it: " For the mede of my service." On account of the rhyme, it was necessary to adopt the reading of the Cotton MS.—234, There is an erasure in this line. The word in brackets has been inserted.—437, Here, and in many other parts of the romance, the MS. reads Ze for Sche.—484, Ihauisscht.—488, Dhadde.—933, The bor.—1238, Zhe nome.—1320, Loruedes.—1563, " He louede" is repeated in the MS.—1589, The bi.—1891, On the brayn.—1913, Red me réd me red.—2285, After " hir" there is an erasure in the MS.—2440, Soth king.—2550, Sche les hir lif.—2578 and 2580, Sche.—2583 and 2605, Him.—2645, That that.—2780, Here the Auchinleck MS. breaks off: the remainder is from the Cotton MS.

OCTOUIAN IMPERATOR.

V. 73, Fonty.—82, Frensch thoght.—87, Kenne.—245, Drye.—251, Brent.—277, Then.—393, Thes com.—422, Yf.—509, Sche solde.—517, Clodyth.—567, He.—658, Stowlyche.—1088, The.—1152, Theygh her wer.—1291, Graunt mercy Y.—1426, He.—1435, Stappe.—1608, The.—1646, Scle.—1822, Form.

SIR AMADAS.

V. 586, Of geatyll kyn.—678, Wlyt.

FINIS.

G. Ramsay & Co. printers,
Edinburgh, 1810.

CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

Page.	*Verse.*	*Error.*	*Correction.*
6,	45,	At,	Ac.
9,	107,	*fone,*	fone.
10,	137,	;	,
12,	170,	.	,
16,	270,	heyghmaister,	heygh maister.
62,	1386,	to,	tok.
93,	2170,	kerunyg,	keruyng.
114,	2692,	the,	thè.
156,	3755,	the,	thè.
175,	4283,	to-day,	to day.
218,	5272,	Ynde,	ynde.
232,	5599,	penge,	henge.
236,	5717,	hest,	best.
256,	6193,	hy,	by.
256,	6212,	.	,
261,	6334,	,	;
262,	6335,	.	:
267,	6497,	S,	As.
272,	6515,	the,	they.
295,	7218,	messan eris,	messangeris.

VOLUME II.

23,	520,	aqued,	a qued.
153,	3821,	arn arwe,	ar narwe.
251,	6409,	*gare,*	gare.
416,	1129,	no wright.	now right.

VOLUME III.

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